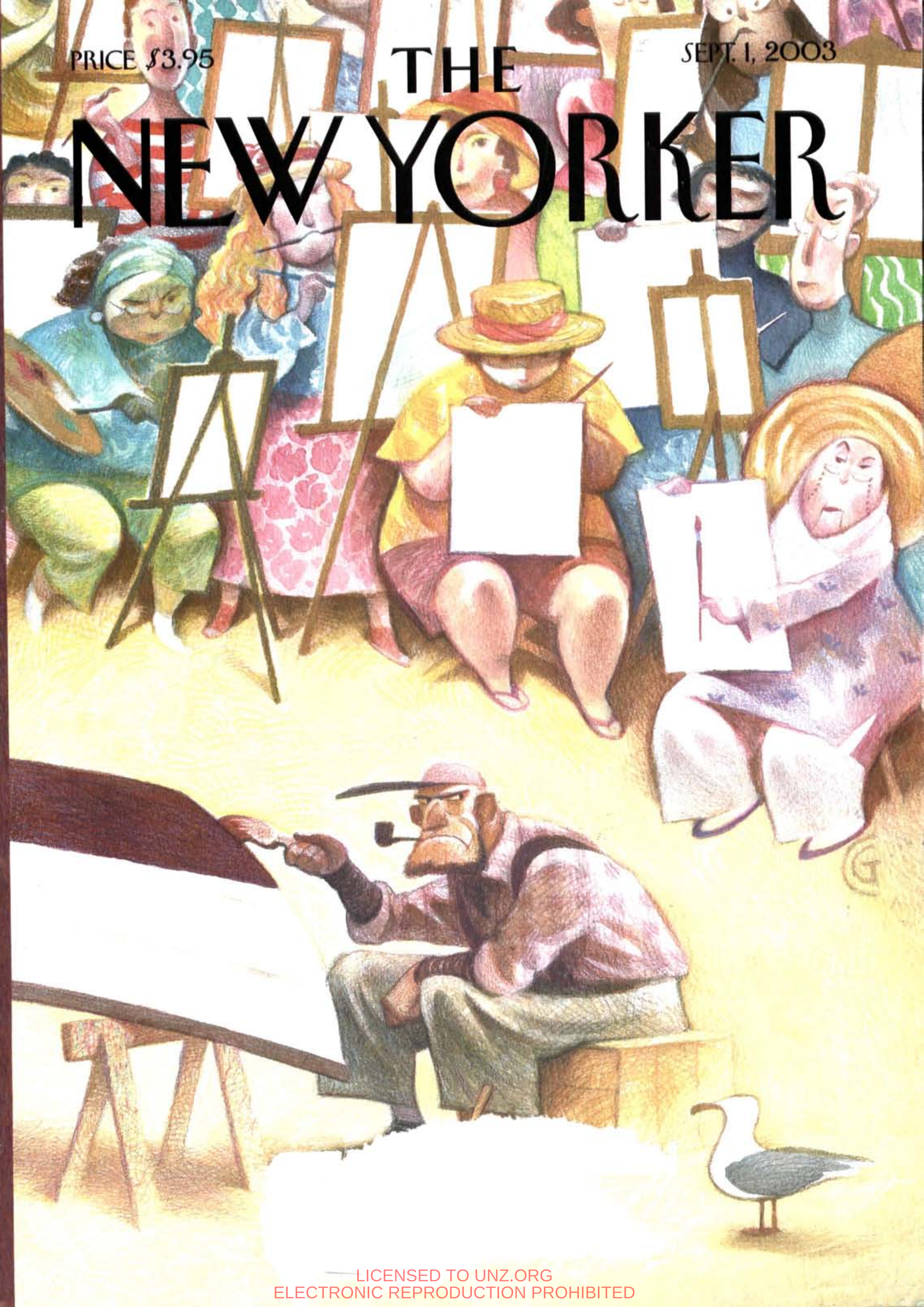
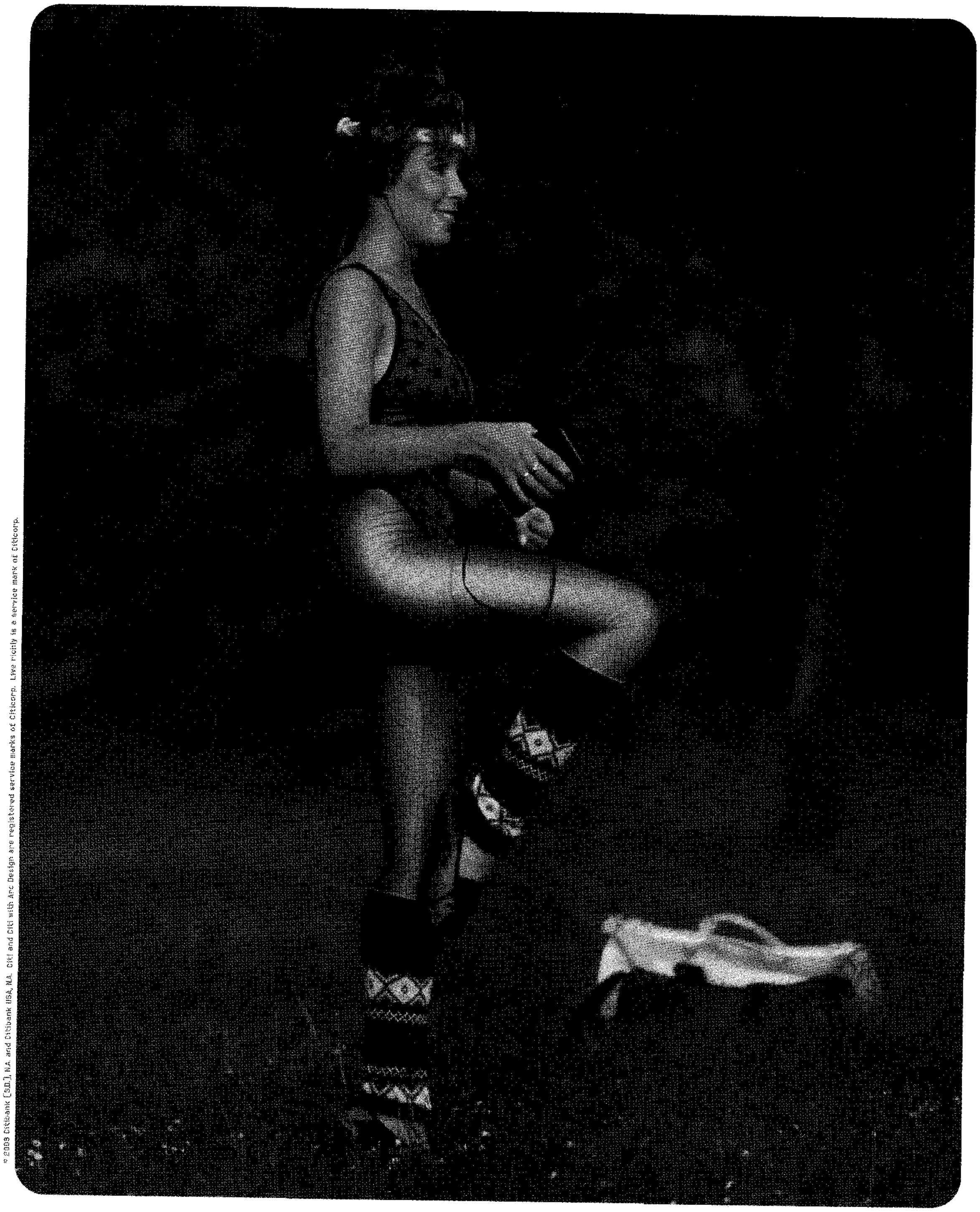
PRICE $3.95

THE NEW YORKER

SEPT. 1, 2003





© 2003 Citibank (S.D.), N.A. and Citibank USA, N.A. Citi and Citi with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citicorp. Live richly is a service mark of Citicorp.

Remember, today's
must-haves
often become tomorrow's
what-was-I-thinkings.

A credit card
is a
powerful

tool.

By all means
have fun,
just don't go
overboard.

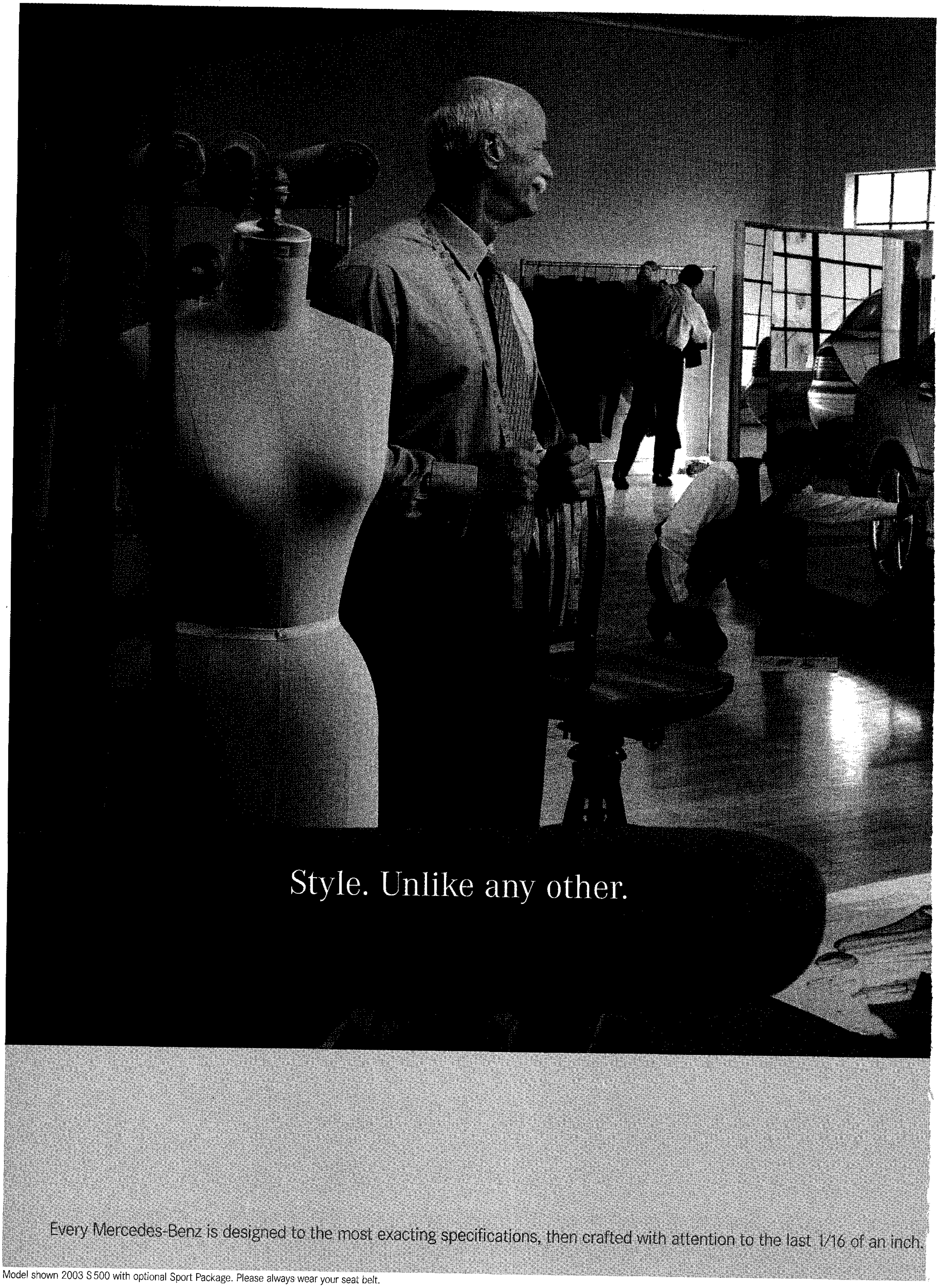
usecreditwisely.com
is one of the many
resources Citi
offers to help you
know the rules,

be informed,
and spend

wisely.

1-888-CITICARD
citicards.com

citi®
Live richly.℠


Style. Unlike any other.

Every Mercedes-Benz is designed to the most exacting specifications, then crafted with attention to the last 1/16 of an inch.

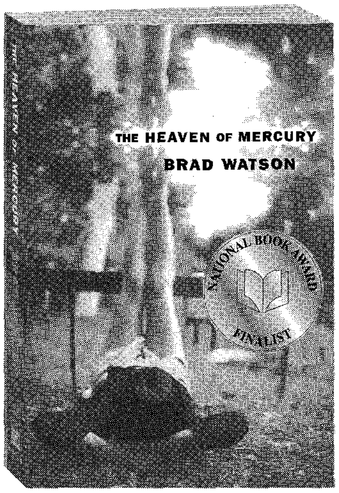
Model shown 2003 S 500 with optional Sport Package. Please always wear your seat belt.

©2003 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC. A DaimlerChrysler Company

Fully expect your expectations to be raised. Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Or visit MBUSA.com.

Mercedes-Benz

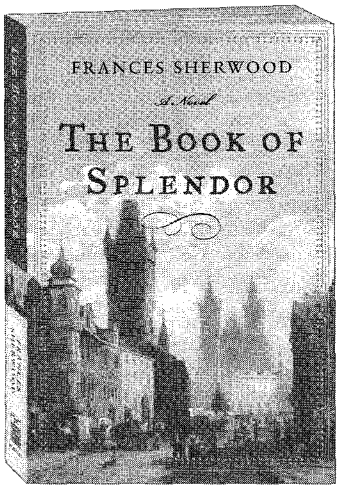
NEW IN PAPERBACK



WINNER OF THE
SOUTHERN BOOK AWARD

"Extraordinary . . . mixes whimsy and hard truth in a way that's heartbreaking."
—Mark Rozzo,
Los Angeles Times Book Review

"Watson does more than exceed expectations—he explodes them." —*Men's Journal*



"Stunning."
—Richard Eder, *New York Times*

"Delectable. . . . A book with splendor to spare."
—Zofia Smardz,
Washington Post Book World

READING GROUP GUIDES INSIDE

NORTON
Independent Publishers since 1923
www.wwnorton.com

THE NEW YORKER

SEPTEMBER 1, 2003

8 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
25 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
California loses it; the mojito man.

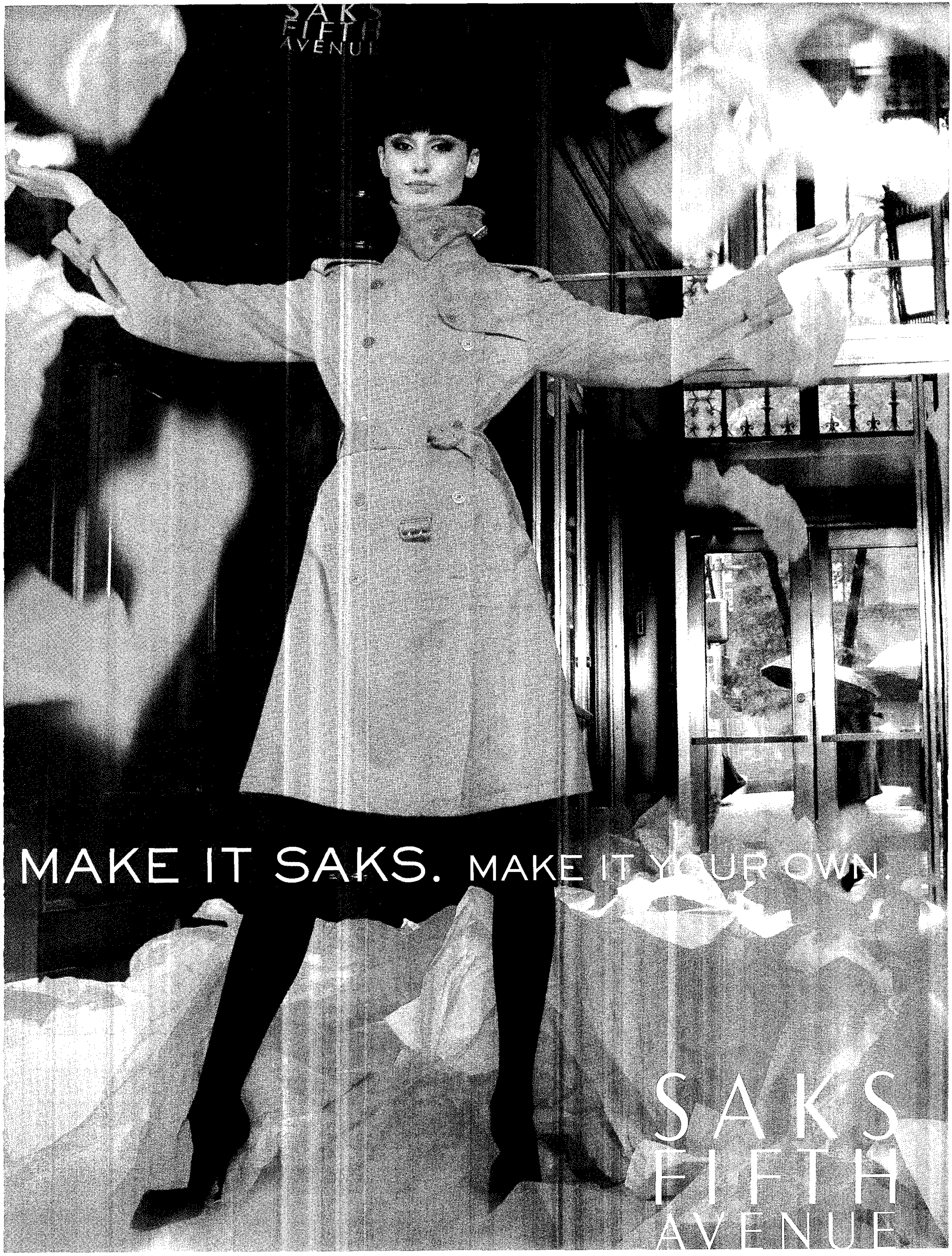
Adam Gopnik 30 PARIS JOURNAL
The Anti-Anti-Americans
How the French spent their summer.
Jack Handey 38 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Tattoo
Jeffrey Toobin 40 ANNALS OF LAW
The Consent Defense
Kobe Bryant and the changing law of rape.
David Grann 88 OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS
City of Water
New York relies on just two aging tunnels for its water. Can a third be completed in time?
Dana Goodyear 104 PROFILES
The Gardener
The poet Stanley Kunitz and his century.
Edward Sorel 112 SKETCHBOOK
"The Descent Into Reality"
Dave Eggers 114 FICTION
"Measuring the Jump"

THE CRITICS
BOOKS
Larissa MacFarquhar 122 *Norman Manea's memoir.*
Photograph by Richard Avedon.
127 Briefly Noted
Alex Ross 128 MUSICAL EVENTS
Osvaldo Golijov's new opera.
Photograph by Richard Avedon.
David Denby 130 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Open Range," "Thirteen."

POEMS
Charles Simic 42 "Graveyard on a Hill"
Richard Howard 99 "To a Friend Contemplating Her Biography of Hawthorne"

COVER *"Summer Painting," by Carter Goodrich* THE BACK PAGE *"Home, Sweet Home," by Marjane Satrapi* DRAWINGS *David Sipress, Leo Cullum, Michael Maslin, Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, William Haefeli, Donald Reilly, Frank Cotham, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Jack Ziegler, Tom Cheney, Charles Barsotti, Gahan Wilson, William Hamilton, Steve Duenes, Danny Shanahan, Robert Leighton*

www.newyorker.com


SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
MAKE IT SAKS. MAKE IT YOUR OWN.
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

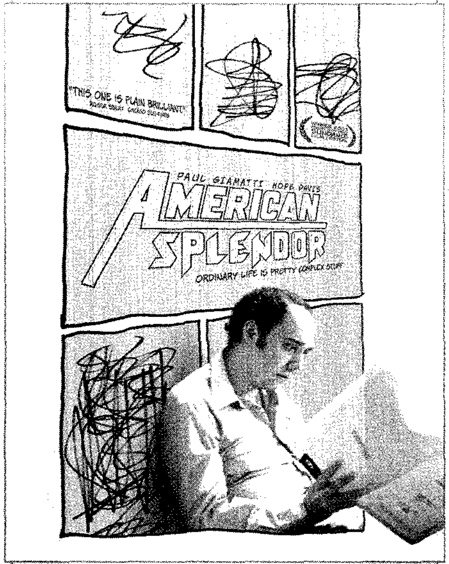
STYLE. SERVICE. CHOICE. FUN. WHAT YOU WANT IS JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY. 1.800.429.0996. SAKS.COM

BURBERRY

advertisement

ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events, promotions, and special offers from New Yorker advertisers.


"THIS ONE IS PLAIN BRILLIANT"
PAUL GIAMATTI HOPE DAVIS
AMERICAN SPLENDOR
ORDINARY LIFE IS PRETTY COMPLEX STUFF

"Ordinary life is pretty complex stuff."

Winner of the 2003 Sundance Film Festival Grand Jury Prize and the Cannes Film Festival International Critics Award, *American Splendor* follows the life and times of Harvey Pekar, a Cleveland file clerk who transcends the drudgery of his everyday existence through an unlikely art form—an autobiographical comic book. In the end, Harvey finds a grateful audience, critical admiration, and that most remarkable of happy endings, a loving family.

For more information about *American Splendor* or to view the trailer, visit **www.americansplendormovie.com.**

NOW PLAYING IN THEATERS

HBO FILMS

FINE LINE FEATURES
An AOL Time Warner Company

For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker Reader Link.

CONTRIBUTORS

Adam Gopnik ("The Anti-Anti-Americans," p. 30), the author of "Paris to the Moon," has been writing for the magazine since 1986.

Jack Handey (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 38) has published several humor books, including "The Lost Deep Thoughts."

Jeffrey Toobin ("The Consent Defense," p. 40) is a staff writer and the legal analyst for CNN.

Elizabeth Kolbert (Comment, p. 25) is a political correspondent for the magazine.

Charles Simic (Poem, p. 42) is the author of the memoir "A Fly in the Soup." His latest book of poems, "The Voice at 3 A.M.," came out in April.

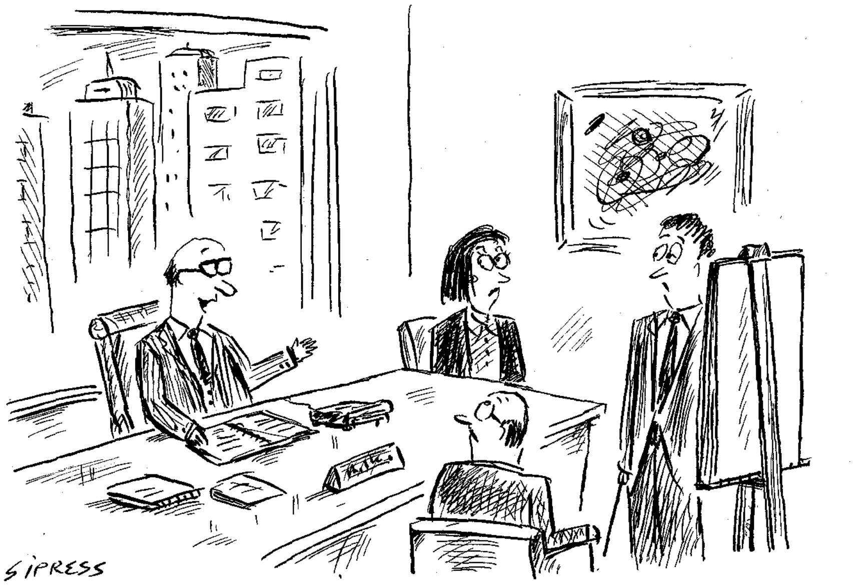
David Grann ("City of Water," p. 88) is a staff writer.

Dana Goodyear ("The Gardener," p. 104) is an editor at *The New Yorker.* Her poems have also appeared in the magazine.

Dave Eggers (Fiction, p. 114), the author of "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius" and "You Shall Know Our Velocity!," is working on a collection of short stories.

Larissa MacFarquhar (Books, p. 122) has been a staff writer since 1998.

Edward Sorel (Sketchbook, p. 112) has been contributing covers, illustrations, and cartoons to the magazine since 1992. ◆



"You say it's a win-win, but what if you're wrong-wrong and it all goes bad-bad?"

(A division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.)

THE NEW YORKER, 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; Chris Mitchell, associate publisher; Peter W. Jurew, associate publisher, marketing; Ronda Carnegie, advertising director; William Li, advertising director; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, director of marketing and strategic planning; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. For advertising inquiries, please call William Li or Marie Wolpert at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. The New Yorker does not accept unsolicited submissions by mail or fax, and is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail: covers@cartoonbank.com. © 2003 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications. The Condé Nast Publications: Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Charles H. Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate; David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, AMG shared services center.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684, telephone (800) 825-2510, e-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside North America, call (515) 243-3273. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684.

THE MAIL

CAR TROUBLE

Elizabeth Kolbert's "The Car of Tomorrow" suggests that big automakers are diverting attention to hydrogen-powered vehicles while abdicating their responsibility to improve the fuel economy of the gasoline fleet (August 11th). This may be, but at least the auto industry is serious about developing these cars. The same cannot be said for energy companies, which would be responsible for producing the hydrogen fuel and getting it to consumers. Auto companies want to sell cars, whether they run on gasoline, hydrogen, or any other fuel. Oil companies just want to keep selling oil and have no incentive to enter a new field. Unless they show some determination, hydrogen cars will remain pie in the sky. There is no point in buying a car if it can't easily be refuelled. The problem is in Houston, not in Detroit.

Gal Luft
Rockville, Md.

The hydrogen-powered car sounds too good to be true, and, given the costs of the supporting infrastructure, it probably is. As Kolbert notes, hydrogen production requires some other source of energy. America does not have hydroelectric power to spare, as Iceland does. Wind power and solar cells have been able to meet only a tiny fraction of our energy demand. Nuclear power remains a problem. Natural gas is already in short supply. That leaves the carbon-based fuels coal and oil. Emissions will not be reduced, and our dependence on foreign oil will continue. At vast cost, we will have succeeded only in moving emissions from the highway to the hydrogen plant, without doing the planet any good.

Gunther K. Wertheim
Morristown, N.J.

Kolbert correctly covered the difficulties in the manufacture and the distribution of hydrogen. But the retail distribution of hydrogen will be a major obstacle as well. The flammability range of hydrogen (the ratio of fuel to air) is far higher than for natural gas. Hydrogen flames are nearly invisible, and hydrogen fires are hard to identify and control. Small leaks in confined spaces could be disastrous, and, because the molecule is very small, special care is required to prevent leaks. There is no broad scheme to "odorize" hydrogen, making leaks noticeable, as is done with natural gas and propane. Given all this, it's hard to believe that any insurance company would write liability coverage for the sale of hydrogen to consumers.

Richard C. Hill
Professor Emeritus of Thermodynamics
University of Maine
Old Town, Maine

It may be that producing hydrogen for cars is a daunting problem now, but several new technologies have the potential to solve it. One is the biological separation of hydrogen from waste-water by-products such as urea-derived ammonium. With incentives, we could come up with a way to convert our current waste into renewable, clean energy, solving two pressing ecological dilemmas.

Jonathan D. Kaunitz
Professor of Medicine, University of California School of Medicine
Los Angeles, Calif.

Although the hydrogen-powered vehicle Kolbert describes may have some advantages over today's cars, it shares their biggest drawback: that of being a car. We can expect that it will encourage sprawl, get stuck in traffic, require the building and maintaining of roads, foster a sedentary life style and road rage, cost a considerable portion of one's income to operate, take up valuable parking space, and kill more than forty-two thousand Americans each year. What we should focus on is improving conditions for mass transit, bicycling, and walking.

Hannah Borgeson
New York City

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

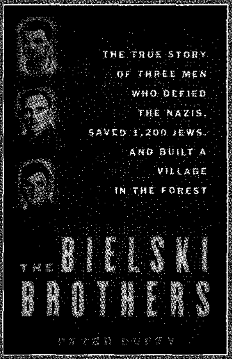
advertisement

The New Yorker
Promotion Department
invites you to look
for these releases.

bookmarks

FRANCINE PROSE
AFTER

A chilling novel about the aftermath of a high school shooting from the best-selling author of the National Book Award finalist *Blue Angel*.


THE TRUE STORY OF THREE MEN WHO DEFIED THE NAZIS, SAVED 1,200 JEWS, AND BUILT A VILLAGE IN THE FOREST
THE BIELSKI BROTHERS
PETER DUFFY

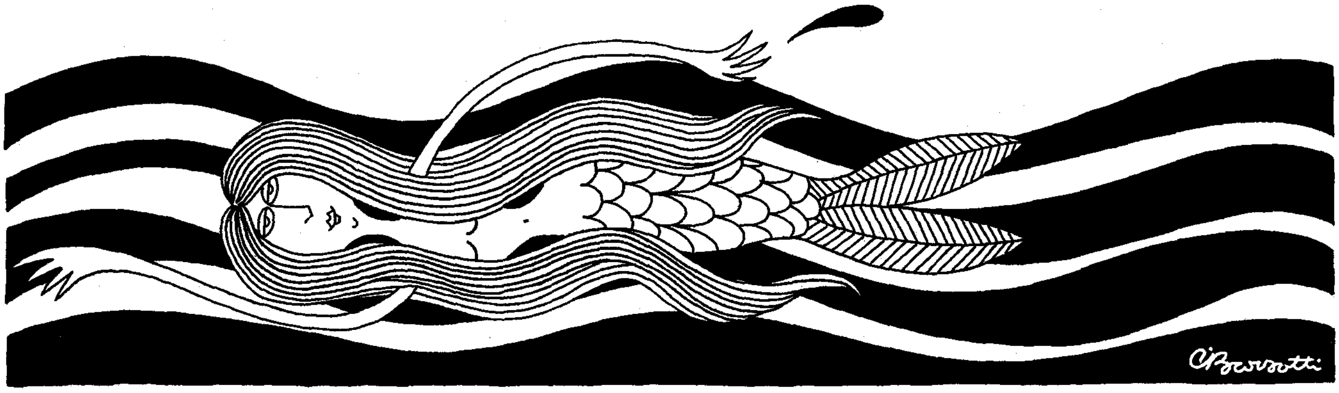
"Captivating...a welcome story of bold, determined and successful resistance."
—San Francisco Chronicle

NATIONAL BESTSELLER
GREAT

1 million copies sold!
Read *Business Week's* Best Book of 2002—
a 27-week New York *Times* and
70-week *Wall Street Journal* bestseller.

HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2				

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BERKSHIRE VILLAGE IDIOT
Michael Isaac Connor is a one-man cast of thirty-three in a new comedy about his small-town childhood, directed by Barry Edelstein. In previews. (Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
The classic musical about a bloodthirsty extraterrestrial plant and the wimpy florist who becomes its slave gets a Broadway revival. Directed by Jerry Zaks. Previews begin Aug. 29. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200.)

THE NUCLEAR FAMILY
In a popular downtown musical that is now moving to the Zipper's Belt Theatre, the score and the cast are rejiggered during every performance. Jimmy Bennett, John Gregorio, and Stephan Guarino star; Matt Cohen is in charge of the music. Previews begin Aug. 29. (336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE THING ABOUT MEN
A new musical comedy based on Doris Dörrie's movie "Men" stars Marc Kudisch, Ron Bohmer, and Leah Hocking. Directed by Mark Clements, with staging by Rob Ashford. In previews. Opens Aug. 27 at 7. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 212-239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AVENUE Q
This musical puppet-and-people show has much to recommend it: an exceptionally gifted cast, a strong book by Jeff Whitty, equally strong music and lyrics by Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, and the splendid direction of Jason Moore. The remarkable Ann Harada stands out—a funny girl who can sing, act, and let the audience in on the joke all at the same time. Harada's character, Christmas Eve, a Japanese-born therapist who can't seem to book a client, lives on Avenue Q, in an unspecified New York City borough, with her fiancé, Brian (Jordan Gelber), an unemployed caterer who once harbored dreams of becoming a comedian on late-night TV. "But I'm thirty-two and as you can see / I'm not. Oh well. / It sucks to be me," he sings, in the show's opening number. Humans act alongside cloth co-stars—such as Princeton, a bright-eyed college grad, and two girls who want to date him, a kindergarten teacher's aide named Kate Monster and a lounge singer called Lucy T. Slut (both performed by the great Stephanie D'Abruzzo). Is it possible to be attracted to a puppet? D'Abruzzo gives Lucy so much verve that when she saunters offstage in D'Abruzzo's hand—all the puppets are handheld—you want to follow her with wolf whistles. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/03.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

BIG RIVER
In this lively, ingeniously staged production, which features deaf, hard-of-hearing, and hearing actors, the American Sign Language adaptation of the classic musical gets its New York début. The play, based on Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," has a witty book by William Hauptman and a rousing score and lyrics by Roger Miller, and the big musical numbers don't detract from the subtlety of Twain's exposition; instead, the songs and performances boost Twain's vibrant language and wild leaps of humor. As Huck Finn, Tyrone Giordano (who is deaf) excellently conveys Huck's emotions and thoughts without speaking a line, aided by his expressive, Chaplinesque face. As he performs, the gifted Daniel Jenkins accompanies him, speaking Huck's lines. Michael McElroy, as Jim, the escaped slave whom Huck befriends, has a baritone that rocks the rafters. A co-production of the Deaf West and Roundabout theatre companies. Directed by Jeff Calhoun. (American Airlines, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

BOOBS! THE MUSICAL
Donna Drake directs a six-person cast in a staged revue of the saucy songbook of the Eisenhower-era songwriter and chanteuse Ruth Wallis, author of "Johnny's Got a Yo-Yo," "Drill 'Em All," and other winking ballads. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 212-239-6200.)

THE CAPITOL STEPS
The satirical Washington, D.C.-based musical group brings its newest show, "Between Iraq and a Hard Place," to the John Houseman Theatre. (450 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. Closes Aug. 31.)

CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE
Todd Robbins, a light-bulb-eating carnival impresario and the dean of Brooklyn's Coney Island Sideshow School, is one of the last purveyors of the tradition of the American freak show. Here, he teams up with a hirsute dancing dwarf named Little Jimmy, Twistina the Rubber Lady, the Flying Ebola Brothers, and a handful of other freaks and geeks to bring the magic of the midway to a wider audience and to open the curtain on its secrets. Robbins even draws spectators into the act, although he doesn't encourage them to follow his example and hammer nails into their nostrils. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 212-239-6200.)

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI
Kings County Shakespeare Company presents John Webster's play, based on the true story of an Italian duchess who married her chief steward, incurring the wrath of her brothers. Directed by Jemma Alix Levy and starring Renée Bucciarelli. (Founders Hall Theatre, St. Francis College, 182 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights. 212-868-4444. Closes Aug. 31.)

EDGE
In Sylvia Plath's most famous poem, "Daddy," she memorialized her father, Otto, writing, "Every woman adores a Fascist, / The boot in the face, the brute / Brute heart of a brute like you." When she met and married the English poet Ted Hughes, she found Daddy all over again, the poem implies; and when she committed suicide at the age of thirty, the two men were left notionally guilty by association. This is the emotional trajectory Plath's fans trace when they think of her, and Paul Alexander, the author of two books about Plath, is no exception. In the one-woman monologue "Edge," which he directs and which he derived from his biography "Rough Magic," he has an agenda: he uses the facts of Plath's life to prove that Otto and Ted made her do it. Still, in a troubling and powerful performance, Angelica Torn makes us see what the script does not—the extent to which Plath, who believed that she didn't exist unless she was being subjugated by a man, manufactured her own downfall. (8/11/03) (DR2 Theatre, 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

INDIAN INK
A curio for devotees of Tom Stoppard, this play, which Stoppard wrote for radio in 1991 and later converted to a stage production, is set in the nineteen-thirties and the nineteen-eighties and tells the story of the friendship between an English poet and an Indian painter. Presented by Alter Ego Productions. Directed by Ashok Sinha. (Walkerspace, 46 Walker St. 212-866-4444. Closes Aug. 30.)

JUDY SPEAKS
Mary Birdsong's tribute to Judy Garland has suffered much by invidious comparison to the diva herself, but diehard fans and newcomers will find much to appreciate. When "The Judy Garland Show" was axed by CBS, in 1964, a crestfallen Garland began recording her memoirs for a book that was never completed. After Random House got the first few reels of tape, Garland was asked for a smuttier story. Her response: "Well, Mr. House, if it's sex you want, then it's sex you shall

AT&T Wireless works.

average
20–40 Kbps

Sprint works nearly twice as fast.

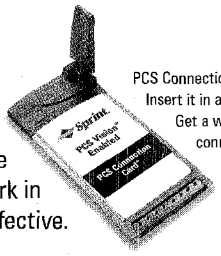
average
50–70 Kbps

Your business can get more done, faster, in more places nationwide with the Sprint advanced wireless network.

Compared with the AT&T Wireless Next Generation network, **Sprint** gives you:

- Laptop connections nearly twice as fast
- 30% larger coverage area
- 35 million more people covered

All of this and, of course, clear calls on the most complete, all-digital wireless network in the nation to make your business more effective.



PCS Connection Card.™ Insert it in a laptop. Get a wireless connection.

Get the facts at www.sprintpcs.com or call 877-459-8144 for a PCS Business Representative.

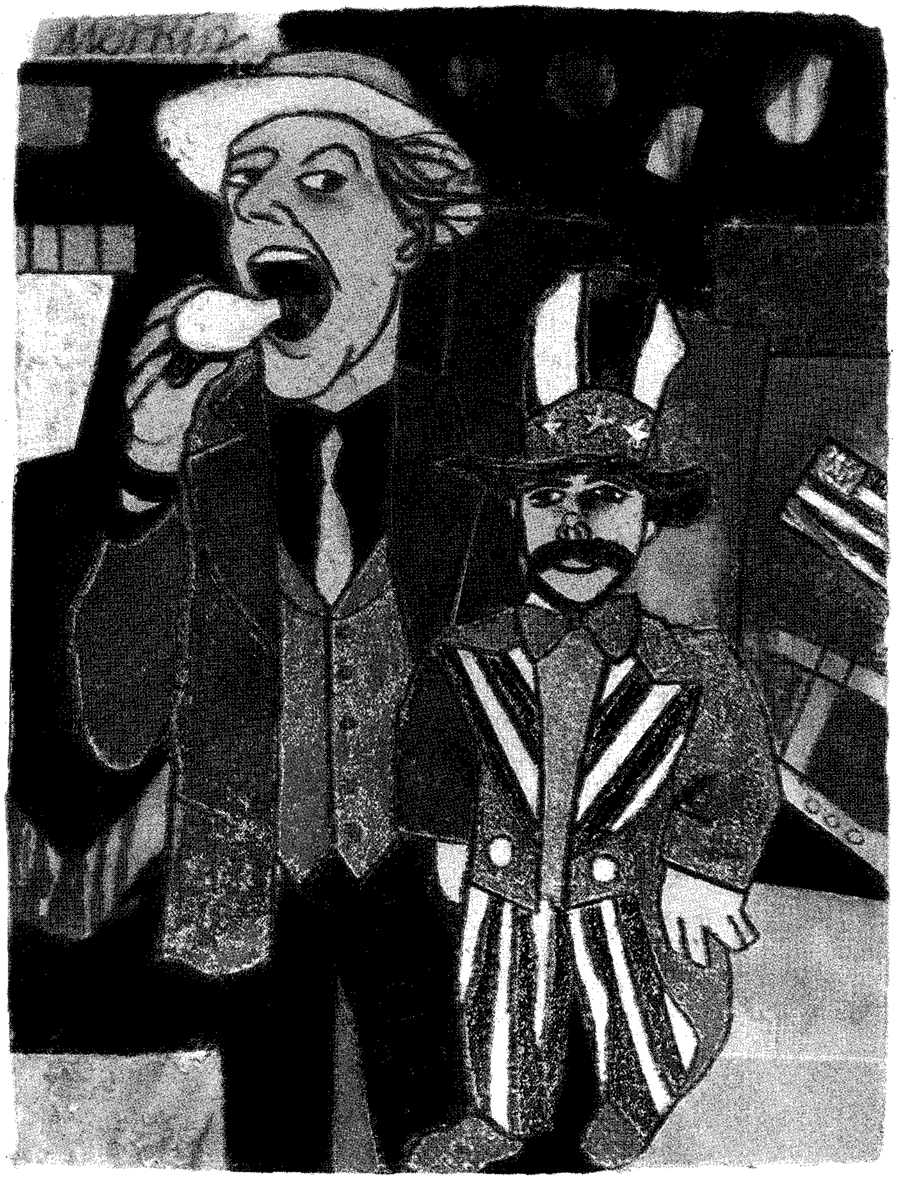
Sprint®

One Sprint. Many Solutions.SM

Voice/Data PCS Wireless Internet Services E-Business Solutions Managed Services

Speed claims based on published averages from each carrier and other information. Realized speeds will vary based on devices, tasks and other factors. Coverage claims based on the enhanced Sprint Nationwide PCS Network (reaching 240 million people) and the AT&T Wireless National Next Generation (GPRS) network and coverage included with available service plans excluding roaming areas. Copyright ©2003 Sprint Spectrum L.P. All rights reserved. Sprint and the diamond logo are trademarks of Sprint Communications Company L.P.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Todd Robbins' sideshow tribute, "Carnival Knowledge," at the SoHo Playhouse.

RICHARD MERKIN

get!" Birdsong delivers the dirt of the tell-all in an evening in which tender singing alternates with acid or self-deprecating revelations and, while she's at it, spins a funny riff on how Frances Ethel Gumm became Frances Ethel Gumm Rose Minnelli Luft Herron. Directed by Gregory Wolfe. (Ars Nova, 511 W. 54th St. 212-868-4444. Closes Aug. 28.)

LILIA!

The playwright Libby Skala's well-received one-woman show, in which she plays both herself and her indomitable Viennese-born grandmother, the actress Lilia Skala (who was nominated for an Academy Award for "Lilies of the Field," in 1963), has returned to the Abingdon Theatre Arts Complex for a short run. (312 W. 36th St. 212-868-4444. Closes Aug. 30.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

In a stately and compelling production at the Plymouth, Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece has been superbly revived, bringing O'Neill's own spectral, heartbroken family—"the four haunted Tyrones," he called them—to the stage. Vanessa Redgrave and Brian Dennehy play Mary and James Tyrone, and Philip Seymour Hoffman and Robert Sean Leonard are their sons, Jamie and Edmund. Redgrave, lyrical and feral, moves like a trapped animal in a cage of her own choosing. And Hoffman's toxic sorrow in his fight with his brother kicks the play onto a completely new emotional level. Directed by Robert Falls. (5/19/03) (236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. Closes Aug. 31.)

THE LOVE-HUNGRY FARMER

Des Keogh stars in a poignant quasi-comedy about a bachelor farmer's efforts to find himself a wife, which he adapted from the stories of the Irish writer John B. Keane. Directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737.)

LYPSINKA: AS I LAY LIP-SYNCHING

John Epperson's glamorous, imperious camp diva gets a new outing in a Tweed Theatreworks production. Directed by Kevin Malony, with set and lighting by Mark T. Simpson and costumes by Bryant Hoven. (Show, 135 W. 41st St. 212-868-4444. Closes Sept. 7.)

MATT & BEN

This is one not to miss. In addition to being short—just over an hour—it's goofy, funny, and improbably believable. In captivating performances, Mindy Kaling (a compact, Indian-American woman in a tracksuit) and Brenda Withers (a lanky Wasp in khakis and a rumpled button-down) play Ben (Affleck) and Matt (Damon), best friends from the Cambridge Rindge & Latin School, who are holed up in 1997 in a filthy apartment, squabbling as they try to write a script. When the complete screenplay to "Good Will Hunting" literally drops from the ceiling, they are both floored, and their friendship is tested. The gag is that Ben is a complete fool but a good guy with horse sense, while Matt is arrogant but talented; what keeps it from getting tired is that the actresses (who wrote the script) make the bond between the two guys seem real, in spite of their differences. Kaling and Withers have created one of the most appealing male-bonding stories since Damon and Pythias, or Oscar and Felix. And within minutes you don't even notice that they're not male. Directed by David Warren. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-477-5288.)

MISS JULIE

Strindberg's play about an uptown girl who has an affair with her father's valet is presented by Blush Productions in a new adaptation by Julie Saad. Directed by Daniel Cohen. (Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., between 46th and 47th Sts. 212-868-4444. Closes Aug. 31.)

NINE

In this elegant revival of Arthur Kopit and Maury Yeston's 1982 musical—an adaptation of Fellini's "8½"—Antonio Banderas plays Guido Contini, a film director whose genius is inextricable from his childlike narcissism. Good-looking, confident, and amusing, Banderas has a European restraint that only magnifies his passionate nature. He also has a fine voice. The other characters are satellites around Planet Guido: his put-upon wife (Mary Stuart Masterson), his battle-axe producer (Chita Rivera), and his tenacious and lubricious mistress, Carla (Jane Krakowski), who descends semi-nude from the rafters. Directed by David Leveaux. (4/21 & 28/03) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200.)

PLAYING BURTON

The Irish Repertory Theatre presents a one-man show about the Welsh actor Richard Burton, written and directed by one of his countrymen, Mark Jenkins, and performed by the Burton look-alike Brian Mallon. (132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737.)

WHAT'S YOUR KARMA?

For people who go in for this sort of thing, Lilith Dove's spooky, sandalwood-scented evening of past-lives performance art will amaze and entertain. Onstage, eyes shut, the English clairvoyant takes the measure of the psychic auras of assorted audience participants, delivers a rapid torrent of preternaturally specific details on the ground their souls covered in preceding centuries, then advises them how to conduct their present lives to pick up the thread of the past. At one recent séance, audience members were said to include two prior residents of the lost continent of Atlantis, a courtesan from fifteenth-century France, a witness to a crucifixion in the time of Christ, and a plantation slave. (Producers Club, 358 W. 44th St. 212-352-3101.)

OUT OF TOWN

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

When you see a play outdoors, nature sometimes heightens the drama, as happened recently under the tent at Boscobel. When Enobarbus (eloquently played by Stephen Paul Johnson) observed that his friend Mark Antony (Kurt Rhoads) had got his courage back, and declared, "Now he'll outstare the lightning," a thunderclap underscored the speech, and light flashed over the Hudson River and its flanking hills. But even in clement weather, the tempestuous Cleopatra (Nance Williamson) assures a fiery evening. The production closes the seventeenth annual Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival. Directed by David Muse. (Garrison, N.Y. 845-265-9575. Closes Aug. 31.)

KING LEAR

Jonathan Epstein plays the title role in the Shakespeare & Company production of the tragedy in the Berkshires, which runs in repertory with "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (Abridged)." (Founders' Theatre, Lenox, Mass. For information, call 413-637-3353 or see www.shakespeare.org. Closes Aug. 30.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA

Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4747.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 212-307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 212-254-4370.
CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-239-6200.
CHICAGO
Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200.
DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 212-239-6200.
DREAM A LITTLE DREAM
Village, 158 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100. (Closes Aug. 31.)
ENCHANTED APRIL
Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. (Closes Aug. 31.)
FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.
42ND STREET
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.
GYPSY
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.
HAIRSPRAY
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100.
KIKI AND HERB: COUP DE THÉÂTRE
Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St., between Bedford and Hudson Sts. 212-239-6200.
THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.
MAMMA MIA!
Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-563-5544.
MAN OF LA MANCHA
Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. (Closes Aug. 31.)
MOVIN' OUT
Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 212-307-4100.
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.
THE PRODUCERS
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.
RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 212-921-8000.
STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 212-477-2477.
TAKE ME OUT
Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.
TALKING HEADS
Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 212-307-1400.
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 212-307-4100.
URINETOWN
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 212-239-6200.

DANCE

"CAFETERIA"
Philadelphia's Pig Iron Theatre Company—a frisky avant-garde group that uses physical comedy and movement to advance its drama—comes to New York for a pre-season event at Dance Theatre Workshop. In "Cafeteria," the troupe sends up the national pastime of institutional dining—re-creating the nose-bag scenario in high schools, corporate lunchrooms, and retirement-home canteens. Performed by Suli Holum, Quinn Bauriedel, and Dito van Reigersberg, with set and lighting by Jeffrey Sugg, sound by James Sugg, and costumes by Miranda Hoffman. Directed by Dan Rothenberg. (219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Aug. 28-29 at 7.)

DANCING ON THE PLAZA
The first season of free public performances at Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, coördinated by Dancing in the Streets and Friends of Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, kicks off this week with performances by Ballet Hispanico, which will demonstrate and teach salsa moves, accompanied by the New York City-based Cuban band Los Soneros de Oriente. (E. 47th St. near First Ave. Aug. 30 at 1 and 2:15. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

MEAT LOAF
Thanks to a few effective movie roles (in "Fight Club" he played a testicular-cancer survivor who'd developed unfortunately prominent breasts), Meat Loaf has been successfully reheated. Slimmer than ever, he's back with a new album, "Couldn't Have Said It Better," that sounds as if it could have been recorded twenty-five years ago, in the wake of his epic début, "Bat Out of Hell." (Jones Beach Theatre. 212-307-7171. Aug. 27 at 8.)

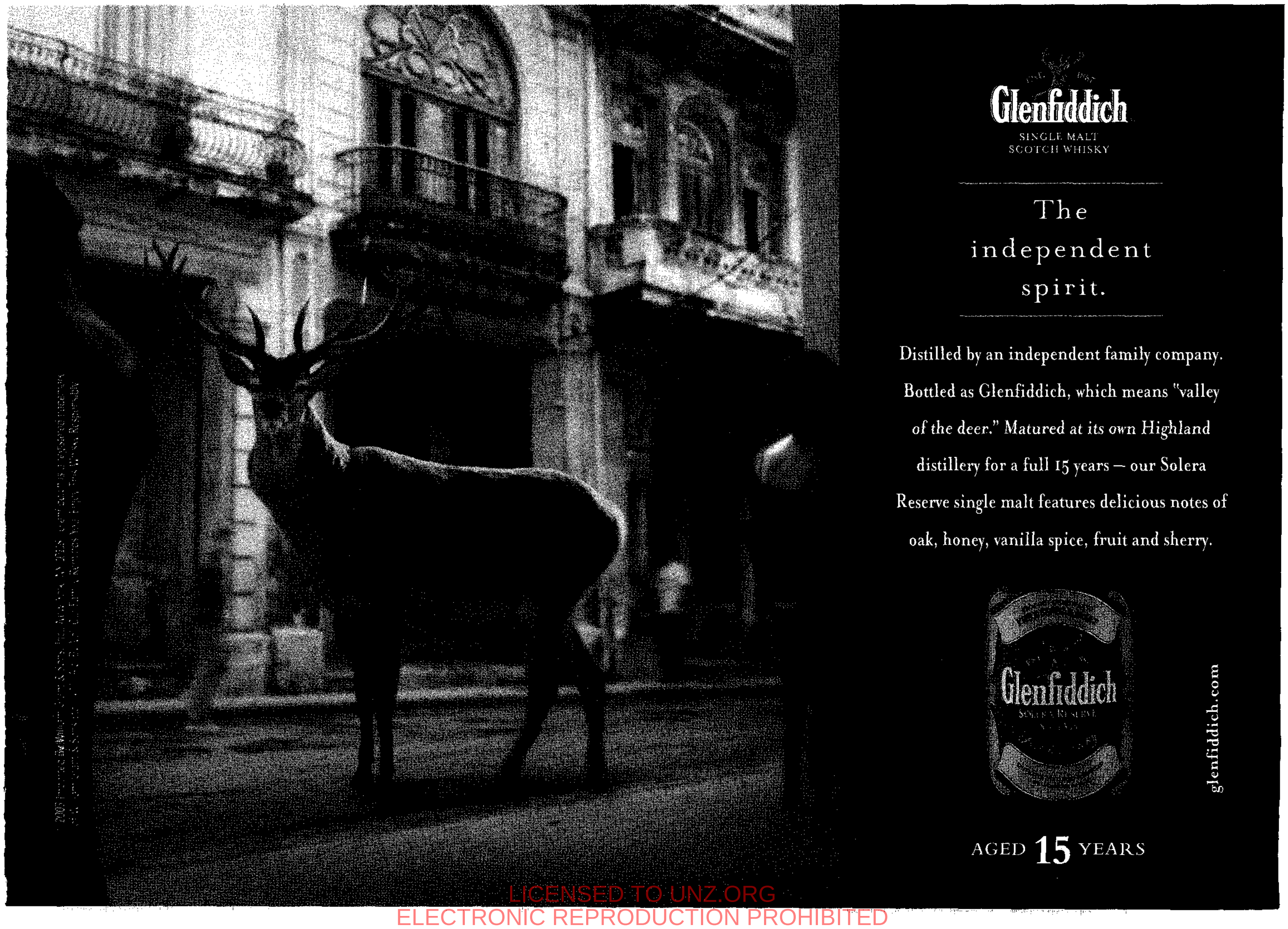
CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
Aug. 28 at 6: The Berlin-based d.j. **Paul Van Dyk** spins a benefit concert. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 212-360-2777.)

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
From the seventies through the eighties, Hall and Oates were among the preëminent practitioners of Philadelphia-bred blue-eyed soul. They're back with songs from their first studio album of new material in six years, "Do It for Love." With **Kenny Loggins.** (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 30 at 8.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Aug. 28: Blistering blues from the original roots rocker, **Johnny**


Glenfiddich
SINGLE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

The independent spirit.

Distilled by an independent family company. Bottled as Glenfiddich, which means "valley of the deer." Matured at its own Highland distillery for a full 15 years – our Solera Reserve single malt features delicious notes of oak, honey, vanilla spice, fruit and sherry.

glenfiddich.com

AGED 15 YEARS

Winter. Sept. 2: **Ted Nugent,** that ageless guitar-mangler and bow-hunting, gun-toting, teetotalling harbinger of right-wing family values, carries on his high-decibel/low-tolerance crusade for American rock and roll. He may have retired his infamous loincloth, but the Motor City Madman remains as garrulously untethered as a hirsute G. Gordon Liddy.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (212-228-6300)—Aug. 29: The folksinger **Richard Julian.**

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 2-4: The **Shins.** These New Mexico indie rockers with a retro flair mine the jangly wonderment of classic psychedelic pop, but they keep the proceedings modern by ditching any noodly self-indulgence.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Aug. 28: More than twenty years ago **Anthrax** was one of the first bands (alongside Slayer, Metallica, and Megadeth) to transform American heavy metal into a stealthier, leaner form. Three lead singers later, the New York band may have been humbled (thanks in part to 2001's rash of postal attacks that bore traces of the band's namesake), but its spartan punk aesthetic and bludgeoning approach remain intact.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Aug. 27: For those who follow African music, **Djelimady Tounkara** is a guitarist on the order of Eric Clapton or B. B. King. As the anchor of Mali's Super Rail Band, Tounkara can sometimes be overwhelming. On his own, especially on his recent solo album, "Sigui," where he trades an electric guitar for an acoustic one, his restraint serves him well.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Aug. 29: Straight outta Brooklyn, **Fannypack** (three girls, two in high school, one a recent college graduate, and a pair of male producers) hit it big this summer with the single "Cameltoe," a pointed reference to what can happen when women's pants are too tight. The song's catchy beats, youthful vigor, and sheer novelty earned them a major-label deal. Aug. 30: **Lightning Bolt,** consisting of just a bass guitar and a drum kit, produces a ringing noise attack. **Wolf Eyes,** from Michigan, has one more member and even less mercy.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Aug. 27: **Dälek,** an avant-hip-hop trio from New Jersey. Aug. 28: Despite being dubbed the inheritors of the Texas sound by the Lone Star legend Doug Sahm (no small feat in Austin, a city brimming with aspirants), the **Gourds** have a sensibility decidedly different from that of the late honky-tonk and blues master. The group may share Sahm's affinity for raucous accordion breakdowns and countrified rock explorations, but the Gourds channel those influences into a whimsical style all their own. Aug. 30: Folks who think Florida is home only to slow-moving senior citizens, dubious elections, and tacky seaside retreats might be shocked by the swamp funk of **Mofro.** Fronted by the Jacksonville native John (JJ) Grey, this woolly fivesome uses fuzzy bass lines, thumping drums, and a wailing organ to evoke everything from the intimate spaces of a humid bedroom with red velvet curtains to the wide-open back-road adventures of an imaginary mid-sixties moonshiner. Grey's only contemporary touch is the lyrics, which occasionally address the environmental issues of the past half century.

SIN-É
150 Attorney St. (212-388-0077)—Aug. 27: **Folksongs for the Afterlife.** On this Brooklyn-based band's recently released full-length début, "Put Danger Back in Your Life," the front woman Caroline Schutz sings as if her voice were part of the great beyond while throbbing guitars and subtle electronic effects fill out a soundtrack that is tailor made for rainy-afternoon daydreaming. Aug. 28: A night of Latin rock with **Grupo Fiesta, Cordero, Carmelize,** and **Mosquitos.** Sept. 2: To commemorate the release of an expanded edition of Jeff Buckley's 1993 EP "Live at Sin-é," the fabled East Village club holds a tribute in its new location to the ill-fated troubadour who drowned in the Mississippi in 1997.

S.O.B.'S
204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (212-243-4940)—Sept. 28: **Si*Sé** is a downtown electronica outfit led by the enchanting vocalist Carol C. The band mixes Latin rhythms and an urban sensibility into a potently intoxicating cocktail. Aug. 29: The Los Angeles rap collective **Dilated Peoples.**

SOUTHPAW
125 Fifth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-230-0236)—Aug. 28: For more than a decade, the Los Angeles ensemble **Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys** have delivered first-class jump blues, Western swing, and rockabilly. Their hair is carefully slicked back and they wear impeccably cut mid-century duds, but don't let their appearance mislead you. Their attention to period detail (vintage instruments!) is topped by outstanding musicianship.

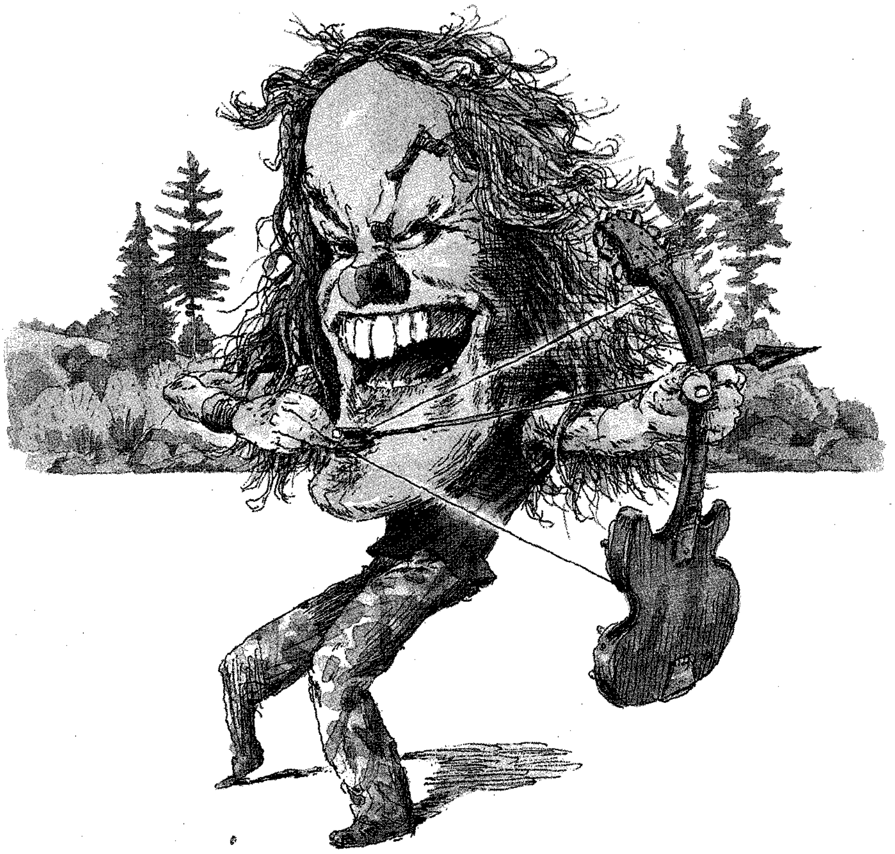
JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—Aug. 28-30: After decades of providing the muscle for others, the splendid bassist **Buster Williams** has been stepping out on his own with a tight-knit quartet. Dining.

always had a taste for the tropics. (Witness the reggae-jazz hybrid of his Jump Up! ensemble.) This Caribbean-infused band incorporates the steel drum as a lead instrumental voice.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through Aug. 31: The **Eric Dolphy Project.** The multi-instrumentalist Dolphy has been gone for just shy of forty years, and even though he has not received the acclaim lavished upon such co-visionaries—and occasional collaborators—as John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, astute musicians know better. A compatible mix of older and younger players, including the saxophonist **Gary Bartz,** the vibraphonist **Stefon Harris,** the pianist **Eric Reed,** and the trumpeter **Jeremy Pelt,** unite to honor him. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** Dining.

JAZZ GALLERY
290 Hudson St., near Spring St. (212-242-1063)—Aug. 29: The **Jimmy Greene** quartet. Greene, a no-nonsense neo-bop tenor saxophonist whose conviction helps him stand out in the crowd, has enjoyed the benefit of playing with two fine role models—the hard-bop architect Horace Silver and the valiant trumpeter Tom Harrell. Aug. 30: The **Edward Simon** quintet. You've probably heard the pianist Simon without even knowing it—his playing pops up on the Spike Lee film scores composed by Terence Blanchard, Simon's longtime boss. On his own, the nimble stylist explores the fertile territory where Latin music and mainstream jazz mutate into vigorous new musical forms.



Ted Nugent, the original Motor City Madman, comes to B. B. King Blues Club.

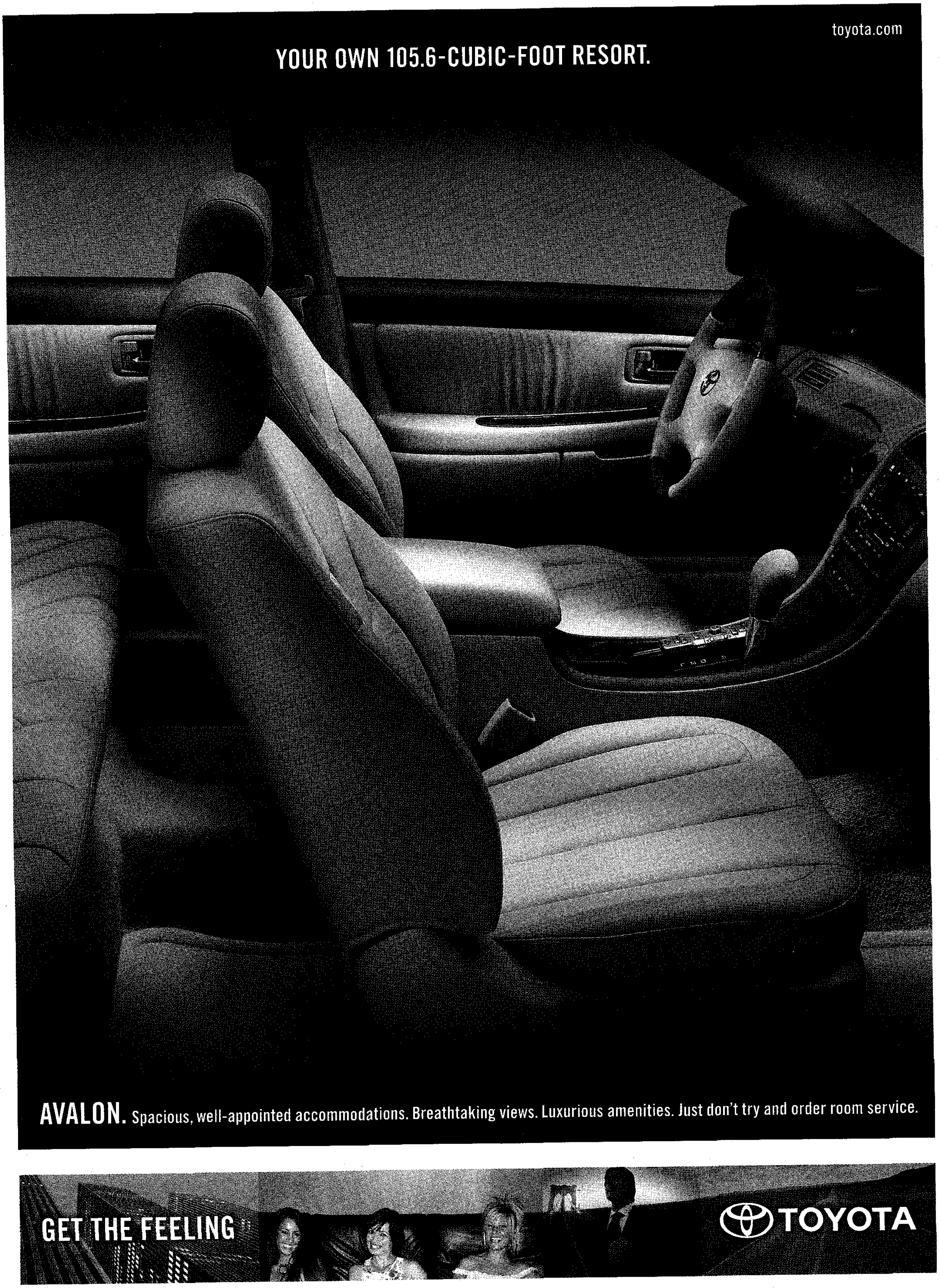
JOHN CUNEO

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Through Aug. 31: The trumpeter Jesús Alemañy and his horn-laden ensemble **¡Cubanismo!** serve up the Cuban music experience in all its propulsive glory, melding many of the island's diverse and flavorful genres into a powerful, ever-rhythmic mix. Dining.

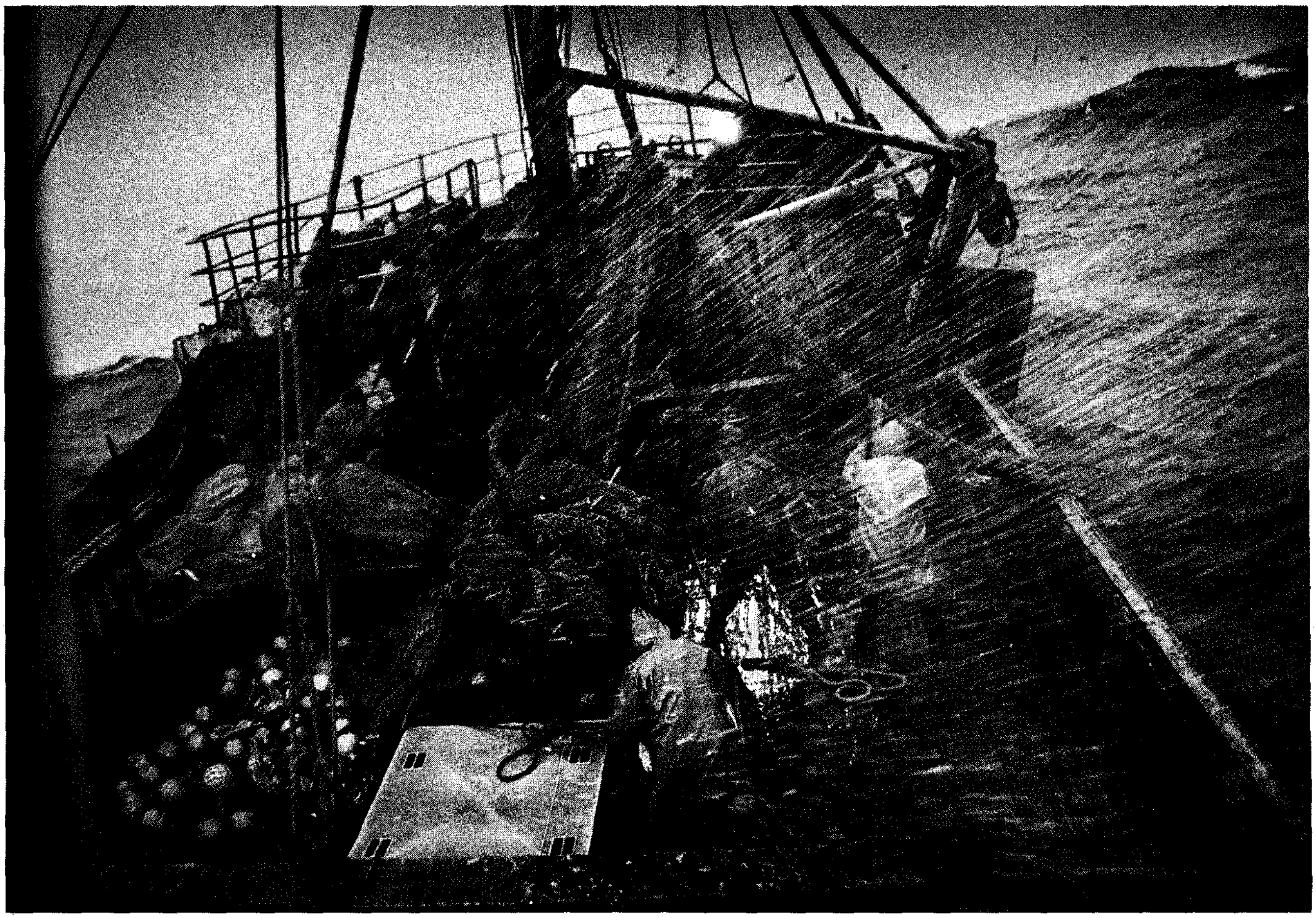
BOWERY POETRY CLUB
308 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-614-0505)—Aug. 29: The **Oliver Lake Steel Quartet.** The saxophonist Lake, an avant-garde jazz icon and mainstay of the World Saxophone Quartet, has

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Aug. 27-31: She may have got a late start—her professional career didn't start in earnest until the age of forty—but the singer **Rene Marie** is making up for lost time. If her repertoire seems familiar, her spirited and often inventive delivery is anything but. Dining.

UP OVER JAZZ CAFE
351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Aug. 30: The young saxophonist **Marcus Strickland** has already paid his dues performing with such prestigious units as the Lin-


toyota.com
YOUR OWN 105.6-CUBIC-FOOT RESORT.
AVALON. Spacious, well-appointed accommodations. Breathtaking views. Luxurious amenities. Just don't try and order room service.
GET THE FEELING
TOYOTA

©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



"Deep-Sea Fishing in the North Sea, 1998," by Jean Gaumy, at the South Street Seaport Museum (see Photography).

coln Center and Carnegie Hall jazz orchestras, as well as with such leaders as Roy Haynes and Lonnie Plaxico.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through Sept. 7: A band that has never really received its due, the **Paul Motian, Bill Frisell,** and **Joe Lovano** trio has as unique a group sound as is heard in jazz these days. Motian's melodic drums, Frisell's lyrical and spare guitar lines, and Lovano's earthy saxophone make knotty abstract music that can shift seamlessly into romantic impressionism. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—On May 16, 1703, the six-foot-eight-inch tsar Peter the Great stood in a swamp beside the Neva River and proclaimed it the site for a new city that would take his name and earn the sobriquet "the Venice of the North." For **"Celebrating St. Petersburg,"** the Met raided its collection to mark the tricentennial of imperial Russia's capital city, and the small exhibition is a dazzler, stuffed with German silver, Sèvres porcelain, and snuffboxes encrusted with gold, enamel, ivory, and jewels from the reign of Catherine the Great (1762-96), an era aptly dubbed the "Age of Diamonds." Through Jan. 25. ♦ After witnessing the atrocities of the First World War as a medic, the German painter Max Beckmann took up Expressionism to "reproach God for his errors." The museum recently acquired the famous "Hell" portfolio, eleven black-and-white lithographs that chronicle Beckmann's visit to Berlin in 1919 during the March Rebellion, when twelve hundred people were killed in two days. The original owner of the portfolio, the industrialist Hugo Stinnes, appears in a stinging caricature as a puppeteer dangling a marionette emperor, surrounded by human skulls and sacks of cash. This series' masterly balance between chaotic and carnivalesque is an amuse-bouche for the retrospective of the artist currently at MOMA QNS. Through Aug. 31. ♦ A playful roof-garden sculpture—a painted aluminum cottage with a red roof, white and yellow walls, and a blue chimney—by Roy Lichtenstein, the late Pop artist, sits on its own little lawn with a sign warning viewers to keep off the grass. Through Nov. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—**"Ansel Adams at 100"** is a retrospective of the mountain man, whose exquisitely made, self-conscious photographs of spectacular Western scenery are a hard case in modern art. In form, Adams was impeccably modernist, and he had a command of photographic aesthetics as thoroughgoing, within its narrower range, as Edward Weston's. In feeling, Adams was a populist romantic, retreading sentimental conventions of God's country. To enjoy his imperious mastery and his swooning piety equally does not seem possible; they trip each other up. And the hanging of the smallish prints in the warehouse space of MOMA QNS is a blunder—the show looks dwarfed and dismal. Through Nov. 3. ♦ This succinct retrospective tests Max Beckmann's long-pending claim to parity with the modern masters of Paris. The curator Robert Storr's trenchant selection and airy hanging make a winning case. How does one look at art that is laden with elusive, often quite lugubrious portent? The show's answer: as painting. Beckmann's manipulations of aggressive, theatrical space are dazzlingly supple. The trick, for the viewer, is to receive the pictures passively, letting their organization declare itself. Even, or especially, when its imagery is gnarled and bizarre, a great Beckmann attains startling unity, notably through making light-dark modelling inseparable from warm-cool color. Depth and surface become one. Beckmann does all the work: our role is to be bowled over. Through Sept. 29. ♦ **"Andy Warhol: Screen Tests,"** twenty-eight selections from the artist's series of portraits on film—lingering 16-mm. shots of various subjects. Through Sept. 1. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Kazimir Malevich: Suprematism"** is a concise, bewitching show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures—many of them making their first trip outside Russia. Through Sept. 7. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—For **"Ellsworth Kelly: Red Green Blue,"** the museum presents many of the rectangular paintings created between 1958 and 1965, in which the artist varied his use of simple shapes and limited his color to the title hues (along with the occasional white or black). Related sketches, collage studies, and other preparatory works are included. Through Nov. 2. ♦ In **"The American Effect,"** forty-seven artists and filmmakers react to the myths and policies of the United States. Through Oct. 12. ♦ For sheer joy in materials, no one can compete with Sarah Sze. Binder clips, bright-blue Windex bottles, fake grass, PVC pipe, drinking straws, orange string—put it all together in the Whitney's moatlike sunken courtyard and you've got **"The Triple Point of Water."** This refers to the solid, liquid, and gaseous states of H_2O, and it's an ethereal title, but the elaborate installation is a marvel, a delicate, multilevel habitat, a miniature city or ecosystem animated by little fans and burbling aquariums. Through

Oct. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM AT ALTRIA
120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (212-878-2550)—Corporate lobbies don't generally conjure hippie communes. Katy Grinnan has managed the trick with a freewheeling installation that sprouts corn, peppers, and tomatoes growing in plastic buckets of soil. The ambitious show suggests early Jason Rhoades or a 4-H version of Sarah Sze with its eclectic sprawl of everyday materials (aside from the vegetable elements, there are aluminum beams, grow lights, and a plastic bench). Some aspects make use of the building's existing greenery: a brightly patterned mobile dangling from the ceiling (Calder by way of Ken Kesey) seems to have shed layers into the treetops below. Through Jan. 4. (Open weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—Some notes on chocolate: to make a bar of dark chocolate, you need about twenty cacao seeds—a princely sum in the Aztec markets of pre-Columbian Mexico, where *cacahuatl* had been consumed since 600 B.C. A rain-forest midge no bigger than a capital letter on this page pollinates the cacao tree. Sugar was not added to chocolate until Spanish conquistadores imported it to Europe, and nearly all the chocolate produced in the U.S. during the Second World War was reserved for military use. Want more? The **"Chocolate"** show illustrates a cornucopia of ecological, technological, and cultural facts about the essential indulgence, with interactive exhibits, artifacts, and, best of all, free samples on the weekend. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Smart Wrap"** may sound like the latest sandwich craze, but in fact it's a revolutionary new building material developed by the architects Stephen Kieran and James Timberlake. The thin skin of printable plastic will collect solar energy, change color with the climate, and display information by means of the same technology used in cell phones or P.D.A.s. A nonfunctional prototype of the material is on view now, wrapped around a pavilion in the museum's garden. It sports fake solar cells and a bland, corporate-décor pattern of black, yellow, gray, and turquoise that gives it an uncanny resemblance to a giant shower curtain. Through Oct. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Fridays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—**"Willem van Tetrode: Bronze Sculptures of the Renaissance."** When the Dutch sculptor van Tetrode (circa 1525-1580) went to Italy, he studied with Benvenuto Cellini and plied his trade by casting small but heroic bronzes after classical masterworks such as the Apollo Belvedere and the Medici Venus. He returned to Delft in 1567 and initiated a craze for such statuettes, some forty of which are now on view, predominantly brawny Herculeses and miniature Mercurys. Tetrode's emphasis on torqued musculature earned him comparison to Michelangelo, and his influence on younger compatriots such as Hendrick Goltzius makes this show a pendant to the Met's exhibition of Goltzius's paintings, prints, and drawings. Through Sept. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Friday evenings until 9; and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (212-534-1672)—**"Roaring Into the Twenties: The *New* New York Woman"** looks at the emancipated woman of the Jazz Age. The show nods to political advances—particularly suffrage and employment outside the home—but spends more time with fashion, offering a dazzling array of the beaded sheaths, silk stockings, and gauzy underthings that announced the particular freedoms of the era. The real progress seems to have been in brassieres, and there are several on show. Through Sept. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Rated X

Belle Époque Paris may have greeted John Singer Sargent's portrait of Madame X with derision, but the luminously pale model he captured has become an icon. Deborah Davis sets out to revive the woman behind the image in **STRAPLESS: JOHN SINGER SARGENT AND THE FALL OF MADAME X** (Tarcher). She depicts Virginie Amélie Avegno Gautreau, "Paris's hottest 'it' girl," as a narcissistic socialite whose greatest fear was to be ignored. Davis speculates that Sargent, as a result of his infatuation and sexual confusion, conflated Gautreau's profile and that of a young artist, Albert de Belleroche, into a single object of desire in sketches and paintings. Though the portrait's poor reception at the 1884 Salon proved only a temporary setback for the artist's career, Gautreau's social reputation never recovered from her association with the painting, and she was further obscured by its anonymous title. "Was Sargent trying to punish Amélie in some way?" wonders Davis. "By removing her name from 'Madame X,' he robbed her of a claim to immortality."

TONY MILLIONAIRE

In Gioia Diliberto's novel, **I AM MADAME X** (Scribner), Gautreau reasserts her place in history, recounting her days as a celebrated beauty, fawned over by society columnists and coveted by men. Her provocative sartorial choices—including the famous black dress—and brazen love affairs earned her a prominent position in the scandal sheets. But in Diliberto's imagination, it is Gautreau's devotion to her daughter that produced the unusual posture of the portrait: "I heard Louise crying. . . . I turned quickly, pushing off with my hand from a round Empire table, and twisting and stretching my neck. One of my dress straps slid off my shoulder. . . . 'Hold that pose!' he shouted."

—*Andrea Thompson*

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

FREE EVENTS

Sunday Matinée
with
Anthony Lane

A screening of Preston Sturges's classic 1941 card-shark comedy,
"The Lady Eve"
Followed by a discussion with *New Yorker* film critic Anthony Lane

Sunday, September 21st
12 NOON

In Conversation with

Deputy Secretary of Defense
Paul Wolfowitz
Interview by
Jeffrey Goldberg

Sunday, September 21st
3 P.M.

Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street
New York City

Free Admission
(First come, first seated)

All programming is subject to change.
For complete program information, call
1-877-847-TNYF, or visit NewYorker.com.

The New Yorker Festival is a production of *The New Yorker* magazine.

NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART
583 Broadway (212-219-1222)—The Venezuelan artist José Antonio Hernández-Diez makes sly social commentaries his stock in trade (in one photograph, the logos on a stack of pricey athletic shoes spell out M-A-R-X). His less than traditional sculptural materials include baseball bats and pork bellies transformed into skateboards with the addition of wheels. In one work, a dead dog, housed in a Plexiglas box, alludes to obscure religious reliquaries devoted to a martyred greyhound worshipped as a saint by medieval peasants (but never canonized by the Catholic Church). Hernández-Diez clearly intends to raise complex issues of class (he substitutes a rangy mutt for the sleek canine of legend, for instance), but in his quest for a punch line he risks trading eloquence for superficiality. Through Sept. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Chamber-orchestra concerts return to Woodstock's Maverick series on August 30 with an evening of Mozart, Wagner, and Mahler (a pocket-size Fourth Symphony).

NATHAN FOX

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (212-873-3400)—**"Petropolis,"** an exhibition that's billed as "a social history of urban people and their animal companions," begins with a pet rock and an electronic key-chain pet, then makes a detour to squirrels (apparently, at one point, New York children kept them as pets). But the heart of the matter is dogs. A photograph of Marie Antoinette's gilded velvet kennel suggests comparisons with the couches currently being upholstered in Europe for today's pampered canines, some examples of which are on display. More modern developments include dog magazines, dog runs, and, of course, pooper-scoopers. Photographs of dogs (game, adorable, full of character) abound, all suggesting why they occupy first place in citified hearts. Through Nov. 9. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—The concert posters of Art Chantry have beckoned Seattle-area music lovers since the late seventies. Each flaunts its throwback influences (comics, filmstrips, and vintage catalogues) to make ironic suggestions about the explosiveness of talent—it seems overly optimistic to hope that the Teengenerate show, for example, could live up to Chantry's edgy, urbane silk screen on a bullet-riddled metal sheet. In addition to pitching for his usual clients—underground acts from punk to grunge—he has also pushed for practicing safe sex. One public-service poster features a police officer (badge No. 69) brandishing a condom, under the helpful note "If you can say 'condom' in English, you know how to say 'condom' in French, Italian, and Spanish!!" Through Aug. 31. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6, and Saturday evenings until 9.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART
Flushing Meadows–Corona Park (718-592-9700)—Salvador Dali was one of several Surrealists being considered for a pavilion at the 1939 World's Fair when his window designs for Bonwit Teller started a scandal that put him in jail. Aided by his new status as a headline-grabber, he promptly got his pavilion and began designing the "Dream of Venus," whose creation and glory days are documented here. Early proposals for a "nightmare corridor" with pneumatic walls and rocking floors gave way to a Freudian fantasy staffed with full-time mermaids, housed in a Gaudí-like molded-plaster building whose columns were supported by high heels. Dali's use of female models—nude but for lobster loincloths—has inspired the museum to post an informal PG rating, but the original installation and performances were censored just before the opening and Dali rebelled, flying over Queens air-dropping leaflets declaring his artistic independence. Through Sept. 21. ♦ **"The Panorama of the City of New York,"** an ongoing exhibition of the 9,335-square-foot model of the five boroughs, is now almost forty years old; like the whale at the Museum of Natural History, it's surprisingly powerful on followup visits. The pet project of Robert Moses was to have been an urban-planning tool as well as an attraction at the 1964 World's Fair. Ongoing renovations have brought in hundreds of new buildings (there are now more than eight hundred thousand in all). Certain architectural features fluoresce under black light in a slow strobe of dusks and dawns, a new day every fifteen minutes. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5. Call for summer hours.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—At the top of the stairs, at the entrance to **"Hands On Hands Down,"** a bright-red yarn sculpture by Louis Cameron, a minimalist web that's part Fred Sandback and part Spider-Man, alerts viewers that the museum's three artists-in-residence are into handmade craft and popular culture. Mickalene Thomas embeds canvases with thousands of rhinestones, producing haute-kitsch imagery (pinups, panthers) that allude to Pointillism, the all-over patterns of Pollock, and black-velvet paintings in one sparkly swoop. Deborah Grant also goes for all-over coverage, in riotous paintings that combine comic books and social commentary as she cuts panels into iconic shapes—Mickey Mouse, the Chanel logo, an Oscar statuette—then covers every inch with black-and-white cartoons. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Summer-hours warning: many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.

JEREMY BLAKE
Spend an hour watching the world go by in Times Square and you will probably have absorbed as much visual stimulus as you can manage. But save sixty seconds of attention for the last minute of each hour, when Jeremy Blake's digital video appears on the NBC Panasonic Astrovision screen, at Forty-third and Broadway facing north. "Cowboy Waltz," which is sponsored by the public-art foundation Creative Time, turns the bluster of Broadway into hypnotic abstract cascades of shape and color. The seconds click down; a batlike blue-gray form morphs and flutters, then dwindles to a red dot, as if film were burning out in a projector. Then it's gone till next time. Note: No showings at 7:59 A.M., 8:59 A.M., or 6:59 P.M. Through Sept. 30. (Presented by Creative Time. 212-206-6674.)

"RECENT ACQUISITIONS"
This display, which is more a bazaar than a curated exhibition, nevertheless includes an impressive setting of gems—in the Expressionist category, woodcuts and lithographs by the great Käthe Kollwitz, a lovely little Schiele watercolor that looks like a Japanese print, and a searing, effortless crayon sketch by Klimt of a nude old woman. "Self-Taught Artists" presents not only Grandma Moses and Henry Darger but the weirdly precise Russian Nikifor Zaiatz, who illustrates "Examples of Appropriate and Inappropriate Dress" (tall boots and a hat with a little bell, respectively). Through Sept. 12. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. 212-245-6734.)

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

"IN FULL VIEW"
Back in the day, summer shows were the equivalent of a meal made from leftovers: the results could satisfy, but they were casually thrown together. This summer changed that with a glut of exceptional exhibitions, including this eloquent entry of thirty years' worth of art that flirts with invisibility. In the main gallery a Sol LeWitt wall drawing spans one wall in a whisper of graphite, adjacent to a Carl Andre floor piece made of glass rods. The only color is provided by Tom Friedman's dots, which creep up a corner as if to perforate it. Elsewhere, a vertical sliver of mirror by Olafur Eliasson and a pair of delicate chain webs by Jim Hodges vie for blink-and-you'll-miss-it status. Through Sept. 13. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000.)

"OPEN: NEW DESIGNS FOR PUBLIC SPACE"
From Oslo to Melbourne, Bogota to Seoul, major cities across the world are erupting with innova-

tive large-scale architectural projects. More than twenty of them—designed by reigning and rising stars like Norman Foster, Zaha Hadid, Will Alsop, and Craig Dykers—are presented in this lucid, dense installation, a sort of walk-through version of a book due to be published this fall. Couch potatoes may be tempted to wait for the latter, but impatient viewers will be rewarded with a range of architectural models, not to mention the pleasure of traipsing across the Van Alen Institute's barking, squeaking turquoise flooring. Through Oct. 31. (Van Alen Institute, 30 W. 22nd St. 212-924-7000.)

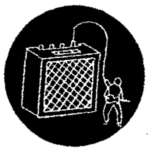
"REVEREND JEN'S LOWER EAST SIDE TROLL MUSEUM"

To celebrate Printed Matter's publication of the hilarious "Really Cool Neighborhood," a combination Lower East Side guide and anti-landlord musical, the Reverend Jen, an ordained minister and self-proclaimed "sex symbol for the insane" (the Rev does not go out in public without a pair of plastic elf ears) transforms the back room of the bookstore into a Mecca for troll lovers. Most of the room is devoted to an extensive collection of the garish-haired dolls (there's even a troll Barbie). The show also has paintings and works on paper that resemble line drawings in a coloring book, as well as previous publications including a self-published zine, *Beer Is Magic*. Through Sept. 6. (Printed Matter, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-925-0325.)

"TODAY'S MAN"

In a clever inversion of the dictum "Bigger is better," the gallery installs more than fifty small-scale works by and about men. Portraiture dominates, from a gem of an Alex Katz canvas, from 1985, of three nattily dressed friends to Richard Phillips's black-and-silver drawing of the rapper Curtis Jackson (he looks like a surly extra from "Pirates of the Caribbean"). The only intimation that size matters is a sculpture in the center of the gallery, a bronze bust by Marco Boggia Sella depicting a man with the kind of nose they used to call strong. Through Sept. 13. (John Connelly Presents, 526 W. 26th St. 212-337-9563.)

POP NOTES



FIRST TIMERS

The Nashville foursome Kings of Leon have been hyped with the usual lack of restraint by the British music press, which has been touting them as "the Southern Strokes." Monarchists! What this means, evidently, is that the band is young, energetic, possessed of matching haircuts, and enamored of straight-ahead guitar-based rock and roll. On the band's début, **"Youth & Young Manhood"** (RCA), all these qualities are in evidence, especially the hair: the band, which consists of the three Followill brothers and a first cousin, looks like it's trying to singlehandedly bring back the shaggiest aspects of the seventies. Musically, the group is more well groomed. The Followills, who grew up in the Pentecostal tradition, deliver the gospel of rock and roll with an admirable economy: their songs are kept short and sharp. Perhaps the clearest antecedent is the early music of Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers; in the standout "Joe's Head," the lead singer, Caleb Followill, channels Petty's drawl perfectly. Like most bands with an extremely strong sense of musical style, the Kings of Leon are only as good as their songs, which are about what you'd expect from a band whose oldest member is in his early twenties: some craftsmanlike (the taut opener, "Red Morning Light"), some interesting (the closer, "Holy Roller Novocaine," with its portrait of a womanizing preacher, comes off as a redneck version of "A Month of Sundays"), and many only average. The crown may fit in time; for now, it slips a bit.

Far stranger, for better and for worse, is the début by the Australian band the Sleepy Jackson. On **"Lovers"** (Astralwerks), the band's leader, the singer and songwriter Luke Steele, shows that he can write a fetching melody and then dress it up with ornate production that often features a silvery, melancholy slide guitar—Jonathan Burnside, the slide guitarist, does a mean George Harrison impression. But by the time he's done with the record Steele has also indulged in several stylistic detours that lead nowhere, including some dance-pop numbers that are more irritating than engaging and a blessedly short but still insufferable spoken-word piece ("Fill Me with Apples"). Willfully eccentric, Steele is clearly trying for a kind of autocanonization, acting the cracked prophet in the hopes that he'll be placed in the company of Syd Barrett, Brian Wilson, and others. If only he weren't trying quite so hard.

—Ben Greenman

GALLERIES—SOHO

"THE BURBS"

Is there a pictorial equivalent to John Cheever? As celebrants of suburbia's leafy ennui, Fairfield Porter and Edward Hopper come pretty close, and it's no surprise to find them represented (both by small knockout drawings) in this thoughtful group show. Eric Fischl, Mark Tansey, and David Hockney put in appearances as well, but the real focus is on younger painters like Thomas Woodruff and David Humphrey, who see suburbia not as a real place but as a theatrical setting, a foil for intricate, Mannerist-Surrealist daydreams. Through Sept. 6. (DFN, 176 Franklin St. 212-334-3400.)

"KNOCKABOUT"

In "Tide Paranoia," a bright-orange bottle of laundry detergent rotates discreetly near the gallery ceiling, where you might expect to find a security camera. This work, by Mathieu Mercier, is just one of the casual visual pranks in this whimsical group show. Oli Watt covers a schoolroom desk with a colorful mosaic of chewed gum (it looks like a slapdash Tom Friedman), while a video by Scott Wolniak puts a new twist on Action painting, as the artist tries to render an industrial landscape from the back of a speeding flatbed truck. Through Sept. 13. (Spencer Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. 212-334-3455.)

GALLERIES—THE BRONX

PATRICIA CRONIN

The genteel, well-tended lanes of Woodlawn Cemetery, lined with Greek Revival family mausoleums, don't see much new construction. So when the sculptor Patricia Cronin, under the auspices of Deitch Projects, pulled up to the corner of Prospect and Walnut Avenues with a marble sculpture of herself in bed with her partner, the painter Deborah Kass, her monument to the living stood out. The machine-carved, hand-finished work, patterned after nineteenth-century memorial statuary, shows Cronin on her back with Kass at her side. Their curls mingle on a single crooked pillow, and their legs nestle under a softly draping sheet, which doesn't keep fall leaves from collecting at their sides, or prevent a birdbath-like puddle from forming in the central hollow at their hipbones. Through eternity. (Webster Ave. at 233rd St. 718-920-0500.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

TOMOKO SAWADA

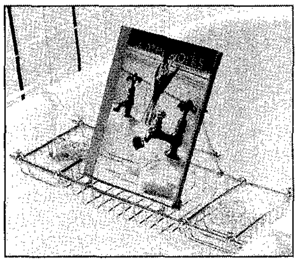
Sawada's witty and buoyant show—the young Japanese photographer's first in America—is at once highly allusive and wonderfully inspired. The first half, "Omiai" (referring to the Japanese tradition in which young men and women trade photos with prospective mates for arranged mar-

ADVERTISEMENT

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

Waterworks is a proud sponsor of The New Yorker Festival



WATERWORKS®

Stunningly photographed and full of practical information from a leading bath designer, "Waterworks: Inventing Bath Style" is a comprehensive guide to renovating or building a stylish and functional bathroom.

Author Barbara Sallick is co-founder and Senior Vice-President of Design for Waterworks, the leading luxury brand for the bath. She brings a lifelong background in design to her philosophy of modern bath style, employing formal principles of architecture and decoration to make this utilitarian environment as rich and livable as any other room in the home.

"Waterworks: Inventing Bath Style"
(Clarkson Potter, 2001) is available at
bookstores nationwide or by
calling 1-800-899-6757. ($35)

Visit NewYorker.com today to sign up for Festival Wire and receive the latest updates on the nation's premier literary and arts festival, delivered directly to your e-mail address.

The New Yorker Festival is a production of *The New Yorker* magazine.

riages), is a series of studio portraits starring Sawada dressed in different costumes—gaudy, gold-threaded, exaggeratedly formal kimonos in some, plain, proper business suits in others—while grinning enthusiastically for the camera. In the second series, Sawada has assembled different photo-booth strips of herself—transformed, with complex hairdos and makeup, into schoolgirls, drag queens, whacked-out housewives, sullen children, and tentative adolescents—into large black-and-white grids. It's impossible to look at any of Sawada's photographs and not feel the presence of her predecessors (Andy Warhol, Cindy Sherman, and Nikki Lee), yet they aren't derivative. The whole thing, from conceit to execution, is so bouncy, outlandish, and unexpected that it's difficult to look away. Through Sept. 6. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 212-752-1223.)

"CYMK: PART 2"
In this installment of the gallery's summer course on contemporary color photography, tourists and over-ripe fruit provide the instruction. Karine Laval shows Portuguese swimmers and divers in the bleached-out tones of a too-bright summer day. Kyoto's Golden Temple, seen through Martin Parr's unerring eye, becomes a beautiful thought bubble over the jumble of yellow hats on the students looking at it from across a greenish pond. Massimo Vitali's two huge prints, a sunny beach scene and a French picnic for thousands, are compositionally complex and vibrant, while Zachary Zavislak's dense still-lifes, with peaches, plums, or watermelons, are masterly in the way they are lit, seemingly from the inside. Through Sept. 6. (Benrubi, 42 E. 76th St. 212-517-3766.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-857-0000)—**"Cuba on the Verge."** Abelardo Morell, who left Cuba with his family forty years ago, when he was fourteen, is well known for his camera-obscura images of cityscapes and industrial areas, flipped and fuzzy on apartment and hotel walls. His exposures last up to eight hours, and pictures made on a recent trip to Cuba carry an emotional weight, a sense of loss and of feeling trapped, at which his other work can only hint. Other photographers, like Virginia Beahan and Carrie Mae Weems, reach similar heights, whether looking at history or Afro-Cuban identity. The show also gives the opportunity to see work by other, lesser-known Cuban artists, notably Manuel Piña's lushly colored crumbling walls in Havana, Abigail Gonzáles's images of sexual joy, and René Peña's black-and-white pictures of handwritten letters sent by Cubans to family members abroad, often asking for financial assistance. Through Aug. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List

"MEN AT SEA"
Melville Gallery, South Street Seaport Museum,
213 Water St. 212-748-8600.
Through Oct. 31.

"PROTEST"
Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999.
Through Aug. 29.

CLASSICAL MUSIC
CONCERTS IN TOWN

BARGEMUSIC
Aug. 28-29 at 7:30: James Anagnoson and Leslie Kinton perform music for two pianos by Mozart (the Sonata in D Major, K. 448), Arensky, Dvořák (two of the Slavonic Dances), and Gershwin ("Rhapsody in Blue"), along with a new work by the composer-pianist Stewart Goodyear. ♦ Aug. 30 at 7:30 and Aug. 31 at 4: The Arc Ensemble, a motley band of instrumentalists (including the violinist Erika Raum and Joaquin Valdepeñas, the principal clarinettist of the Toronto Symphony), offers a program of Brahms (the Clarinet Quintet), Schumann (the cello-and-piano version of the Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70), Kulesha, and Rebecca Clarke (the Sonata for Viola and Piano). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS 2003: ARMIN LOOS
Loos (1904-71), a self-taught German-American composer who ended his days in New Britain, was an avocational artist who spent most of his career in business pursuits—not unlike two of his more distinguished Connecticut contemporaries, Charles Ives and Wallace Stevens. (He was not without talent: in 1938 his "Elegy for Five Voices," the only piece of his ever to be publicly performed, won second prize in a W.P.A. music competition in which a young Elliott Carter placed fifth.) The violinist Paul Zukofsky, for years one of musical modernism's steadfast supporters, devotes his annual one-composer workshop to a selection of Loos's twelve-tone chamber works; the performers, who include the violinists Aaron Boyd and Eugenia Choi and the pianist Martha Locker, will gather for a final public concert at St. Peter's Church. (Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Aug. 28 at 8. No tickets required.)

"BAD RENAISSANCE PEOPLE"
William Schimmel (who touts himself as the world's only accordionist with a doctorate from Juilliard) hosts his ninth annual summer accordionfest this weekend—three days of master classes and concerts. This year's festival includes workshops like "How to Play Goth Accordion in One Terrifying Lesson (I Bite You!)" and "The Accordion Rebirth: A Luddite Affair" mixed with symposiums addressing such controversial accordion issues as "Should 'Edelweiss' Be Banned?" The evening concerts feature mainly recent accordion compositions by living composers like Schimmel (including his medieval-style cantata based on "Valley of the Dolls"), the ragtime pianist Mark Birnbaum, and the jazz-inflected Will Holshouser, with a smattering of works by older masters like Schubert, Otto Luening, and Kurt Weill thrown in. (Tenri Cultural Institute, 43 W. 13th St. 212-876-0827. Aug. 29-31, with master classes at 3 and concerts at 7.)

SUNDAYS ON THE ISLAND
The brunchtime concert series' director, the cellist Wolfram Koessel, teams up with a clutch of colleagues (including the bassist Benjamin Wand) for performances of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and Dvořák's String Quintet with Double Bass. The venue is Le Refuge Inn, a charming French-country-style restaurant and bed-and-breakfast on City Island; a reception follows. (620 City Island Ave., the Bronx. 212-724-4474. Aug. 31 at 12:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

WOODSTOCK FRINGE FESTIVAL 2003: "AMERICAN SONGFEST"
Maverick Concerts may be the best known of the Hudson Valley's smaller classical-music festivals, but, as its name implies, it had to break away first—and what it broke away from was Byrdcliffe, founded as a Ruskinesque Arts and Crafts colony in 1903 by the millionaire idealist Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead and his wife, the painter and musician Jane Byrd McCall. The place is still going strong a hundred years later, supporting not only a number of artists-in-residence but also Woodstock Fringe, a summer series of avant-garde theatrical events that includes a mini-series of classical concerts organized by the composer-administrator Larry Alan Smith. "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?," the final program, includes contributions by the composer and pianist Larry Bell, the soprano Catherine Thorpe, and other musicians and showcases American works by Gershwin, Bernstein, Schuman, and Carlisle Floyd in addition to songs on Shakespeare texts by Bell (a première) and Castelnuovo-Tedesco. (Byrdcliffe Theatre, Woodstock, N.Y. 845-679-0167. Aug. 30 at 2.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS
Aug. 30 at 8: Alexander Platt, the concert series' newly appointed music director and the first performing musician to run the organization in four decades, leads members of New York's venturesome Sequitur ensemble in a chamber-orchestra concert. It's been a very long time since such concerts took place at the Maverick, but Platt has a precedent: a photograph (on a wall of the Maverick's woodland hall) of his nineteen-twenties predecessor, the legendary flutist, conductor, and new-music maven Georges Barrère, performing with an impromptu chamber band. Platt, who intends to make this an annual event, conducts Mozart's "March in the French Style," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" (in its intimate original scoring), and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with the soprano Maria Jette), the last in a small-orchestra version reconstructed by Platt from a long-lost arrangement by the Schoenberg disciple Erwin Stein. ♦ Aug. 31 at 3: The renowned American String Quartet rounds out the weekend with a program of Haydn (the Quartet in G Major, Op. 76, No. 1), Mozart, and Mendelssohn (the Quartet in A Major, Op. 13). (Woodstock, N.Y. 845-679-8217.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN
This venerable concert series nestled in the Berkshire foothills—which completes its seventy-fourth season this year—may have a comfy, old-shoe feel to it, but its devotion to preserving the art of the string quartet has earned it a special place in the ranks of summer festivals. The pianist Ruth Laredo joins the St. Petersburg String Quartet for the series' final concerts of the year; its members, all Russian, are arguably the most persuasive interpreters of Shostakovich's string quartets around, and his music has become a mainstay of the Music Mountain schedule. Aug. 30 at 8: Quartets by Dvořák (No. 14 in A-Flat Major, his last, commanding work in the genre) and Borodin (the sweetly melodic Quartet No. 2 in D Major) dominate the evening concert; Laredo (with the bassist John Kulowitsch) sits in to perform a chamber version of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 14 in E-Flat Major, K. 449. ♦ Aug. 31 at 3: Schumann's Piano Quartet crowns the final concert, which also includes two more popular favorites, Shostakovich's Quartet No. 8 in C Minor and Haydn's Quartet in D Major, Op. 64, No. 5 (the "Lark"). (Routes 63 and 126, Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

WINDHAM CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL
This hardy little festival, a recent addition to the Hudson Valley's rich musical harvest, was founded in 1997 by the husband-and-wife team of Magdalena Golczewski and Robert Manno, who met at the Met when she was a violinist in the orchestra and he was a chorus baritone. Their series, held at the acoustically superb Windham Performing Arts Center (which started life in 1826 as a whitewashed Presbyterian church), continues with a concert by the Roerich String Quartet, who play works by Dvořák, the Israeli composer Betty Oliveros, and Brahms (the Clarinet Quintet, with Alan Kay). (Windham, N.Y. 518-734-3868. Aug. 30 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

READINGS
Aug. 27 at 7:30: Chuck Klosterman offers selections from his new collection of pop-culture essays, "Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs." (Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Aug. 27 at 8: Christine Japely reads from her short-story collection, "Resistance." (Rocky Sullivan's, 129 Lexington Ave., between 28th and 29th Sts. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Aug. 30 at 6: The Philippine poet and novelist Eric Gamalinda and the Korean-American writer Ed Bok Lee read from their work. The poet Ishle Yi Park is the host. (Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery, at Bleecker St. 212-614-0505.)

TALKS
Aug. 27 at 7: The "Best American Crime Writing" series editors Otto Penzler and Thomas H. Cook join John Berendt, the author of "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil" and this year's guest editor, along with a few contributors to the current edition, for a discussion about crime reporting. (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 22nd St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Aug. 27 at 7: The television-news personality Greta Van Susteren talks about her new book, "My Turn at the Bully Pulpit: Straight Talk About the Things That Drive Me Nuts." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.)

MOVIES OPENING

THE BACKYARD
Paul Hough's documentary about teen-agers who imitate professional wrestling in homemade rings, filming their productions for parents and friends. Opening Aug. 29. (Cinema Village.)

JEEPERS CREEPERS 2
A busload of varsity basketball players, cheerleaders, and coaches get stranded on a rural highway, where they are set upon by a malevolent creature, in a horror movie written and directed by Victor Salva. Opening Aug. 29.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE MIDLANDS
Shane Meadows directed this comedic drama in which a man (Robert Carlyle) tries to win back his ex-wife (Shirley Henderson) after her new boyfriend (Rhys Ifans) proposes marriage on national television. Opening Aug. 29.

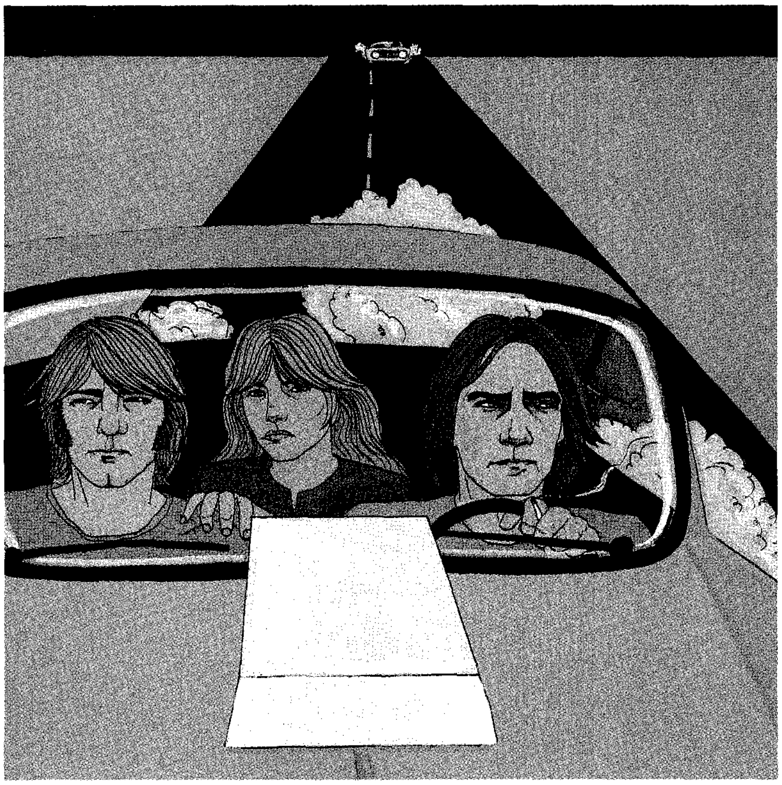
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BED
A musical sex comedy in which two couples exchange partners, directed by Emilio Martinez-Lazaro. With Paz Vega, Ernesto Alterio, Natalia Verbeke, and Guillermo Toledo. In Spanish. Opening Aug. 29.

SUDDENLY
Two lesbians who call themselves Mao and Lenin kidnap a lingerie saleswoman and embark on a quixotic road trip, in an Argentinean comedy directed by Diego Lerman. In Spanish. Opening Aug. 27. (Film Forum.)

FILM NOTES

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD
One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. This 1938 film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With the improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum; Aug. 27-28.)

AMERICAN SPLENDOR
Well, it's different. Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini, directing together, have made a drama-documentary in which the drama and the documentary look at each other but don't touch. The movie is about Harvey Pekar, a real and rusted-up gentleman from Cleveland. He works as a filing clerk, and his experiences have long been the subject of a comic strip, illustrated by—among others—Robert Crumb. So we get a good dose of Harvey. But we get an even better and funnier dose of Paul Giamatti, who plays an alternative Harvey, and who is framed, or sometimes drawn, in fond imitation of a comic book—the implication being that even the cruddiest lives can, in sympathetic hands, acquire shape and grace. The story, such as it is, moves from Harvey the record collector to Harvey the cancer sufferer to Harvey the chat-show guest. There is terrific supporting work from Hope Davis as Mrs. Pekar and from Judah Friedlander as Harvey's profoundly unusual friend Toby. Mild fame may have patronized these folks, but the movie pays them a comic homage that feels flattering, fast-witted, and true.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/18 & 25/03.) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sunshine Cinema.)



Dennis Wilson, Laurie Bird, and James Taylor in "Two-Lane Blacktop."

LARA TOMLIN

AMERICAN WEDDING
After three dates, the "American Pie" franchise has become a dull and familiar affair. Jesse Dylan's lacklustre direction strands the actors in a series of raunchy, stale bachelor-party gags, and the original ensemble cast has been shaved down to the bare minimum. (That should have been a warning.) Of those who chose to return, only the reliable Eugene Levy manages some gifted bits.—*Bruce Diones* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

BAD BOYS II
Action porn. The producer Jerry Bruckheimer and the director Michael Bay's buddy-cop destructorama has all the editing beats of a sex film. A few lines of dialogue (delivered, for the most part, with fake enthusiasm by Will Smith and Martin Lawrence) followed by bursting gunfire, theatrical chases, and the inevitable big-bang ending.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

BUFFALO SOLDIERS
Specialist Ray Elwood (Joaquin Phoenix) is having a ball. The year is 1989, the place is West Germany, and the pickings could not be riper, or easier to pluck. Elwood is the battalion clerk in an antiquated peacetime outfit, and, in the absence of combat, he devotes his skills to the black market and the heroin trade. Into this pleasant routine comes Sergeant Lee (Scott Glenn), who sees Elwood as a grifter and a slacker; Elwood, in turn, has eyes only for the sergeant's teen-age daughter (Anna Paquin). The director, Gregor Jordan, gets harsh laughs from all this mischief, but his grasp of Army life feels unstable, and Phoenix is enjoyable rather than credible in the role of a hipster Bilko. As for the casting of Ed Harris as a feeble and hapless colonel, isn't that against regulations? Too much of the second half is consumed by the nocturnal niceties of a drug plot—a pity, because a film about the joys and travails of the American military abroad could hardly be more apposite. With Elizabeth McGovern, almost unrecognizable as the colonel's wife, and a fall-down cameo for the Berlin Wall.—*A.L.* (8/11/03) (Village East Cinemas.)

EL CID
In this gorgeous 1961 spectacle, Charlton Heston persuasively embodies the medieval champion as if he were a liberal Kennedy-era Cold Warrior, defending his Spanish homeland against fanatic Moors while displaying his decency and open-mindedness by enlisting a friendly Moor as his ally. The director, Anthony Mann, and his peerless cinematographer, Robert Krasker, know how to use the wide screen to capture the span and tingle of court pageantry, jousting, and pitched warfare. Their scenes of single-warrior combat brought new levels of physical exertion and emotional realism to the screen's depiction of broadsword swashbuckling. And Heston even strikes a monumental spark or two with his true love, played by Sophia Loren.—*Michael Sragow* (Walter Reade Theatre; Sept. 1-2.)

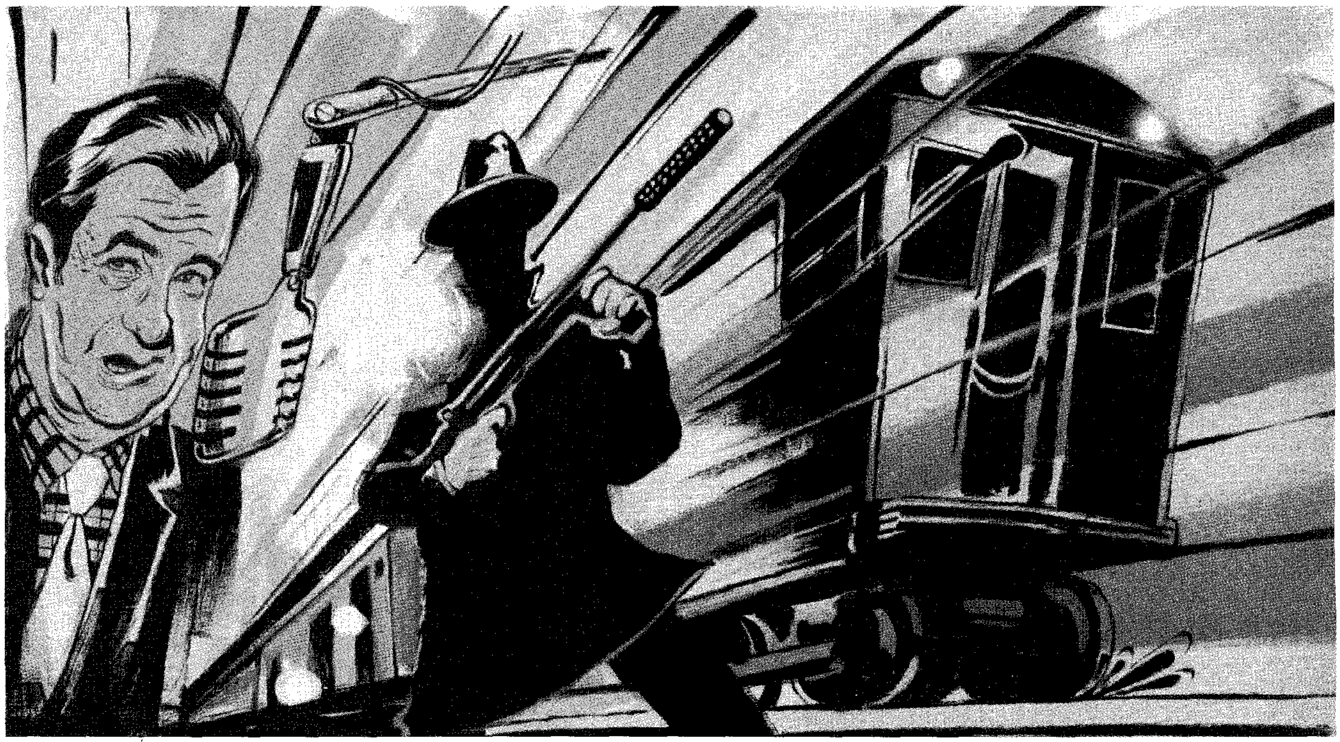
DIRTY PRETTY THINGS
The British director Stephen Frears leaves the pleasant angst of "High Fidelity" behind and delivers a difficult and resolute movie about illegal immigrants in London. The story has all the elements of film noir—a black marketeer, dingy apartments, prostitution—but the frame is often suffused with a harsh, hospital-white light. Frears and his screenwriter Steve Knight sidestep the standard benchmarks of the immigrant story by shaping their material as a moral thriller. Chiwetel Ejiofor delivers a brilliant performance as Okwe, a Nigerian man who gets involved with some bloody subterfuge at the posh hotel where he works. Audrey Tautou, the über-gamine, is less convincing as a Turkish runaway, but she's still likable, and Frears tips the action into motion so gracefully that you almost don't notice the characters' fates aligning against each other. He also doesn't flinch from the portrayal of some ugly moments; the somewhat pat romantic justice of the ending comes as a welcome relief.—*Michael Agger* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Sunshine Cinema.)

LE DIVORCE
A Merchant-Ivory movie set in the present, which makes for a change. This one is the tale of two sisters: Isabel (Kate Hudson), who flies to Paris to visit her sis-

ter Roxy (Naomi Watts), who has married a dodgy Frenchman. Cue any number of cross-cultural collisions, as our hopeful young Americans—today's Daisy Millers—become ensnared in the oily grasp of old Europe. Isabel finds herself in bed with Edgar (Thierry Lhermitte), who has the decency to look faintly embarrassed about it. The movie contemplates sex, as well as abortion, suicide, and mental instability, but the director, James Ivory, seems fatally undecided as to whether such matters are worthy of solemn consideration or mere backdrops to a bit of fun. The moral of the piece, finally, appears to be "Don't marry out of your tribe," which is nice to know in these days of international suspicion. Wasted actors include Stockard Channing, Sam Waterston, Bebe Neuwirth, Glenn Close, and Matthew Modine; that's a lot of waste. Leslie Caron offers as pure a definition of grande dame as you are likely to find.—*A.L.* (8/18 & 25/03) (Paris and Union Square.)

FREAKY FRIDAY

The beloved Disney teen movie from 1976 gets a power-pop makeover. As in the original, mother and daughter magically switch bodies, and the best parts are when they put each other's lives through the paces. The saucer-eyed Lindsay Lohan, as the daughter, morphs from a slouching rocker into a perfect-posture girl, a Junior League aspirant set loose in high school. Jamie Lee Curtis has the more difficult assignment, contorting her adult body into the ungainly angles of adolescence. She pulls off the transformation with precision, and both she and Lohan grace their scenes with moments of dead-on physical parody. Together, they provide a delightful double take on the old mother-to-daughter mantra: Act your age.—*M.A.* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.)



At Film Forum, Walter Matthau plays a transit cop in the subway-hijack classic "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

ZOHAR LAZAR

HIS GIRL FRIDAY

In 1928 Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote "The Front Page," the greatest newspaper comedy of them all; Howard Hawks directed this 1940 version of it—a spastic explosion of dialogue, adapted by Charles Lederer, and starring Cary Grant as the domineering editor Walter Burns and Rosalind Russell as Hildy Johnson, the unscrupulous crime reporter with printer's ink in her veins. (In the play Hildy Johnson is a man.) Overlapping dialogue carries the movie along at breakneck speed; word gags take the place of the sight gags of silent comedy, as this race of brittle, cynical, childish people rush around on corrupt errands. Russell is at her comedy peak here—she wears a striped suit, uses her long-legged body for unladylike effects, and rasps out her lines. And, as Walter Burns, Grant raises mugging to a joyful art. Burns' callousness and unscrupulousness are expressed in some of the best farce lines ever written in this country, and Grant hits those lines with a smack.—*P.K.* (Gramercy Theatre; Aug. 28 and Aug. 31.)

THE MAGDALENE SISTERS

A scalding new picture from Peter Mullan, set in Ireland in the nineteen-sixties. Three girls are sent to a Magdalene Asylum—one of a network of institutions to which wayward young women were consigned by their disapproving families. The asylums were run by Roman Catholic nuns; in this case, the presiding spirit is Sister Bridget (Geraldine McEwan), who counts her money in secret and speaks to her charges with a forked tongue. Finally, the trio of friends—played by Anne-Marie Duff, Dorothy Duffy, and Nora-Jane Noone—make their escape, as if from a prisoner-of-war camp. The system was certainly crushing, but it has inspired Mullan—a fine actor, whose previous film as director, "Orphans," was a scabrous Glaswegian comedy—to deliver his most intemperate work, which lashes out at the Catholic Church with the same hardness of heart that Sister Bridget and her colleagues display in their running of the asylum. You come away from the movie not just convinced but cowed.—*A.L.* (8/11/03) (Cinema 1, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII.)

OPEN RANGE

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: THE CURSE OF THE BLACK PEARL

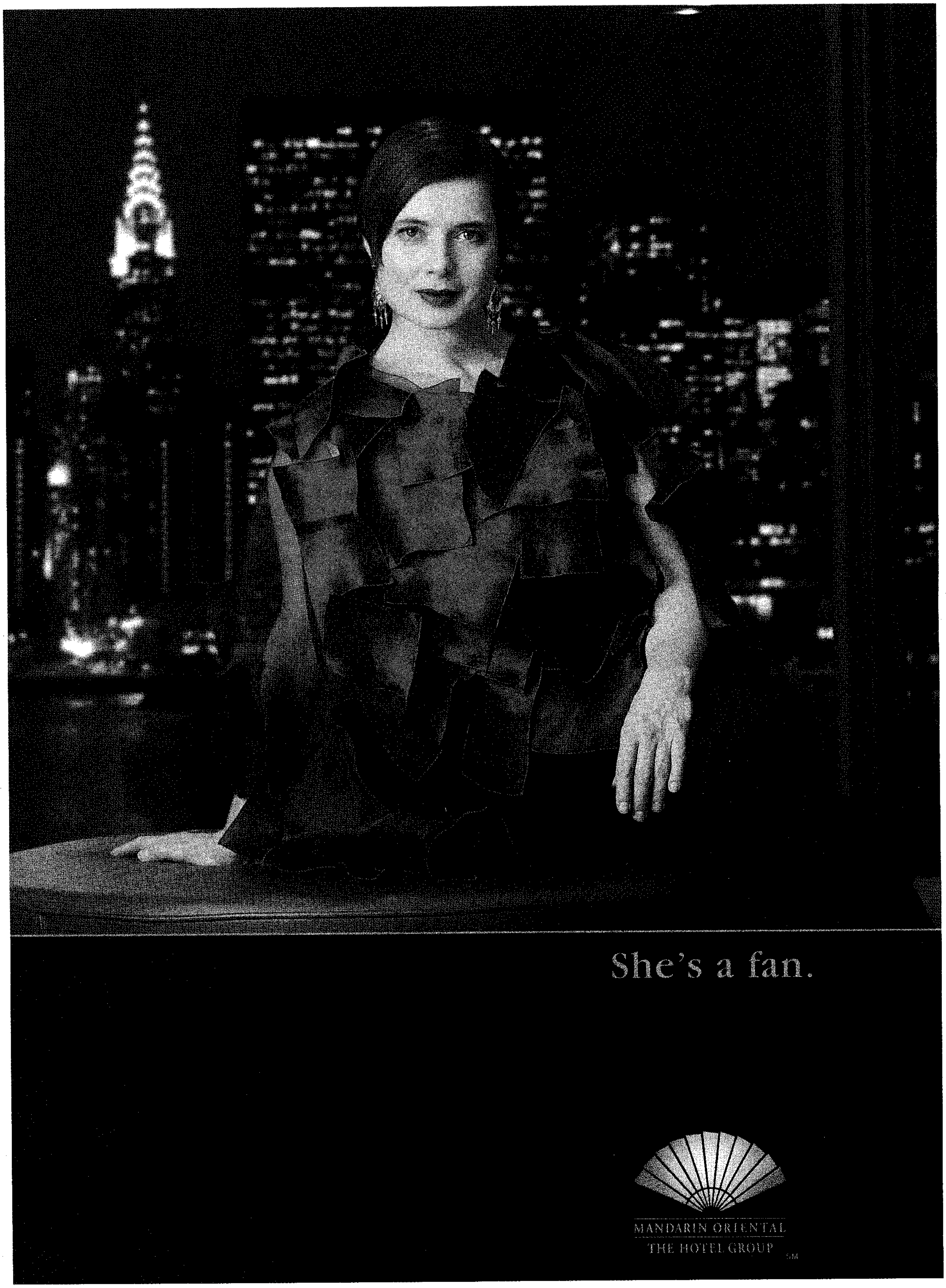
As the deposed pirate captain Jack Sparrow, Johnny Depp does not so much walk as sashay into a scene, and he wears more eyeshadow than Tammy Faye Bakker. He gives this exuberant family entertainment an amiable sheen of silliness (the performance offers diverse echoes of W. C. Fields, Toshiro Mifune, and Keith Richards on a bender). Depp leaves a lot of the duelling and all of the lovemaking to Orlando Bloom (from "The Lord of the Rings"), who plays a young blacksmith with pirate blood in his veins, a fellow much loved by the daughter of the British governor of a Caribbean colony, Keira Knightley (she has a thing for swashbucklers). The movie is based on the famous old Disneyland ride, and it's good, cheesy fun, complete with tall ships, battles at sea, and accursed pirates who turn into skeletons at night. As Barbossa, the pirate who deposed Captain Jack, Geoffrey Rush eyeballs his victims and stretches out his syllables in the taunting manner of Robert Newton, who specialized in stump-legged scoundrels fifty years ago.—*David Denby* (7/28/03) (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

SEABISCUIT

Gary Ross's adaptation of Laura Hillenbrand's 2001 best-seller about the miraculous racehorse of the nineteen-thirties has been shaped as a national epic—not as a good story but as *the* good story. The horse, knobby-kneed and perverse, comes from behind and knocks off the more famous Thoroughbreds of the era. He is saved from obscurity by an unlikely trio: Charles Howard (Jeff Bridges), a millionaire auto salesman with a venturesome streak; Tom Smith (Chris Cooper), a down-and-out trainer, practically a relic of the nineteenth century; and Johnny (Red) Pollard (Tobey Maguire), an embittered, not terribly talented boxer and jockey. The horse becomes such a popular favorite that, as Hillenbrand and Ross tell it, he redeems the millions of unemployed "forgotten men" in the Depression. In case we don't get the point, there are solemn interludes of photomontage accompanied by narration from the historian David McCullough. The Oscar-hungry movie stamps itself with a seal of approval rather than simply telling its story. Much of it, however, is beautifully made in conservative-humanist style, and the races are thrilling. With William H. Macy in a great bit as a poetizing radio announcer.—*D.D.* (8/4/03) (Battery Park 16, Beekman, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE SECRET LIVES OF DENTISTS

In Alan Rudolph's marital drama, a suburban dentist (Campbell Scott) who shares his practice with his wife (Hope Davis) suspects her of having an affair. Scott's character is a model of repression—he doesn't want to know anything about his wife's infidelity that would cause him to act—and the film plays out as a maddening rush of imagined scenarios (the writer Craig Lucas invests his script with more than


She's a fan.
MANDARIN ORIENTAL
THE HOTEL GROUP
SM

Find out why Isabella Rossellini is a fan at www.mandarinoriental.com • BANGKOK • GENEVA • HAWAII • HONG KONG • JAKARTA KUALA LUMPUR • LONDON • MACAU • MANILA • MIAMI • MUNICH • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • SINGAPORE • SURABAYA • TOKYO (2005) • WASHINGTON D.C.(2004)

ADVERTISEMENT

TRAVEL NOTES

You're invited to explore these exciting itineraries from The New Yorker's travel advertisers.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

The Cayman Islands abounds in wildlife, natural beauty, and phenomenan for travelers to explore. Each of the three islands—Grand Cayman and the sister islands of Little Cayman and Cayman Brac—offers gorgeous respites and rugged, untouched terrain for those seeking a vacation brimming with life.

The Sister Islands are havens of Caymanian perfection. On Cayman Brac, 35 marked nature and heritage trails allow visitors to traverse wetlands, forest trails, early settlements, and a variety of fauna and flora. A 180-acre parrot reserve on the island, situated on a dramatic bluff, is home to the indigenous Cayman Brac parrot and Grand Cayman parrot. Similar sanctuaries on Little Cayman harbor the indigenous iguana.

A magnet for nature lovers on Little Cayman is the Booby Pond Reserve, a 204-acre spread of saltwater pond and mangroves, offering a natural home for an estimated 7,000 red-footed boobies and 200 pairs of magnificent frigate birds.

On Grand Cayman, the Cayman National Trust operates the Mastic Reserve, an old-growth dry forest with a two-mile trail for hiking. The Mastic Trail takes hikers through woodland that has been undisturbed for some two million years and encompasses mangrove wetlands and subtropical forest.

Miles and miles of pristine and sparkling sea, dotted with vibrant reefs that are closely protected, buffet these natural gems. The prolific fish life and sea creatures such as turtles will leave visitors in awe. Additionally, this summer, Cayman Brac is sponsoring a host of nature-oriented events and activities that the whole family can enjoy.

To learn more about nature
tourism in the Cayman Islands, visit
www.naturecayman.com,
www.caymanislands.com or
contact your travel professional.

CAYMAN ISLANDS
Grand Cayman • Cayman Brac • Little Cayman

If unable to reach telephone listings,
send requests, with date noted,
to The New Yorker Reader Services,
4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036.

© 2003 by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. 030901

a few comic moments to goose the inaction along). The outstanding performances of the two leads do much to tether Rudolph's loose style. The film is steeped in a queasy emotional containment that nails the experience of true domestic dread.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, and Empire 25.)

STEP INTO LIQUID
A clever name for a classic surfing documentary. Dana Brown's movie has the exotic locations, breezy narration, uplifting stories, and cracked surfer wisdom you expect from the genre. What sets the movie apart is the astonishing sequence that ends it, in which a team of surfers use Jet Skis to catch the sixty-foot waves they find in the middle of the ocean. Other notable interludes include the guys who surf the freezing, muddy waters of Lake Michigan and the professional women surfers who test their mettle at Tahiti's Teahupo'o, dubbed "the Wave with Teeth" because it breaks over a shallow coral reef.—*M.A.* (Angelika Film Center and Empire 25.)

SWIMMING POOL
Charlotte Rampling gives another outstanding performance, this time as an uptight mystery writer who accepts an offer from her publisher to use his house in the South of France for some inspiration. When his sexy daughter (the luscious Ludivine Sagnier) shows up uninvited, a slow-burning and deliberately abstract mystery is set in motion. The director François Ozon (who's worked with Rampling before, in the very similar "Under the Sand") crafts a seductive puzzle that may have audiences wondering, in a pleasant way, what it was that they have just seen. In French and English.—*B.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Sunshine Cinema.)

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE
Once just a solid thriller, now a time capsule spiked with amphetamines, this subway-hijack picture from 1974 taps into viewers' paranoia over a decrepit, vulnerable infrastructure and then provides bitter laughs and a harrowing catharsis. It may be the perfect movie for post-blackout New Yorkers. Four armed men (Robert Shaw, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, and Earl Hindman) who, in dapper disguise, look like suburban invaders (well, maybe not Balsam; he's impossible to disguise) commandeer a car and eighteen hostages and demand a million-dollar ransom. They're got a clever plan, but they don't count on the sly ruminations of the Transit Authority lieutenant Walter Matthau. This offbeat star's ironic air—his ability to appear omniscient even when he's blowing smoke—sends jolts of iconoclastic mirth into the fetid atmosphere. Yet his irresistible low key depends on the rest of the cast's operating at full steam. And what a cast! It includes James Broderick, Kenneth McMillan, Julius Harris, Tony Roberts, Doris Roberts, and Jerry Stiller, who cracks that the hijackers are going to fly the subway to Cuba.—*M.S.* (Film Forum; Aug. 29-Sept. 2.)

THIRTEEN
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (62nd & Broadway and Sunshine Cinema.)

TWO-LANE BLACKTOP
An "On the Road" with drag racers, starring James Taylor and the Beach Boys' Dennis Wilson as a laconic team known only as, respectively, "the Driver" and "the Mechanic." Laurie Bird is a rambling gal known only as "the Girl" and Warren Oates is the enigmatic "G.T.O.," who, of course, drives a GTO He's on a quest to gain some existential traction after a crackup in his life. When G.T.O. crosses paths once too often with Taylor and Wilson's customized 1955 Chevy, his paranoia and competitiveness lead him to race the Taylor-Wilson team from New Mexico to D.C., with the winner getting the losing car. For connoisseurs of American cult cinema, the movie is a treasure trove of influence and reference. (The vintage Chevy was later driven by Harrison Ford in "American Graffiti," for one.) The director, Monte Hellman, shot this 1971 movie in bracing natural light in wide-open Techniscope. It's essentially a mood piece, about men in the grip of a narrow obsession that allows them to pass unscathed through a small-town, pre-mall America, which Hellman catches with an eye and ear for sloth, distrust, and parochial allegiances. Oates's performance is what lifts the film above just being a lyric ramble: his Beat and beat-up aura is perfect for the character, and no one could stumble along or pass out better than he.—*M.S.* (Walter Reade Theatre; Sept. 1.)

ALSO PLAYING

AUTUMN SPRING
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.

THE BATTLE OF SHAKER HEIGHTS
Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.

FINDING NEMO (6/9/03)
Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.

THE MEDALLION
Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.

STOKED: THE RISE AND FALL OF GATOR
Angelika Film Center.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Sept. 7: "Eyes Wide Open: The Evolution of Widescreen Cinema." Aug. 30 at 2: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966, Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey) and "Inner and Outer Space" (1965, Warhol). ♦ Aug. 31 at 2: "Lisztomania" (1975, Ken Russell). ♦ Aug. 31 at 4:30: "Flesh for Frankenstein" (1974, Morrissey). ♦ Repertory nights. Aug. 29 at 7:30 and Aug. 30-31 at 6:30: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1968, Sergio Leone).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Through Aug. 29: "The Return of Kurosawa and Mifune." All films are in Japanese. Aug. 27 at 4:30

and 8:15: "Red Beard" (1966). ♦ Aug. 28-29 at 4:30 and 8:15: "The Seven Samurai" (1954). ♦ Films from the Caribbean diaspora. Aug. 30 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Third World Cop" (1998, Chris Browne). ♦ Aug. 31 at 2, 5, and 8: "I Am Cuba" (1964, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian and Spanish). ♦ Sept. 1 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Palcy; in French). ♦ Sept. 2 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Journey of the Lion" (1992, Fritz Baumann).

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Aug. 27-28 at 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, and 9:40: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†). ♦ Aug. 29-Sept. 2 at 1:30, 3:35, 5:40, 7:45, and 9:50: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL

55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—The films of the actress Jane Birkin. Sept. 2 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Merci Docteur Rey" (2002, Andrew Litvack; in French and English).

GRAMERCY THEATRE

127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900)—The summer repertory series. Aug. 28 at 2 and Aug. 31 at 6:30: "His Girl Friday" (†). ♦ Aug. 28 at 4: "I Do Not Know What It Is I Am Like" (1986, Bill Viola). ♦ Aug. 28 at 6 and Aug. 29 at 4: "The Rainy Season" (1987, George Kuchar), "Peggy and Fred in Hell: Prologue" (1985, Leslie Thornton), and "Hideo, It's Me Mama" (1985, Mako Idemitsu). ♦ Aug. 28 at 7:45 and Aug. 31 at 2: "Marie Antoinette" (1938, W. S. Van Dyke). ♦ Aug. 29 at 2: "Mamma Roma" (1962, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). ♦ Aug. 29 at 6: "Whity" (1971, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). ♦ Aug. 29 at 8: "Das Boot" (1982, Wolfgang Petersen; in German). ♦ Aug. 30 at 1: "The Straight Story" (1999, David Lynch). ♦ Aug. 30 at 4: "Virtual Play: The Double Direct Monkey Wrench in Black's Machinery" (1984, Steve Fagin). ♦ Aug. 30 at 6: "Double Lunar Dogs" (1984, Joan Jonas) and "Incidence of Catastrophe" (1987, Gary Hill). ♦ Aug. 30 at 8: "Silence Is Golden" (1947, René Clair; in French). ♦ Aug. 31 at 4:45: "Everglades City" (1985, Matthew Geller). ♦ Sept. 1 at 1: "The Lady Eve" (1941, Preston Sturges). ♦ Sept. 1 at 3: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930, D. W. Griffith). ♦ Sept. 1 at 5: "Troublesome Creek" (1996, Jeanne Jordan and Steven Ascher). ♦ Sept. 1 at 7: "The Hire" (2001-02, Ang Lee et al.).

SUNSHINE CINEMA

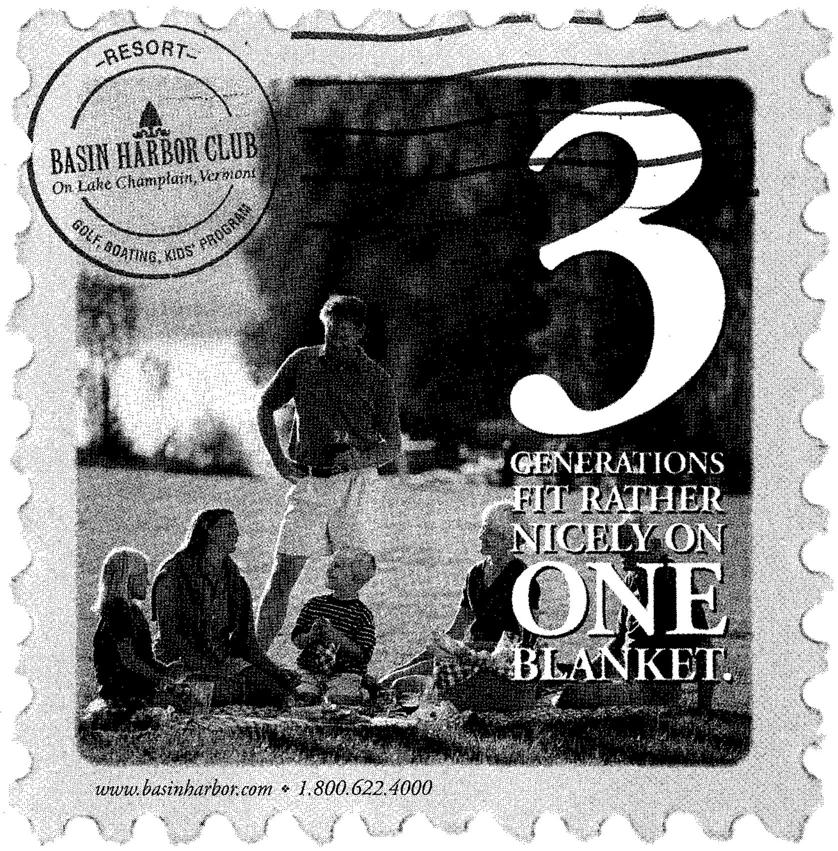
139-143 E. Houston St. (212-358-0573)—Midnight movies. Aug. 29-31: "The Goonies" (1985, Richard Donner).

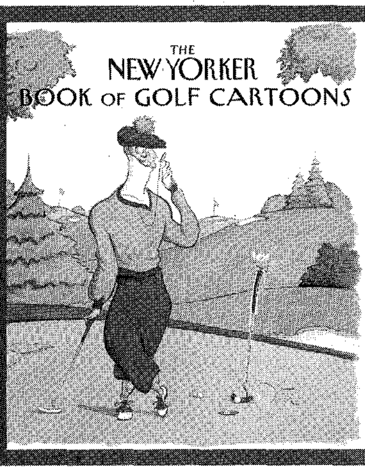
THALIA THEATRE

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—Through Aug. 31: "Classic Thalia from the Kino International Collection." Aug. 29 at 7 and Aug. 30 at 1: "Amen" (2002, Constantin Costa-Gavras; in English, French, and Italian). ♦ Aug. 29 at 9:30 and Aug. 30 at 3:30: "Kadosh" (1999, Amos Gitai; in Hebrew). ♦ Aug. 30 at 6:15 and Aug. 31 at 1: "Dr. Akagi" (1998, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). ♦ Aug. 30 at 8:30 and Aug. 31 at 3:15: "The Blue Kite" (1993, Tian Zhuangzhuang; in Mandarin). ♦ Aug. 31 at 6:30: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Sergei Eisenstein and Dmitri Vasilyev; in Russian). ♦ Aug. 31 at 8:30: "Come and See" (1985, Elem Klimov; in Russian).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Sept. 4: "The Whole Wide World: Fifty Years of Widescreen Moviemaking." Aug. 27 at 1:30 and 6:15 and Aug. 28 at 3:30 and 8:30: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969, Peter R. Hunt). ♦ Aug. 27 at 4:15 and 9 and Aug. 28 at 1:30 and 6:30: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1956, Frank Tashlin). ♦ Aug. 29 at 1:30 and 6:15: "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman). ♦ Aug. 29 at 3:45 and 8:30: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). ♦ Aug. 30 at 1 and 6:30: "The Wind and the Lion" (1975, John Milius). ♦ Aug. 30 at 3:20 and 9: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1968, Sergio Leone). ♦ Aug. 31 at 2 and 6:30: "They Live" (1988, John Carpenter). ♦ Aug. 31 at 4 and 8:30: "Play Dirty" (1969, André de Toth). ♦ Sept. 1 at 1: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French). ♦ Sept. 1 at 3 and 9: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (†). ♦ Sept. 1 at 5:30 and Sept. 2 at 1: "El Cid" (†).


RESORT
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
On Lake Champlain, Vermont
GOLF, BOATING, KIDS' PROGRAM
3
GENERATIONS FIT RATHER NICELY ON ONE BLANKET.
www.basinharbor.com • 1.800.622.4000


THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF GOLF CARTOONS

THE
NEW YORKER BOOK
OF GOLF CARTOONS

More fun than
a hole in one!

AVAILABLE WHEREVER
BOOKS ARE SOLD

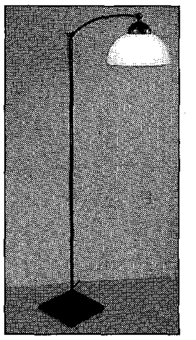
Bloomberg PRESS www.bloomberg.com/books

THE PAVILION
AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org
www.mclean.harvard.edu

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital



PERFECT READING LAMP
LEDGER Floor Lamp

The Double Swivel Action places light correctly for a high or low chair, desk or a computer.

Bronze with Slate Base
Opal White Shade
Height (Adj): 30"-54"
100 w bulb
Dimmer Switch

$129.00
2 for $229.00
shipping $12.00 each

Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O BOX 6353 Hamden, CT 06517
www.newhavenlighting.com

Advertisement

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER
19·20·21
NEW YORK CITY

TICKETS ON SALE AUGUST 28TH

FOR A COMPLETE 2003 FESTIVAL PROGRAM, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF
OR VISIT NEWYORKER.COM. TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE
AT TICKETMASTER.COM, AT ALL *ticketmaster* OUTLETS,
OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL IS A PRODUCTION OF THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE.

PRESENTED BY:

Drivers wanted.®

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS
www.bn.com

OFFICIAL TECHNOLOGY SPONSOR:

Microsoft®

SPONSORED BY:

TURNING LEAF

Altria
Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

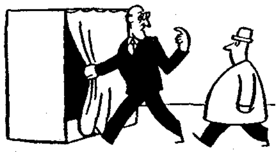
SMITH BARNEY
citigroup

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

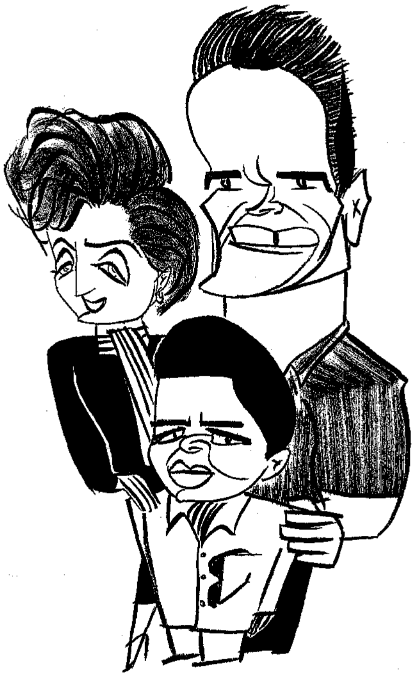
COMMENT
POX POPULI



Twenty-five years ago, California voters went to the polls and, by a two-to-one margin, approved the property-tax-cutting measure known as Proposition 13. During the previous decade, local property taxes all across California had soared, largely as a result of inflation, while during the same period the state government had amassed a hefty surplus. Two men—Howard Jarvis, who ran an aircraft-parts company and was once described by the San Francisco *Chronicle* as "a choleric 75-year-old gadfly," and Paul Gann, a retired, twice-bankrupt real-estate salesman—decided that something had to be done to right this imbalance. Initially, the two were dismissed as crackpots, but after they managed to collect more than double the number of signatures needed to get their proposition on the ballot the state's political establishment began to take notice. California's governor, Jerry Brown, a Democrat, and its future governor Pete Wilson, a Republican, campaigned against the measure, as did most of the state's business leaders, who raised nearly two million dollars in their effort to defeat it. When the final vote was tallied, Jarvis declared, "Tonight was a victory against money, the politicians, the government."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

More than just a response to rising taxes, Proposition 13 was, as Jarvis's remark indicates, a referendum on representative democracy. The officials voters had chosen to run their cities and their state hadn't proved up to the job, so the electorate had taken matters into its own hands: if you want something done right, as the saying goes, you've got to do it yourself. Californians apparently found the experience exhilarating, because during every two-year election cycle over the next two decades an average of sixty-four initiatives were filed. About a fifth of these made it onto the ballot, including proposals to ban the sale of horse meat for human consumption (approved), to define marriage exclusively as a union between a man and a woman (approved), to repeal the sales tax on snack foods and bottled water (approved), and to offer "none of the above" as a ballot option (rejected).



The recall vote on Governor Gray Davis, now scheduled for October 7th, is another voter initiative, this one orchestrated in large part by one man—Darrell Issa, a Republican congressman from the San Diego suburbs. (Issa's personal fortune is estimated at a hundred million dollars, and he hired an army of petition-gatherers to collect the signatures needed to get the measure on the ballot.) The most antic elements of the recall campaign have already—justifiably—been celebrated: the fact that Issa, who made his money selling car alarms, has himself twice been accused of auto theft; the hundred and thirty-five candidates vying for the Governor's job; the televised lottery for the top spots on the ballot; the fact that the front-runner is best known for playing an android; the other contenders—Arianna Huffington, Gary Coleman—who seem to be auditioning for "Hollywood Squares." As many commentators have noted, the terms of the recall vote reflect the general wackiness. Voters will face two questions: first, whether Davis should be recalled, and, second, who should replace him. Since Davis needs a majority to stay in office, forty-nine per cent of the electorate could opt to retain him, and yet he could still be replaced by a candidate who got less than ten per cent of the vote. Hasta la vista, indeed.

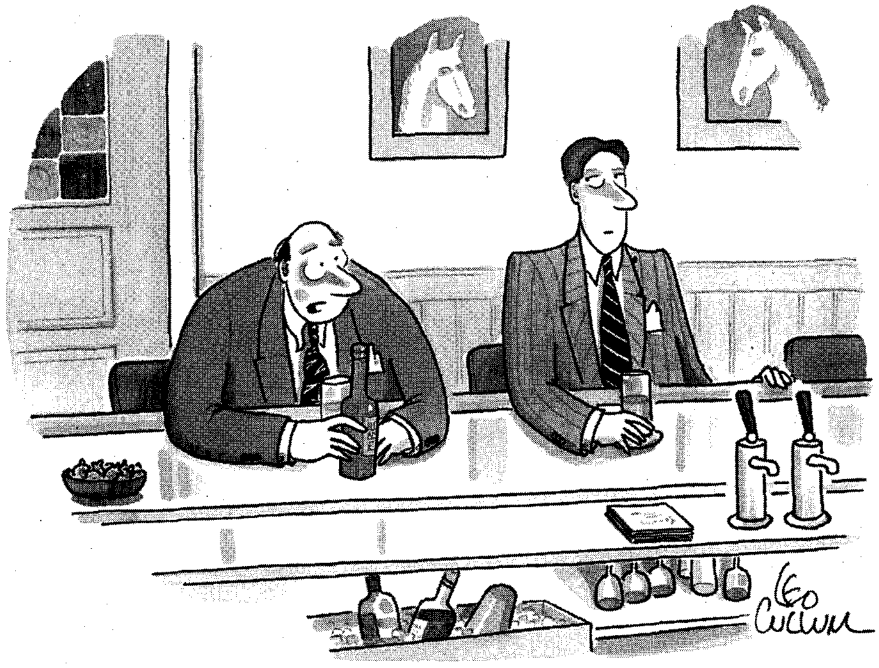
But the best joke of all—if you can call it that—is how voter initiatives helped create the very problem to which this one purports to be the solution. Proposition 13, which capped property-tax rates at one per cent of assessed valuation, has had its intended effect: reducing property taxes. It has also had many unintended effects, such as making the state increasingly reliant on more volatile sources of revenue, like the income tax. (Income taxes now account for nearly half of the state's general fund, up from less than a fifth forty years ago.) A primary cause of California's staggering, thirty-eight-billion-dollar budget gap is a sharp decline in income-tax collections, specifically from levies on capital gains and stock options, which have fallen by more than two-thirds in the past three years.

Meanwhile, even as California voters have insisted on keeping property taxes low, they have made ever-increasing demands on the state budget. Proposition 98 mandated that education spending reflect inflation and population growth; Proposition 184 gave California one of the nation's toughest "three strikes and you're out" laws, resulting in billions of dollars of new prison spending; and Proposition 42 set aside proceeds from the state's gasoline tax to be used only on transportation projects. Last November, with California already facing a twenty-billion-dollar shortfall, voters approved measures to fund various housing programs, float a series of clean-water bonds, and increase spending on after-school programs. This last initiative, Proposition 49, necessitated some five hundred million dollars a year in new expenditures while providing no new revenues to pay for them. The campaign for Proposition 49 was led and, in part, financed by Arnold Schwarzenegger.

In politics, as in so much else, Americans tend to distrust complexity. A lot of the appeal of voter initiatives lies in their seeming immediacy. Unhappy with the after-school programs in your neighborhood? Legislate more of them! Pissed off about the sales tax on your Doritos? Repeal it! The allure of do-it-yourself democracy has, if anything, become more pronounced as the world has become more complicated; when Proposition 13 was approved, it sounded simple, yet California is still trying to sort out its implications. (Schwarzenegger's top economic adviser, Warren Buffett, recently suggested to the *Wall Street Journal* that the proposition had been a mistake, prompting Schwarzenegger to say that if the seventy-two-year-old Buffett brought up the topic again he would have to do five hundred sit-ups.)

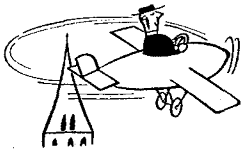
Gray Davis, for his part, hasn't been much of a governor—on top of the current fiscal mess, California's energy crisis also crested on his watch—and recalling him would doubtless be a gratifying experience, like throwing an old boyfriend's clothes out the window. But, unless they are luckier than they have any right to be, Californians, with their latest ballot proposal, will just end up making things worse. There is really only one voter initiative that makes sense in the Golden State at this point, and that is a moratorium on future voter initiatives.

—*Elizabeth Kolbert*



"It was horrible. I was stuck on an escalator for six hours."

RIGHT-HAND MAN DEPT.
THE PERSUADER



Charles Taylor, having laid waste to Liberia, has been trying to set the record straight about who persuaded him to surrender his Presidency and go into exile in Nigeria. "I will say that 99% of [the credit] goes to Dr. K. A. Paul alone," he wrote on August 16th, in a letter to the *Times*. Since Taylor was on the verge of losing a civil war, and three African heads of state went to Liberia to usher him out of the country—and since President Bush made his exit a precondition of American peacekeeping help—this is no small nod to Dr. K. A. Paul.

But the *Times* has declined to publish Taylor's letter. (Taylor fled Liberia on August 11th, declaring, before he boarded the plane, "I want to be the sacrificial lamb" and "I may have stepped on a few toes, but I don't care" and, finally, "Dr. Paul, I'm out of here.")

Who is Dr. K. A. Paul, and what can he do about this erasure of his place in history? He is a hyperactive Christian evangelist from southern India, now living in Houston, and he can (indeed, he did) hire Rubenstein Associates, the publicity firm, to get out the word about his good works and, while they're at it, circulate Taylor's letter.

And so Dr. Paul was in town the other day, installed in a midtown conference room, under rows of framed magazine covers featuring other Rubenstein clients: Rupert Murdoch, David Letterman, Fergie. He is a small, dark, bright-eyed fellow, thirty-nine, with thinning hair and a thick but neatly trimmed mustache. He wore an immaculate cream-colored Nehru suit, brocaded at the collar, and, though he smiled a great deal, he seemed pretty furious with the *Times*. He told Juda Engelmayer, his handler at Rubenstein, that he had left a message for a *Times* reporter whom he had previously helped get an interview with Taylor, saying, "I will never do interview with New York *Times* again as long as I live!"

"Oh, don't say that," Mr. Engelmayer murmured.

"The man is risking his very life," Dr. Paul cried. He meant that Taylor's letter could perturb his host, Nigeria's President, Olusegun Obasanjo, who believes that *he* deserves much of the credit for getting Taylor out of Liberia, and who is under some international pressure to hand Taylor over to Sierra Leone, where he has been indicted for war crimes. What's more, President Obasanjo apparently dislikes Dr. Paul because, according to Dr. Paul, he is jealous of the great crowds and the great press that Dr. Paul gets in Nigeria for his evangelical crusades.

O.K. How did Dr. Paul gain such influence over Taylor? They only met, after all, in mid-July. "Oh, he watched me on some television program," Dr. Paul said. "The leadership in Africa, it's hard not to hear about me. We are in forty or fifty countries." By "we" he meant Gospel to the Unreached Millions, a missionary organization that he founded. Or perhaps Global Peace Initiative, a more recent effort. Or both. "We have huge rallies. We had seven million people in Lagos, Nigeria, in November, 2001."

Seven million people?

"Three million in one night," Dr. Paul confirmed.

This July, again in Nigeria, he was approached by ten Liberian bishops, who asked him to intervene in their nation's crisis. He went to Monrovia and met with Taylor in a chapel attached to the President's house. The two men ended up spending eighteen hours together, "one on one," over the next couple of days. "At first, he was arrogant—a lot of strong leadership qualities," Dr. Paul recalled. "But when it comes to prayer and spirituality he's very humble. He kneels, he *cries*. Before God, before me. So I have seen two personalities. Sometimes I grabbed him by the head, with both hands, shaking him up—'Tell me the truth!' I asked him questions nobody has ever asked. I confronted him about his three wives. How could he call himself a Christian? I asked him, Do you follow Jesus? He brought in one of his Muslim wives." In the end, Taylor started calling Dr. Paul "my religious leader." He even confessed to his crimes, in a general sort of way. And he left Liberia.

Dr. K. A. Paul

But this feat did not actually rank, in Dr. Paul's own estimation, as his greatest peacemaking achievement. That came last year, when Dr. Paul organized a vast peace rally in India—"two million people"—which he believes averted a major war between India and Pakistan. Indian politicians, he says, have learned the hard way to respect him. "When the local officials don't show up at my rallies, I ask, 'Where's the mayor? Where's the governor?' And if he's not there I say, 'You need a new mayor.' And *boom*—he's gone in the next election." Dr. Paul grinned, and he grew more animated as he described the obeisances of various Asian and African leaders.

He has called himself "the Billy Graham of India," and he certainly has a nose for the spotlight. He threw himself into the middle of the Elián González affair (testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee) and the Florida recount (testifying to Fox News). He has developed a special line in endangered dictators. He met, he says, with Slobodan Milosevic during the war in Kosovo. Dr. Paul even claims that he arranged, late last year, for Saddam Hussein and his two sons to leave Iraq. But the Bush White House blew it. "I called Karl Rove and left a message. I waited two weeks, but I heard nothing."

To increase his clout in Washington, Dr. Paul recently hired a dozen defeated American political candidates, including four former congressmen, as lobbyists and consultants. They should be helpful, he has said, with fund-raising—and so, presumably, should Nelson Bunker Hunt (of what Dr. Paul calls "the Hunt brothers silver deal"), who is on the board of directors of Global Peace Initiative. Dr. Paul also recently acquired a refurbished 747 jetliner, which he christened Global Peace One. Dr. Paul giggles when he mentions the plane. This, it should be remembered, is someone who was born and raised in rural India and spent, by his own testimony, much of his early adulthood homeless, too poor to rent even a cowshed. (He emigrated to the United States in 1993.) You'd giggle, too.

Liberia has a large Christian population—indeed, the country's devastation has inspired a new wave of born-again evangelism, even among some of its most notorious warlords. Still, its recent deliverance into a fragile ceasefire had, according to Dr. Paul, an important geo-religious dimension: he was told by the ten Liberian bishops that the rebel group which was threatening to overrun the country had a secret plan to convert Liberia into a Muslim fundamentalist state. And so Dr. Paul was fighting for the faith, as well as for peace, in Liberia.

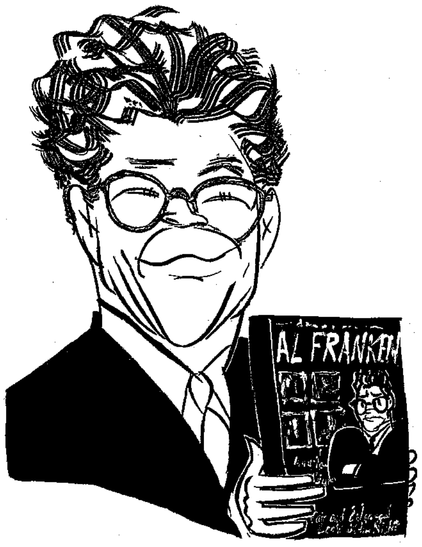
Juda Engelmayer, game publicist, tried to suggest just how down-and-dirty a fight it was. At the very end, he said, when Taylor was finally boarding the plane to leave, Dr. Paul was physically prevented from accompanying him, apparently on the orders of the jealous Nigerian President. "They kept showing it on CNN," Engelmayer said. "Taylor getting on the plane and then this burly guy shoving Dr. Paul, who was not identified, out of the plane and down the stairs. Dr. Paul just wanted to go to Nigeria with Taylor to insure his safety." Engelmayer shrugged. "But he seems to be O.K. where he is."

—*William Finnegan*

JURISPRUDENCE
THE O'REILLY FACTOR

"Where's the Beef? The Mad Cow Disease Conspiracy." "Positive Discipline: Don't Leave Home Without It." "The O'Reilly Factor: The Good, the Bad, and the Completely Ridiculous in American Life." These were among the more than a hundred book titles introduced in federal court at the end of last week as part of an amicus brief filed by the Authors Guild in defense of the comedian Al Franken and his publisher, Penguin, in this summer's most celebrated trademark infringement case, Fox News v. Franken.

It hardly seemed necessary, given that Fox's request for a preliminary injunction against Franken's new book, "Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them: A Fair and Balanced Look at the Right," had been widely ridiculed for its legal shortcomings and tactical wrongheadedness. Fox's ostensible objection was to Franken's use of the phrase "fair and balanced" (a company-owned trademark since December, 1998) in his subtitle and of the Fox News personality Bill O'Reilly's face on the cover; supposedly, consumers might be deceived into thinking the book was Fox-friendly. But the language in the complaint—it characterized Franken as "increasingly unfunny," "shrill and unstable," and possibly even "deranged"—suggested that what Fox (or O'Reilly) really objected to was Al Franken himself. At any rate, the suit was a boon to the book, which shot up to No. 1 (from No. 489) on Amazon's best-seller list, and an embarrassment to Fox. On Friday afternoon, in U.S. District Court in lower Manhattan, Judge Denny Chin listened with mounting impatience as Fox's counsel dutifully presented its oral argument, and then quickly ruled against the network: "There are hard cases and there are easy cases," Chin said. "This is an easy case, in my view, because it is wholly without merit, both factually and legally."



So what was Fox thinking? Old Hollywood hands ought to know. They might recognize, in the extravagance and folly of a flimsy lawsuit, the telltale signs of an appeasement gift, a sop to a sulking star—the sulker, in this case, being Bill O'Reilly, the top-rated anchor on cable.

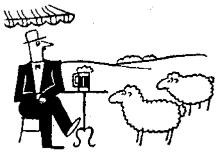
O'Reilly, of course, is the commentator known for shouting "Shut up!" at those with whom he disagrees—such as Jeremy Glick, the son of a World Trade Center victim, who, on "The O'Reilly Factor" in February, questioned the U.S. decision to wage war in Afghanistan ("Get out of my studio before I tear you to fucking pieces!" Glick recalls O'Reilly shouting after the microphones were turned off), or, indeed, Al Franken, in a memorable televised exchange at the Los Angeles Book Exposition, in May. The Book Expo was where O'Reilly first learned that he was one of the subjects of "Lies and the Lying Liars" (Chapter 13 is titled "Bill O'Reilly: Lying, Splotchy Bully") and saw his likeness on a mockup of the book's cover. "Somebody calls you a liar to your face, you don't just laugh that off," O'Reilly said afterward on his radio show. "In the Old West that would have got you shot."

According to someone close to the situation, Fox executives were not at all in favor of suing, correctly anticipating a P.R. debacle. They told O'Reilly as much in a series of meetings, but he continued to lobby aggressively for bringing a suit, pressing his case with Roger Ailes, the Fox News chairman, and others. And so Fox enlisted its lawyers to cobble together a complaint.

There once was a time in the industry when a fur coat or a Harry Winston pendant was all it took to show your love and support. Not anymore. When Robin Williams felt he'd been undercompensated for his role as the genie in "Aladdin," Disney gave him a Picasso; NBC executives, trying to hold on to a restive David Letterman, reportedly had the idea of giving him a Mercedes with a vanity plate reading "4GETCBS." Bill O'Reilly might be setting a new standard for placation presents. Take back your mink, your diamonds, and your pearls. For a real star, only a preliminary injunction will do.

—*Ben McGrath*

COMMERCE DEPT.
THE MOJITO MAN



A hundred and fifty summers ago, New York City annexed a swampy unpromising seven-hundred-and-seventy-eight-acre tract that was home to hog pens, bone-boiling plants, and threadbare settlements. It became Central Park, Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux's astonishingly resilient experiment in *rus in urbe*, and New York—a city that never misses a good marketing opportunity—is not letting the anniversary pass unnoticed. The festivities have included a platoon of Revolutionary War troops camping on the Great Hill and a "BioBlitz" in which bird-watchers, bat-freaks, lepidopterists, ichthyologists, and many other -ists spent twenty-four hours combing the wilds of the Park for flora and fauna.

One species that has been overlooked in all these festivities, however, is that of the unlicensed peddler, despite its having subsisted and at times even thrived ever since the Park commissioners fretted, in 1863, over all the requests for permits to hawk "velocipedes, perambulators, Indian work, tobacco, segars." Just as worrisome was the problem of straight-up underground commerce: there were reports of elderly women selling unsanctioned tea and cakes.

Today, the unlicensed peddlers who

have been selling drinks in the Sheep Meadow for at least a decade—a skeptical crew of guys whose street names are Bangladesh, Puerto Rico, Panama, Africa, and Hercules—agree that even though their colleague Junius is more or less a Meadow rookie, he is certainly one of the most enterprising men ever to vend without a license in the Park, and not just because he has expanded his operations far beyond the Meadow itself. Junius's innovations have included fresh mojitos, piña coladas, mango daiquiris, margaritas, chicken wings, and shrimp cocktail, all of which he prepares from the back of his red Mongoose Rockadile mountain bike. At one time or another, he has transported on that bike large quantities of ice, fresh sprigs of mint, a charcoal grill, and a battery-powered Black & Decker blender.

For a while, Junius, who is forty and favors Hawaiian shirts and baggy basketball shorts, sported a straw hat, because, he said, "it adds to the cabana feel." Lately, he hasn't worn the hat—too easy for cops and park rangers to pick out. He played cornerback in high school in Linden, New Jersey (and on a club team at Rutgers), and says he got busted in the Park only once, a year and a half ago, after an elaborate chase involving many authorities.

On the Great Lawn the other evening, all the ballfields were full. Junius was on the Rockadile, making the rounds. He pedalled by a Merrill Lynch softball game. "Spring water. Ice-cold beer. Mojitos," he called out. A player nodded, and Junius dismounted. Soon, a shriek ("Ohmigod!") came out from behind the backstop—two brunettes in matching tube tops. One of them had grabbed her friend and was pointing at Junius. "He's got a blender!" They bought two mojitos, four dollars each. A flush-faced man wearing madras shorts and a Red Sox cap bought a Corona. Junius gave him a business card—"Unlimited Management: Bartending Instruction, Bar Management, Personal Training . . ."

On his way toward the neighboring field, Junius made a detour. A Parks Department groundskeeper was motioning to him from an idling minitruck. Junius rode over, and she said, "Hi, Junius, sweetie." Junius handed her a Gatorade, and she motored off. (One Unlimited Management policy is that drinks are on the house for Park employees, as well as for the two guys who work in the parking lot at the Tavern on the Green, where Junius recharges his blender batteries.) Later, as the sun was going down and the Park was emptying out, the woman in the minitruck motioned to Junius again from across the Lawn. There was an exchange of hand signals, and then he walked over to her minitruck with a cold beer tucked into his shirt.

That Sunday, at dusk, Junius sat cross-legged under a tree in the Sheep Meadow and drank one of his own mojitos. Earlier that afternoon, there had been a sweep by undercover Park police. Junius had fled the Meadow and stashed his supplies outside the Park. Bangladesh hadn't spotted the officers in time, and his stock was confiscated. Still, Junius was in good spirits. He had cleared about nine hundred dollars that week. He said that in the off-season he is going to go to Hawaii to run in the Honolulu Marathon. He sipped his mojito and recalled his start in the business, three years ago.

"I'd been selling water and beer on the Sheep Meadow for two weeks, but I wanted to push the envelope, do some creative things. I was thinking, Mixed drinks. I walked into an Odd Job store on Fourteenth Street, and there was a shelf full of Black & Decker cordless blenders. I hadn't even known such a thing existed. I said to myself, 'That's divine intervention!' I bought three. Spent everything I had in my pocket. The next day, I went back, and the blenders were all gone. I haven't come across one since. Divine intervention!"

—*Field Maloney*

RECENT LETTERS TO THE ETHICIST

During the blackout on Thursday night, I looted some Red Bull from the corner bodega. Should I go back and pay for it or leave well enough alone?
—Remy Toussaint, Greenwich Village

Some of the bars in the neighborhood were open all night. I went to one with my roommate and made out with some guy in a broom closet. It turns out he lives down the street. I know who he is, but he doesn't know who I am: it was pitch black. Should I introduce myself?
—Elena Villanueva, Park Slope

After 9/11, the woman who lives in the apartment upstairs constantly berated my husband and me for not being prepared. The afternoon of the blackout, she lectured my babysitter about batteries. Then, that night, she couldn't find her own flashlight and broke her toe on a doorstop. My husband and I were very happy to hear this. Does that make us horrible people?
—Susannah Leary, Murray Hill

For years, my girlfriend wouldn't let me replace our dinky little fifteen-inch TV. During the blackout, I cut the power cord with an X-Acto knife and then, after the lights came back on, told her that the tube must have blown out. Now I'm getting a nice twenty-seven-incher. I should be patting myself on the back, right?
—Chris Jenkins, Williamsburg

My brother and I have this game we play: we bet what songs will be on the radio in the next half hour. Thursday afternoon, I bet him five bucks that "Layla" was going to turn up. Then the blackout. He says I lost the bet because there was no "Layla." I say that it was a push because there was no radio station. Who's right?
—Harold Casale, Kew Gardens

My wife and I are having a dinner party this weekend. I want to serve our guests a steak that was in the freezer for the duration of the blackout: we never opened it, and it's packed with ice, and I keep telling her that if a cooler can keep meat for twenty-four hours so can a freezer. She says when in doubt throw it out. But it's an excellent tenderloin and I'd hate to lose it. Plus, *I'm* going to eat it. If I really thought the meat was bad, why would I do this?
—Nathaniel Partch, Nolita

—*Ben Greenman*

Just Strings

- Strings for Musical Instruments
- Guitar, Bass, Orchestral, Folk & Ethnic
- World's Largest Selection

www.juststrings.com

JAZZ SINGER - SONGWRITER - POET
LISA B's (LISA BERNSTEIN's)
Center of the Rhyme
~Swinging, Literate, Original~
lisabmusic.com • amazon.com • 1-800-buy-my-cd

solid cherry bedsteads
built to last
212.620.4682
137 Varick NYC
www.scottjordan.com
SCOTT JORDAN FURNITURE

Small Group Luxury
Northern Spain, Portugal, & Sicily
1-800-227-7889
COBBLESTONE TOURS
www.cobblestonetours.com

PARIS JOURNAL

THE ANTI-ANTI-AMERICANS

A summer of obsessions in France.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

All summer long, Paris was intermittently spectacular and spectacularly intermittent. Even the brightest spectacles came and then, abruptly, went. Every hour on the hour after nightfall, the Eiffel Tower is forced to light up, for exactly ten minutes, in a crazy-quilt pattern of scintillating lights. The lights were put in for the first night of the millennium and taken down the following year, but they were such a hit that they have been permanently reattached to the tower's girders and are turned on according to a schedule. Charming when it first appeared, the show now has something dutiful and undignified about it, like a society lady in her eighties wearing spandex and shimmying her hips; it's nice to know she can do it on New Year's Eve, but you don't really want to see her doing it every night. Another strange, temporary summer spectacle is the Paris Plage, the absurd and touching brainchild of Bertrand Delanoë, who is the green and gay mayor of Paris. The Plage, an artificial beach that extends along the Right Bank of the Seine, from the Tuileries gardens to just past the Île Saint-Louis, complete with beach shacks, cafés, and strolling musicians, has been particularly welcome in the unequalled heat, which began in July and has lasted through the summer. (A hot day in Paris often ends with a sad cool breeze. These days haven't.) The French genius for order, however, insured that the thousands of tons of *sable* that were shipped in by barge to make the Plage possible are neatly packed in linked wooden boxes—making the beach, in the end, the world's oddest, longest, narrowest sandbox. What is startling is the gravity with which people stretch out in the sandbox and apply sunscreen and lounge in chairs and read books while the tourists walk by. In the early morning, the "bathers" go home.

Continuing the theme, most of the summer's news was dominated not by Iraqis or Americans but by strikes—by part-time workers in show business, the *intermittents du spectacle*, as they call themselves. (It sounds just as odd in French as in English.) The history and the grievances of the *intermittents du spectacle* are hard to summarize, or, for that matter, to believe. Basically, for thirty years or so part-time actors and night-club bouncers and musicians in France have had a ridiculously generous unemployment-insurance deal, which, owing to the "precariousness" of their situation, lets them work for about three months to collect a year's worth of unemployment insurance. The unemployment fund is a general one, and all workers contribute to it. The people who were paying the *intermittents*, producers and theatre owners, were perfectly happy to have the plumbers and electricians of France essentially subsidizing the out-of-work actors and actresses. It was understood to be a kind of cultural subvention, a way of keeping the theatre technicians, in particular, from having to leave the business in the long stretches between productions. (It was also a way for the C.G.T., the old French Communist-dominated union, to keep a stranglehold on film and theatre, for practical and, at times, ideological reasons.)

Eventually, though, the other unions rebelled against the arrangement and, this spring, made a more or less surreptitious deal with the bosses to alter it, on the rationale that an excellent remedy for the precariousness of the position of part-time actors already exists: it is called "waiting on tables." Now the part-time actors would have to work three months out of every ten, for only eight months of benefits. At this, the *intermittents* went out on strike—a difficult thing to do when you are not working in the first place, but they managed it, holding marches that shut down the center of Paris, throwing bits and pieces of old film into the streets, and displaying sloganeering of a high quality. (One sign

Amid the heat, the capital confronted an artificial beach; Bernard-Henri Lévy's defense of America; and a strike by part-time actors.

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

claimed to be quoting Marcel Duchamp: “The taste of a time is not the art of the time,” meaning that the waves of budget cutting or keeping should not be allowed to interfere with the sanctity of independent culture.) Then they set to work shutting down the summer music and theatre festivals, one by one—Aix, Avignon, and most of the music at the Paris Plage. (The Rolling Stones, however, were able to go on, for reasons that were not well explained but may have had something to do with E.U. regulations, or with a sensible French fear of Rolling Stone roadies.)

There was a widespread understanding, too, that the inherent theatricality and self-dramatization of French strikes were at last being placed in the hands of those who had been practicing for years for the opportunity to be theatrically self-dramatizing—for the moment when the manner of French striking became the subject of French striking. Even Jean Baudrillard, who turned the paradoxes over and over in his mind in *Libération*—the society of spectacle had at last produced a striking proletariat of spectacles—didn't know whether to clap or to shake his head. For many people in France, it produced, surprisingly, a sense of dour hopelessness greater than that caused by any of the other strikes that have happened in France in the last eight years. It is one thing to have your country stopped regularly by truck drivers and railroad engineers; at least this has the savor of blue-collar rectitude. When the country and its joys can be shut down by part-time trombonists, however, something is wrong, or at least ridiculous.

The question of the *intermittents* was so pressing—omnipresent in the newspapers and on television—that there was little room left for the Americans. With the egocentrism that is our national character (and which we call “innocence” and others “arrogance”), Americans in Paris were full of apprehension about their welcome, only to discover that they were regarded as less worrisome than your son Gilles, the failed actor. Paris Jazz, the commercial classic-jazz station, played its twenty-four hours of Prez and Billie; the Lacanian psychoanalysts in the pages of *Le Monde* praised Ang Lee for giving us the Oedipal life of the Hulk; the event of the summer was the rerelease of “Wanda,” a film by the forgotten American feminist filmmaker Barbara Loden. The special summer feature in *Le Figaro* was a happy, undisturbed account of a trip taken on the old Route 66 by a French journalist. (“The gastronomy,” he concluded gravely, “is, frankly speaking, peculiar.”) Nothing remotely like the overtly poisonous anti-French propaganda of the Murdoch media could be found anywhere in Paris. Whatever bad feeling there might be took the form of mordant jokes (butcher to American customer: “Say hello to George for me”) and a certain defensive pride. Even the Foreign Minister, Dominique de Villepin, every day announced how much France likes America, insisting that only Iraq divides us.

A kind of generalized anti-Americanism, not simply opposition to the war in Iraq, does exist, but it has become “a routine of resentment, a passionless Pavlovianism,” rather than a critique of United States policy, as the historian Philippe Roger concluded in “L'Ennemi Américain” (“The American Enemy”), a recently published six-hundred-page tome devoted to the subject. Anti-Americanism, though of course it has life as a muttered feeling, has almost no life as an idea or an argument. Even in its strongest and most overt form, it tends to be Olympian and condescending rather than vituperative.

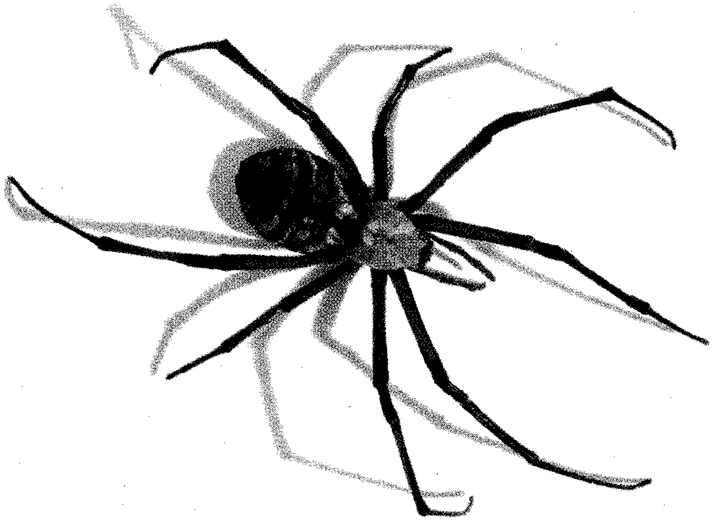
The most effective and most talked about of the new anti-American texts, Emmanuel Todd's “Après l'Empire” (“After the Empire”), argues, through a series of analogies to the Roman and Athenian Empires, that America has, slowly in the Clinton years and more vigorously since 9/11, drifted away from a "soft" universalist imperialism of culture and toward a " hard" military imperialism. This military imperialism, however, is too weak to put on more than "micro-theatrical military displays"—intermittent spectacles—against limp opposition. Resorting to such "Triumphal Arch" imperialism, Todd points out, is always a sign that the empire is finished. (One of his cleverer points is that the trappings of a service economy—lawyers, bards, and attendants—replicate the condition of a Roman imperial household more than that of an industrial community.) Todd's book is actually rather compassionate. It's all over, and has been for years. We're just too dumb to know it.

Far more lucid and arresting, and just as likely to sell books and get attention, are the views of the anti-anti-Americans—that small but loud bunch of philosophers and journalists who share the American conviction that September 11th was an epoch-marking event, and that how open societies react to it will help determine how open they get to remain. Though members of this group can be counted on the fingers of one hand (with room left over for a thumb and a pinkie), they are in a way the most potent of contemporary French thinkers.

There are at least two kinds of anti-anti-Americanism, though the first, represented by Jean-François Revel, the old lion of French liberalism, is simply displaced nationalism. Revel's new book, "L'Obsession Anti-Américaine" ("The Anti-American Obsession")—which was a No. 1 best-seller in France for a month last fall—is a defense of the American nation so enthusiastic that it would embarrass George Washington's mom. More interesting—for an American reader and observer, at least—are those thinkers who, because they have to defend American behavior without being in any way American nationalists, are forced to define a new kind of international liberalism.

"Anti-Americanism in France is always a magnet for the worst," Bernard-Henri Lévy said one evening in July. He was sitting in the study of his apartment on the leafy Boulevard Saint-Germain, and even for a casual meeting he wore, as he has done in public for thirty years, an elegant uniform of black suit and open white shirt, the collar lapping over his lapels. B.H.L., as everyone calls him, who remains one of the central media figures in France, has had a great critical success with a book entitled "Qui A Tué Daniel Pearl?" ("Who Killed Daniel Pearl?"), which is, in a way, the most vivid and intensely realized of all the "pro-American" texts. It is an inquiry into the kidnapping and murder in Pakistan last year of the *Wall Street Journal* reporter, and will be published next month in English by Melville House Books. Unapologetically personal, the book recounts B.H.L.'s own investigation in Pakistan and India, and also in America, with sidelights on his previous campaigns in Bosnia and Bangladesh. One reason for its success in France is that it is written almost in the tone of what the French call a *polar*, a

{ *Along came a spider and sat down beside her and enlightened Miss Muffet as to the many benefits of a strongly diversified portfolio.* }



SSgA
State Street Global Advisors *SPDR: the complete S&P 500 in one share. Find out more: visit www.amex.com/SPY or call 1-800-THE AMEX*

*Usual brokerage commission applies. Since inception in 1993, the SPDR Trust has distributed only $0.16 in short and long-term capital gains. For more complete SPDR information and a prospectus, including potential risks, call 1-800-THE AMEX or visit www.amex.com/SPY. Read prospectus carefully before investing.

ALPS Distributors, Inc., a registered broker-dealer, is distributor for the SPDR Trust, a unit investment trust.

noirish police thriller, full of one-sentence paragraphs and portentous cliff-hangers ("He was the man who knew too much. But what did he know?"). It also attempts, on a deeper level, to paint a character portrait of the man who did kill Danny Pearl, or, at least, arranged his kidnapping: Omar Sheikh, the Islamist who was convicted in Pakistan last year. Like Mohammed Atta, he turns out to be not a barefoot wild-eyed Mahdi but a child of the West, London-raised and educated—the New Naipaulian Man, lost between two cultures, enraged at the West and mesmerized by a fantasy of Islam, only now armed with a total ideology and an A-bomb.

On a third level, "Who Killed Daniel Pearl?" is a demonstration piece, a deliberate embrace by a French intellectual of an American journalist, and a book that insists that the death of an American journalist (and one who worked for the *Wall Street Journal*, at that) was as important for France as for America. B.H.L.'s purely political, or forensic, conclusion is that it is naïve to speak of Al Qaeda as an independent terrorist organization. At most a band of Yemenis and Saudis, the Al Qaeda of American imagination and fears—the octopus of terrorism capable of bringing tall buildings down in a single morning—is largely controlled by the Pakistani secret service, he says, and he concludes that Pearl was kidnapped and murdered with its knowledge. Pearl was killed, B.H.L. believes, because he had come to understand too much about all of this, and particularly about "the great taboo": that the Pakistani atomic bomb was built and is controlled by radical Islamists who intend to use it someday. (He writes that Sheikh Mubarak Gilani, the cleric whom Pearl had set out to interview when he was kidnapped, far from being a minor figure, is one of Osama bin Laden's mentors and tutors and has a network in place in the United States. John Allen Muhammad, the Washington sniper, Lévy claims, in a detail that, if not unknown, is unpublicized in the United States, had transferred from the Nation of Islam to Gilani's sect shortly before he began his killing spree.)

The essential conclusion of this central Parisian thinker and writer is, therefore, not that the American government ought to be more conciliatory toward the Islamic fundamentalists but that our analysis of the situation and its risks is not nearly radical enough. "I am strongly anti-anti-American, but I opposed the war in Iraq, because of what I'd seen in Pakistan," Lévy said. "Iraq was a false target, a mistaken target. Saddam, yes, is a terrible butcher, and we can only be glad that he is gone. But he is a twentieth-century butcher—an old-fashioned secular tyrant, who made an easy but irrelevant target. His boasting about having weapons of mass destruction and then being unable to really build them or keep them is typical—he's just a gangster, who lived by fear and for money. Saddam has almost nothing to do with the real threat. We were attacking an Iraq that was already largely disarmed. Meanwhile, in

Now would be a very good time to get to know Spiders.

Spiders (SPY) are exchange traded funds that instantly, in one transaction, diversify your portfolio with all the opportunities of the S&P 500.

The story goes like this: each Spider share represents the whole basket of S&P 500 stocks, just like a traditional index fund. But you buy and sell Spiders like a stock. In fact, you can trade them all day. So, it's the best of both worlds – made even better by tax efficiency and low management fees.*

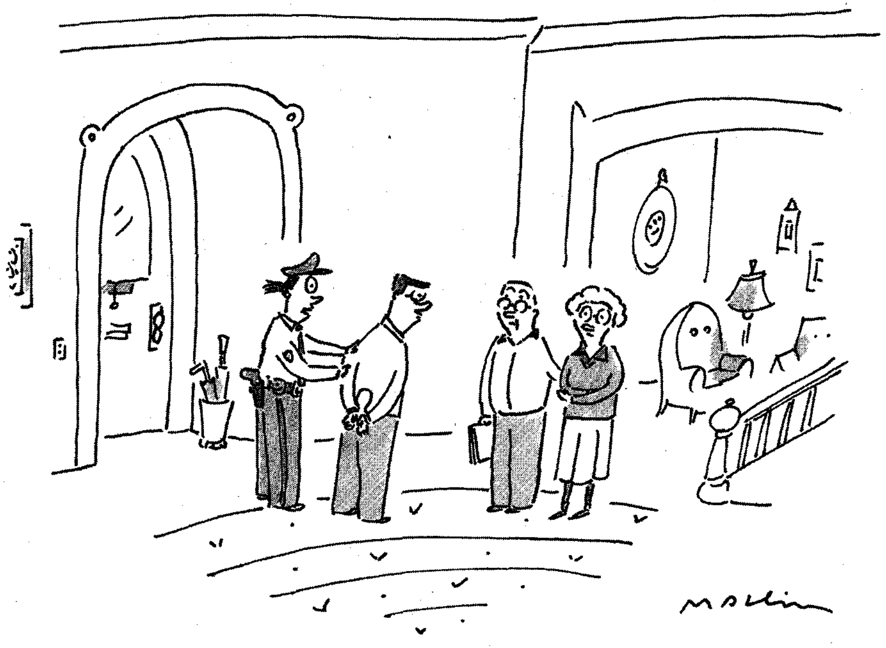
Spiders are one of more than 100 exchange traded funds listed on the American Stock Exchange.

Just ask your advisor. And see how smart it might be to balance your portfolio on eight legs.

SPDR®
LISTED
AMERICAN
STOCK EXCHANGE®

SPDRs are subject to risks including possible loss of principal. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

S&P 500® and SPDR® are trademarks of The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., and have been licensed for use by PDR Services LLC and American Stock Exchange LLC. SPDRs are not sponsored, endorsed, sold or promoted by Standard & Poor's and Standard & Poor's makes no representation regarding the advisability of investing in SPDRs. ©2003 AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE LLC



"Mom, Dad, this is Andy—the man I'm collaring."

• •

some Pakistani bazaar someone, as we speak, is trading a Russian miniaturized nuclear weapon."

The relentless first-person address of Lévy's new book has been mocked—"Tin-Tin in Pakistan"—but its egocentrism feels earned, and even admirable. There are three kinds of writers addicted to the first person: the kind whose "I" remains a pillar of self-reliance, supporting the text (Camus and Bruce Chatwin are both masters of this sort); the kind whose "I"s magically become "you"s (Montaigne, Thurber); and then a third, rarer kind (Mailer, Malraux), whose insistent "I"s somehow become an extended and inclusive "we," and who, through sheer lack of embarrassment about their own self-dramatization, end up enacting the dream life of their generation. B.H.L. is, or has become, in his last three books, a writer of that kind, and of that stature.

"The real issue, which the Americans don't see, is that the Arab Islamist threat is partly manageable," he went on. "One can see solutions, if not easy ones, to the Israeli-Palestinian question, to the Saudi problem. The *Asian* Islamist threat, though, is of an entirely different dimension. There are far more people, they are far more desperate, and they have a tradition of national action. And they have a bomb. Even North Korea is less dangerous than Pakistan—a Stalinist country with a defunct ideology and a bomb is infinitely less dangerous than a country with a bomb and a new ideology in the full vigor of its first birth. That is the real nexus of the terrorism, and fussing in the desert doesn't even begin to address it.

"The French opposition to the war was opportunist in part, rational in part, but mostly rooted in a desire not to know. What dominates France is not the presence of some anti-Americanism but an enormous absence—the absence of any belief aside from a handful of corporatist reflexes. This whole business with the *intermittents* is typical: it's corporatism pursued to the point of professional suicide. All that we have to replace it with is the idea of Europe; so far, we have overcome romantic nationalism, but we have nothing left to replace it with."

Even the most resolutely anti-anti-Americans in Paris don't know what to do about George W. Bush—no one since Joseph McCarthy has been such a gift to anti-Americanism in Europe, and particularly in France. Even the unprecedented heat that has swept Europe is provocative, people feeling that a warming so global might have something to do with global warming. The centrist journal *Le Débat*, in an editorial defending the American intervention in Iraq and criticizing the French government for opposing it, felt compelled to call the current Administration "perhaps the worst in American history." What the French, from left to right, see as Bush's shallow belligerence, his incuriosity, his contempt for culture or even the idea of difference—no one in France can forget his ridiculing an American reporter, on his one visit to Paris, for daring to speak to the French President in French—make him a heavy burden even for the most wholeheartedly pro-American thinker.

"No completely defensible cause has ever been so poorly defended as this one," André Glucksmann said in his apartment, up in the Tenth Arrondissement, the day after Bastille Day. He was speaking of the case made for the war in Iraq. "The great mistake was to settle for the absurd argument about weapons of mass destruction. Had the appeal for war been made on straightforward humanitarian grounds—the case against Saddam, this guy is a killer, we can do something about him and we must—I *know* it would have worked in France. Look, Bernard Kouchner"—the co-founder of the humanitarian group Médecins Sans Frontières (Doctors Without Borders)—"is the most popular political figure in France, beyond question, and the moment the war was broached he came out in *support* of it, on purely humanitarian grounds. He lost perhaps one per cent in the polls. The French think, Well, arms, everyone has arms, and the French élite knew the kind of thug and gangster that Saddam was—they had contempt for him—and they communicated that. But people really did learn something from Bosnia, and had the case been made resolutely that we had another Milosevic it would have worked."

Glucksmann grimaced as he spoke, and then the grimace turned into a smile—of resignation, understanding, attempted forgiveness. It was the day after the French state routinely makes itself look foolish by parading new guns and old uniforms up and down the Champs-Élysées, and then makes itself look beautiful by setting off violet and gold fireworks outside the Eiffel Tower for an hour that same night. In the middle of the relentless heat wave, Glucksmann struggled to keep his cool and his good humor. On the page, he is relentlessly sardonic, and even sarcastic, but in person he bends toward bemusement. His long gray hair and strong, rather Russian-seeming face give him a bearing and intensity that one associates more with Eastern European intellectuals than with his suave and ironic countrymen. At sixty-five, he remains an original. Beginning in 1968 as an anarcho-Maoist, and as an ally of Sartre in the founding of *Libération*, he has made an exceptional journey, to end in a place that belongs to no one but him. Though he is staunchly pro-war (and comes as close to being pro-Bush as any Frenchman can, announcing that "underneath the carapace of the Baptist bigot there is someone who is a nearly Shakespearean figure, a man who has met tragedy and recognized it as such"), he is not really of the right. He is simply pessimistic.

Glucksmann believes that the only worthwhile "political" project is the constant, unrelenting, and most probably futile amelioration of obvious suffering. "It's very odd that the idea of the doctor, and of medicine, predates by thousands of years the actual ability of doctors to help anyone in more than small ways. Why should it be?" he said once in a conversation. "Well, it's because we recognize the presence of evil as being stronger than the promise of a cure. The simple Hippocratic oath, 'First, do no harm,' is a far, far more radical sentence in the history of thought than it seems. It recognizes the existence of evil—illness—that is in many ways beyond our control. It is the opposite of magical thinking, witch-doctor think, which promises to make well, to cure. 'Do no harm' is the truly radical sentence; 'Cultivate your garden' the unforgivable one."

Above all, literature is for him the natural model of thought: he sees history through the lens of Chekhov and Dostoyevsky and Aristophanes. In the nearly two years since September 11th, Glucksmann has written two books, neither of which has yet been translated into English. The first, "Dostoyevsky in Manhattan," is a strange, brilliant, nightmarish rumination, which sees in the attacks not some strategic rebound or medieval throwback but the evidence of a basic and essentially irrational will to destruction that has found a new home in the Islamic world. To explain the attacks with reference to a "cause"—poverty, or the Palestine question, or Islamic eclipse—is to miss their essential nature as surely as would reducing the Holocaust to flaws in the Treaty of Versailles. The second book, "West vs. West," which he has just finished, is an acerbic, unhappy account of the Franco-American quarrels, rich in a kind of head-shaking disbelief at the unreality of both sides, but especially the French *bien-pensant* one. Both books point to the same moral. Mass killing has become, in our time, the means of expiating doubt and uncertainty, and the central reality of September 11th was that "a capacity for massive destruction, until then available only to a few, was suddenly in every hand, in countless pockets, and in millions of deranged minds." Dostoyevskian killers were descending on Chekhovian cities.

"What's happening is simple," Glucksmann said. "There are no longer battles, or Auschwitzes. But anyplace can become an Auschwitz. 'I kill, therefore I am' is the motto of the new generation of murderers. It's really very easy: the Hutus attacked with machetes and a few machine guns, and committed a genocide of a million people. The Russian Army blunders its way into Grozny, and no one cares or objects. Rwanda and Chechnya are the intimations of Manhattan—they are rooted in a will to kill no matter whom. The crime is to be,and the act is to kill: to be a Manhattanite on that morning was your crime, as to be a Jew was the crime in Germany.

"In France, the problem, more than a will against America, is a will to hide—to hope not to be seen at all. But it is insane for the French to see all this as somehow apart from them. It began against us. Nine years ago, the G.I.A."—the Algerian Islamists—"who are a group of the same kind, hijacked a plane and were going to fly it into the Eiffel Tower! The only difference? They didn't know how to fly a plane! They were trying to use the pilots to do their work. Seven years later, they knew how. So to imagine that we are somehow immune is not only crazy on principle—it is the direct opposite of what we know to be the facts!"

He shook his head. "There is a kind of nihilism at large in the world now,

Convenience
One phone call. No hassle. Great Sleep!
Let our expert bedding consultants help you select the perfect mattress at up to 60% off department store prices and get quick, convenient delivery on Sealy, Simmons, Serta, Tempur-pedic and more.
Over a million satisfied customers refer family and friends to 1-800-Mattress® daily.
Call today and receive $25-$100 off your first order.
mattress.com
1·800·Mattress
Call for a showroom near you 1-800-628-8737

Fine Art by BARBARA MENDES
SIGNED LITHOS • POSTERS • GREETING CARDS • BOOKS
FREE ONLINE GREETING CARDS • ONLINE STORE
Or send for a catalogue from: BARBARA MENDES PRINTS
10742 Burbank Blvd. North Hollywood, CA 91601
www.BarbaraMendes.org

YOU'RE IN! TO 40 OF THE BEST NYC ATTRACTIONS
PLUS A METROCARD, A 125 PAGE GUIDE BOOK, AND MORE.
THE NEW YORK PASS
Buy a 2-day New York Pass with a MasterCard® card and day 3 is FREE!
877.714.1999 or www.newyorkpass.com
® MasterCard is a registered trademark of MasterCard International Incorporated

HORSE PIN
www.rnstudios.com
Sterling Silver $ 55
14k Gold $325
14k Gold $425
with 2 pt diamond eye
800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
2" Wide
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701

for the discriminating vacationer…
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
http://www.kiawahexclusives.com
1-800-845-6966

TENNIS FANS
Follow your favorite tennis players to the Australian, French, Italian, Nasdaq-100, Pacific Life and U.S.Open's; Wimbledon and more.
For a vacation to remember...call for a free brochure.
GRAND SLAM TENNIS TOURS®
1-800-289-3333
www.grandslamtennistours.com

THE NEW YORKER ONLINE

www.newyorker.com

THIS WEEK'S WEB EXCLUSIVES:

ADAM GOPNIK DISCUSSES SUMMER IN PARIS, AND WHETHER THE FRENCH HATE AMERICA

STANLEY KUNITZ READS "THE LAYERS"

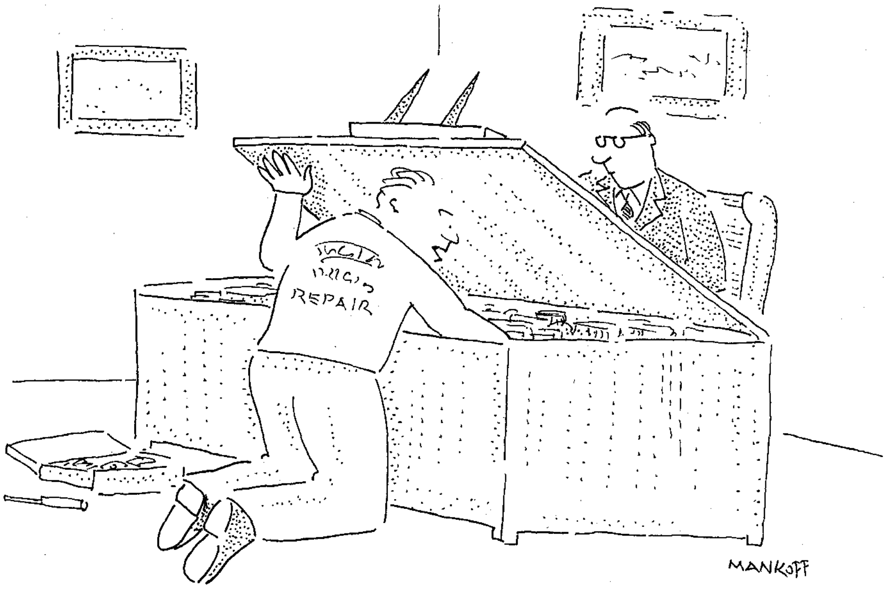
PLUS:
Katherine Boo
Kevin Conley
Jon Lee Anderson
Jerome Groopman
Jane Mayer
Jonathan Lethem
John Cassidy
Joan Acocella
Jeffrey Toobin
Peter Hessler
Judith Thurman
Peter J. Boyer
Rebecca Mead
Ken Auletta
Elizabeth Kolbert
Larissa MacFarquhar
Seymour M. Hersh
Lawrence Wright
Edna O'Brien
Maira Kalman
and more

AND: A calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country

which ranges from the murderous nihilism of the terrorists to the comic, domestic nihilism of the *intermittents*, who have only the power to block, to destroy, and they use it."

What is finally moving about the anti-anti-Americans in France is that they are defending a cosmopolitan tradition—the tradition of the Marshall Plan and the melting pot, where, as B.H.L. rhapsodizes, Daniel Pearl could be Jew and journalist and American and internationalist all at once—that they continue to identify, stubbornly and, these days, perhaps quixotically, with the United States. What is striking, and a little scary, in Paris this year is the *absence* of anti-Americanism—of a lucid, coherent, tightly argued alternative to American unilateralism that is neither emptily rhetorical nor mere daydreaming. (In fact, it is easier to find this kind of argument in Britain than in France.) The real threat to France is not anti-Americanism, which might at least have the dignity of an argument, an idea, and could at least provoke a grownup response, but what the writer Philippe Sollers has called the creeping "moldiness" of French life—the will to defiantly turn the country back into an enclosed provincial culture. "For the first time, French people care about their houses," a leading French journalist complains in shock. "That was always a little England thing—and now you find intelligent Parisians talking all the time about home improvements." This narrowing of expectations and horizons is evident already in the French enthusiasm for cartoon versions of French life, as in "Amélie," of a kind the French would once have thought fit only for tourists. It has a name, "the Venetian alternative"—meaning a readiness to turn one's back on history and retreat into a perfect simulacrum of the past, not to reject modernity but to pretend it isn't happening.

This urge could be felt in an almost unconscious force deforming even the two major exhibitions of the summer, the Centre Pompidou's Jacques-Henri Lartigue retrospective and the National Library's show of the complete Cartier-Bresson, in which the two great photographers were suddenly made cozy and diminutive. The Museum of Modern Art's outsize 1963 black-and-white prints of Lartigue's photographs of speed and action were put on view in an anteroom only to be debunked inside, with all the albums and stereoscopes from which the great work was adapted put on view in "period" glass cases. See, the show said, he's a little Frenchman, one of us, small and stylish and delectable and amateur. The refusal to live in the world as it exists is a kind of nihilism, too. It is possible to look into Lartigue's work and see a modern visionary of dynamism and forward motion; possible, too, to make him a static and comfy mediocre artist of domesticity. It depends, perhaps, on just how spectacular you want things to be, and for just how long. ♦



"O.K., chief, see if she starts now."

THE NEW YORKER 03

A MOVEABLE FEAST: FAMILY STYLE

A GALA CULINARY BENEFIT CELEBRATING FAMILY ISSUE

JOIN US FOR A FOOD & WINE EVENT FEATURING DISHES FROM THE FOLLOWING STAR CHEFS:

CHELSEA ART MUSEUM 556 WEST 22ND STREET NEW YORK CITY

6:00-9:00 PM TICKET $150
INCLUDES A ONE HOUR PREVIEW TASTING AND A VIP GIFT BAG

7:00-9:00 PM TICKET $100

www.ticketweb.com
TICKETWEB
866.468.7619

OR CHECK OUT FOR MORE INFORMATION

LINCOLN
Delta
RUFFINO
GREY GOOSE
The World's Best Tasting Vodka
weber
EST. 1853
GEVALIA
KAFFE

The net proceeds of your donation will go to The James Beard Foundation and the Windows of Hope Family Relief Fund. A letter of receipt will be provided for tax purposes.

advertisement

ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events, promotions, and special offers from New Yorker advertisers.

BERLITZ

"The limits of my language mean the limits of my world."
—Ludwig Wittgenstein

Pick up a French menu and order with ease. Book that charming, secluded European hotel. Reach out to relatives in their native tongue. With the proven, conversational Berlitz Method®, you'll start speaking a new language quickly and confidently.

Program prices start at just $229. Stop by a Berlitz Open House on September 9th, enjoy a free group lesson, and see what the Berlitz experience is all about. With more than 60 locations around the country, there's sure to be one near you.

Call **1-800-606-9723** to find the closest Berlitz Language Center, or visit **www.berlitz.us**.

*Tax, materials and $20 registration fee extra.

Berlitz®

For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker Reader Link.

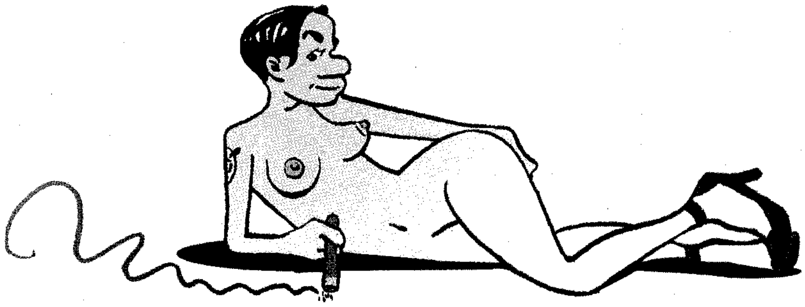
SHOUTS & MURMURS

TATTOO

BY JACK HANDEY

Recently, I got a sex change on a whim. I was out drinking with some friends, got really drunk, and went in for the surgery. The doctors suggested I wait until I was sober, but I said no, give me the sex change.

Well, to make a long story short (so to speak), I woke up with breasts, a vagina, and a splitting headache. Also, I had a tattoo. I don't remember where I got it, but there it was.



I was a woman for several weeks. The people at work were nice about it, but, to tell you the truth, I didn't really have time to enjoy being a woman—I was swamped with projects. Finally, I decided to go back to being a man. For one thing, I hadn't thought about how you need to change your whole wardrobe.

When I went in for the second surgery, I asked the doctor if he could also remove the tattoo while he was at it. He said, "But since you're going to be a man again, wouldn't you like to keep the tattoo?" I said no, man or woman, I didn't want the tattoo.

I woke up from the operation, and I was a man again. But get this: I still had the tattoo! I thought, Am I crazy? I confronted the surgeon, and he said he thought we had left the tattoo part undecided. Now that I was a man, I felt like punching him, but I didn't. Instead, I just made an appointment to come back and get the tattoo removed.

I should have been suspicious when I went back to the hospital and they put me under full anesthesia, because when I woke up I was a woman again but *the tattoo was still there!* They said it had been a mistake, and to make up for it they would do my next surgery for free.

I didn't know what to do. I became depressed. I started getting hounded by my insurance company. They had covered my sex-change operations in full, but they said they didn't cover tattoo removal. But I didn't have a tattoo removal, I told them. They said they had already paid my doctor for one by mistake, and now I had to reimburse them. I called my doctor, and he said he hadn't received any payment for tattoo removal.

I was so mad, I felt like suing someone. But who? My drinking buddies didn't have any money, and I had no luck tracking down the tattoo parlor.

I gave up. I started hitting the bars and sleeping around. I don't even remember if I was a man or a woman at that point. I felt a little cheap, so maybe I was a woman.

One night, after some meaningless sex, he or she turned to me and said, "You know, I really like your tattoo." Something clicked in my head, and in my gut or maybe my uterus. I hadn't realized it, but I also liked the tattoo. I was a tattoo person!

I called my doctor and told him the news: I wanted to get another sex-change operation, but I was going to keep the tattoo. He said I was an idiot. But I don't care. If wanting to keep your tattoo makes you an idiot, then I'm the king of the idiots. Or the queen of the idiots—I have to look. ♦

ISTVAN BANYAI

FALL CATALOG GALLERY

ORDER FORM

To order your special selection of catalogs, please call 800-759-9838, fax 413-637-4343 (24 hours a day), mail in the coupon below, or visit NewYorkerReaderLink.com. If ordering by phone or Internet, have your VISA, MasterCard, or American Express card ready. If ordering by fax, place a check mark next to the catalogs you wish to receive and be sure to include your credit card information. If you prefer ordering by mail, enclose your completed coupon with payment to:

THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE
Reader Services Management Department
Post Office Box 5187
Pittsfield, MA 01203-5187

☐ 1. Acorn	$20
☐ 2. Rejuvenation	Free
☐ 3. Simon Pearce	Free
☐ 4. SwimEx	Free
☐ 5. Tempur-Pedic®	Free

Subtotal	$ ______
Postage & Handling Required	$ 1.50
Total Amount Enclosed	$ ______

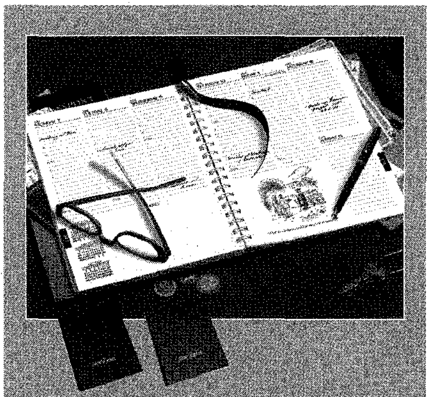
To order catalogs by phone, call 800-759-9838 toll free, or fax *completed coupon* to 413-637-4343, or visit NewYorkerReaderLink.com.

Name ______
Address ______
City/State/Zip ______
______
E-mail ______
______
Amount Enclosed ______

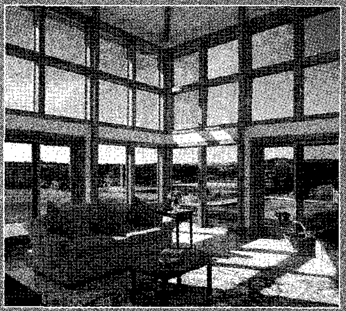
Charge to ☐ VISA
☐ MasterCard
☐ American Express

Card # ______
Expiration Date ______
Signature ______
Date ______

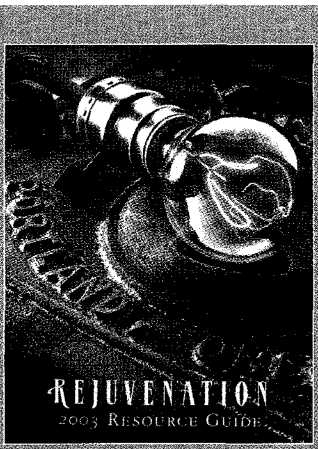
Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. *International orders are accepted only if* accompanied by U.S. funds. Offer expires November 24, 2003. ©2003 The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this unit section may be reproduced without the consent of *The New Yorker* Special Sections Department. 030901



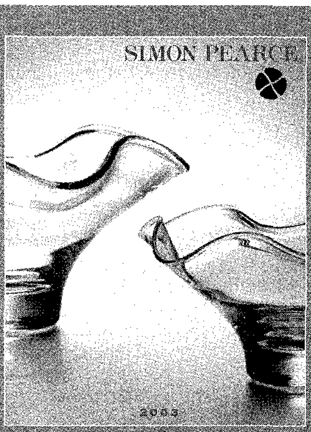
The New Yorker 2004 Desk Diary Order online and receive free personalization. Now available in two colors—Classic Dark Blue and New Ruby Red (online only). Standard, $29.95; Personalized, $32.50 (shipping and handling additional). Call **866-494-6153** or visit **cartoonbank.com**.



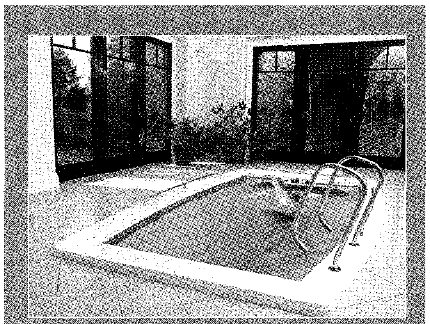
Acorn One-of-a-kind homes designed by our architects to reflect your unique lifestyle. Each Acorn design features open floor plans, walls of glass, and bright, naturally lit interiors. Our service and quality materials have earned us over ten thousand proud homeowners. Start planning today! For your Design Portfolio ($20), call **800-727-3325** or visit **acorns.com**.



Rejuvenation We can't make the daylight hours longer, but we can make the dark hours more beautiful. Period lighting and house parts are available. For a free catalog, call **888-343-8548** or visit **rejuvenation.com**.



Simon Pearce Original designs in glass and pottery. For a complimentary copy of our new catalog, call toll-free **877-452-7763** or visit **SimonPearce.com**.



SwimEx Experience the perfect balance of luxury, fitness, and wellness in your own in-home lap pool. The revitalizing powers of the adjustable current provide the ideal way to start or end your day. SwimEx features fiberglass construction and a lovely array of colored tiles to accent your décor. For your video, call **800-877-7946** or visit **swimex.com**.

TEMPUR-PEDIC
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS

Tempur-Pedic® Offering a wide variety of comfort products, pillows, cushions, seating, personal items, and travel accessories for you, your family, and friends. TEMPUR pressure-relieving material—which utilizes body weight, body shape, and body heat to self-adjust to your every curve and angle—is at the heart of all our products. For a free catalog, call **888-791-5052** or visit **tempurpedic.com**.

To advertise in future **CATALOG GALLERY** sections, call 877-843-6967 toll free.

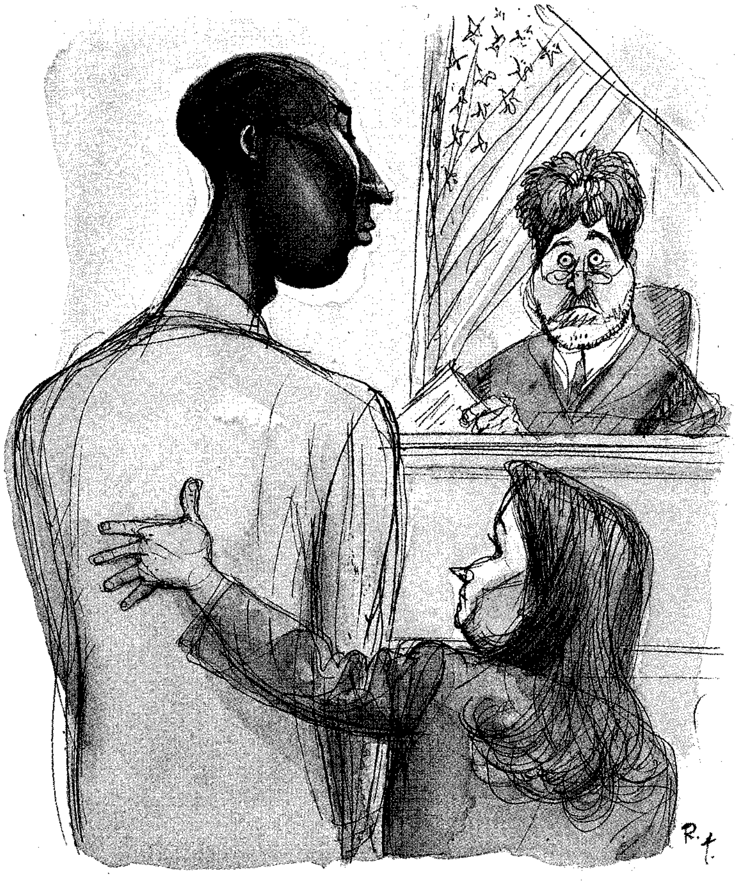
ANNALS OF LAW

THE CONSENT DEFENSE

Rape laws may have changed, but questions about the accuser are often the same.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

Kobe Bryant's defense team made its public début with a show of force. The initial court appearance for Bryant, the Los Angeles Lakers star guard who is charged with felony sexual assault, was scheduled for four o'clock on August 6th, in the Eagle County, Colorado, courthouse. At about a quarter to the hour, three county prosecutors, led by the thirty-four-year-old district attorney, Mark Hurlbert, took their places at the counsel table. While the government lawyers fidgeted in awkward silence, Bryant's caravan of three Suburbans was streaking into town from the Eagle Vail airport, where a jet reportedly belonging to the Upper Deck trading-card company, whose products Bryant endorses, had delivered him moments earlier. Bryant and his two lawyers, Hal Haddon and Pamela Mackey, silenced the courtroom with their arrival at 3:59 P.M. Judge Frederick Gannett took the bench a minute later.



Kobe Bryant's lawyer, by touching him, sent a message: "He's not scary."

RICHARD THOMPSON

Gannett, who is forty-nine, comes from a newspaper family—of writers, not owners. Both of his paternal grandparents wrote for New York dailies, including the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. His family (pronounced *Gann*-ett) migrated west, and Frederick became, in turn, a deputy sheriff, a prosecutor, a defense lawyer, and, thirteen years ago, a county-court judge. With a thick beard, boots, and mismatched clothes—"Every day is a dress-down day for me," the judge told me later—Gannett looks as much a part of the high-desert country as the piñon and juniper that grow on the hill next to the courthouse. (A lumberyard borders the other side.) The judge's familial roots in journalism were apparent in his approach to public access in the Bryant case. He welcomes cameras in his courtroom, and has told his staff to make sure reporters see everything the law allows. Last Thursday, the judge, in response to a request from the news media, authorized the public release of some, but not all, of the underlying investigative documents in the case.

At the defense table, Haddon sat on the outside, leaning back precariously toward the wall. A rumpled, sixty-two-year-old veteran of the courtroom and politics (he managed Gary Hart's campaign for President in 1988), Haddon looked almost amused at the spectacle. There were sixty-eight seats in the courthouse, and all were taken, including twenty-one press seats, which had been assigned, after heavy lobbying, several days in advance for a hearing that everyone knew would be brief and routine. Curious courthouse staffers filled the jury box. Mackey, who is forty-seven years old and as fastidious as her partner is casual, sat on the inside, next to the lectern. It seemed that Bryant and his lawyers hadn't yet got to know each other very well, for they shared little eye contact, no smiles, and almost no conversation. Still, Mackey knew how to send a subliminal message: every time she said something to Bryant, and on the one occasion that he rose to answer a question from the judge, Mackey placed her hand on his back or on his arm. Women lawyers almost always touch their clients, especially if they are charged with violent crimes. *See*, the gesture says, *he's not scary at all.*

Bryant had a right to a preliminary hearing—in which the government lays out its case, in summary form—within thirty days, but, as often happens in Colorado, the defense agreed to a short delay, and the judge set the prelim for October 9th. Bryant, asked if he objected, stood up and said, "No, sir"—his only public utterance of the day. At the request of Haddon and Mackey, Judge Gannett also ordered the sheriff of a neighboring county to conduct an investigation of news leaks in the case. This was a way of throwing the prosecution on the defensive from the outset. Government lawyers and investigators will have to answer questions, search their phone records, and reconstruct their conversations with reporters—all potentially unnerving tasks that will take time away from building the case against Bryant. The proceedings took just seven minutes, but it was a good day for the defense. When the hearing was over, Mackey again reached out for Bryant's suit, which was made of a luscious ivory wool, and steered him toward the exit. The Upper Deck jet left Colorado about an hour after it had arrived.

Bryant's advantages only begin with a seasoned legal team. His Lakers salary alone is fourteen million dollars a year; the entire annual budget of the district attorney's office is $1.8 million (plus a special grant of a hundred and five thousand it received from the county, to fund the Bryant case). He is bound to be helped by his good reputation and seemingly pristine public image. What's more, the case, involving two people who know each other, comes under the broad rubric of acquaintance rape, which has historically been tougher to prove than cases involving strangers.

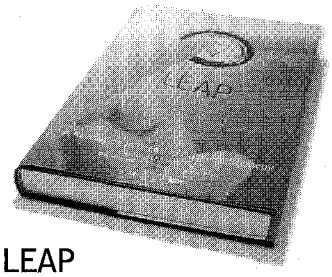
In the past generation, the laws of rape have been transformed. Feminists, with the assistance of the burgeoning victims'-rights movement, have swept away most of the legal impediments to rape convictions—among them the degrading cross-examinations of complaining witnesses. But the Bryant case illustrates the paradox of the laws of sexual assault: no laws have changed more while remaining, in many respects, the same.

For centuries, the law regarded women as less than trustworthy witnesses, especially when it came to rape. For a man to be proved guilty, a woman could not be the sole witness to her own rape, so there were unique barriers to conviction, such as requirements of corroborating evidence. The most important justification for this treatment of rape came from Lord Chief Justice Matthew Hale, a seventeenth-century English jurist, who said, "Rape is an accusation easily to be made and hard to be proved, and harder to be defended by the party accused, tho never so innocent." Hale made this statement in the late sixteen-hundreds, and three centuries later judges in many American courtrooms were still quoting it almost verbatim in their instructions to juries in rape cases.

Faced with these legal hurdles, many prosecutors more or less ignored the crime. In 1969, for example, police in New York City made 1,085 arrests for rape, and only eighteen men were convicted. "When I started doing these cases, in the early seventies, we had to prove three elements of the crime by independent evidence, corroborating the word of the victim," Linda Fairstein, who recently stepped down as the longtime head of the Sex Crimes Prosecution Unit in the Manhattan District Attorney's office, told me. "Someone besides the victim had to identify the attacker, going to or leaving the scene. Next, we had to have independent proof of the sexual nature of the attack—this was before most hospitals had evidence-collection kits to collect seminal fluids. And we had to show 'force'—bruises. So if a woman sensibly submitted to a threat or a knife or a gun, we couldn't make the case if the weapon wasn't recovered."

In addition to corroboration, prosecutors had to establish the virtue of the victim; women were required not merely to survive rape but also to actively resist it. According to an opinion by New York's highest court, in 1918, "Rape is not committed unless the woman oppose the man to the utmost limit of her power." This was still the law a half century later. Defense attorneys were allowed to pummel victims with questions about their sexual history. These attacks were nominally justified as inquiries into the victims' credibility, but in fact they often amounted to morality trials themselves—and served as powerful disincentives for victims to come forward.

The women's movement of the nineteen-seventies made the reform of rape laws one of its top priorities—and it became one of its signal achievements. Susan Brownmiller's study "Against Our Will," published in 1975, brought the subject to a wide audience for the first time, and the book both reflected and spurred changes in the laws. "Things were changing as I was writing," Brownmiller recalls. First to go were the corroboration requirements. "The law doesn't require victims of other crimes—of assaults, of robberies—to be corroborated, so neither should rape," Fairstein says. "Once you have a credible victim, what she gets is her day in court. It doesn't give rape victims an advantage; it just puts them on an even footing with victims of other crimes." This was a revolutionary notion. An editorial in the *Times* in 1972 had asserted that a system in which "any man could be convicted of rape


"One of the truly creative
minds in advertising teaches...
how to win big by thinking different."
– WILLIAM C. TAYLOR
Founding Editor, *Fast Company*

LEAP
A Revolution in Creative Business Strategy
By Bob Schmetterer

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES AND ONLINE
WILEY www.leapthebook.com ADWEEK

TRAVELING TO LONDON, PARIS OR THE WORLD?

Stay with us, the leading international provider of fully furnished corporate apartments. Rates well below that of hotels.
Comfort unmatched.
And over 25 years of experience.

BRIDGESTREET®
CORPORATE HOUSING WORLDWIDE

1-800-B-STREET or bridgestreet.com

Women, Weight & Wellness
Lifelong Solutions for Weight, Image and
Eating-related Issues ... Since 1973
GREEN MOUNTAIN *at* FOX RUN
www.fitwoman.com
Brochure requests: 800.448.8106 VISA

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
As a Joint Venture
The exciting new alternative!
(301) www.beckhamhouse.com
384-7995 jv@beckhamhouse.com

Immediate $$$ for new and used
Louis Vuitton, Chanel, Gucci & Hermes
Handbags Accessories Luggage

Call Toll-Free 1-877-599-7355
www.jillsconsignment.com
4435 Touchton Rd. E. #924 - Jacksonville, FL 32246

Stone Soup
the magazine by young writers and artists
The Literary
Magazine by Children
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$33/yr (6 issues) · 800-447-4569
stories · poems · art · ages 8–13
www.stonesoup.com

solely on the unsupported charge of any woman is . . . abhorrent.” But by the mid-seventies most corroboration requirements were gone.

During this time, states also jettisoned the requirement that women resist their attackers, and, most notably, they passed rape-shield laws, which sought to prevent victims from being compelled to recount their sexual histories on the witness stand. “This was very much a part of the feminist movement, because the treatment of rape victims in court was so incredibly egregious and humiliating,” Vivian Berger, a professor at Columbia Law School, says.

The victories were complicated, however, by another shadow from the American past: race. In the South, black men had been lynched or otherwise abused because of charges of rape made by white women which turned out to be false. “In the fifties and sixties, a lot of liberals in the legal world didn’t want to make getting rape convictions easier, because they thought that would just mean that there would be more unjust convictions of black men,” Berger says. Memories of the Scottsboro Boys and hundreds of others hurt the drive to reform rape laws. “Rape for a long time marked the fatal crossroads where racial discrimination and capital punishment encountered each other most dramatically,” Berger wrote in an influential article in the *Columbia Law Review* in 1977. Of the four hundred and fifty-five men executed for rape in the United States between 1930 and the beginning of 1976, four hundred and five were black—and almost all were charged with attacking white women.

But an unlikely alliance made in the roiling politics of the nineteen-seventies ultimately overrode any concerns about racial fairness. Liberal feminists made common cause with the victims’-rights movement, which was a largely conservative force advocating law and order and opposing the perceived excesses of the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Earl Warren. “There was a huge backlash against the so-called handcuffing of the police, and it was very easy for the rape reformers to make alliances,” Stephen J. Schulhofer, a professor of law at New York University, says. “The minute these reforms were put on the table, legislatures gobbled them up, and courts embraced them very enthusiastically.” In 1977, the Supreme Court prohibited the use of the death penalty in rape cases, lessening the stakes for unjust convictions, but all debate over rape laws, even today, continues to take place at the tense intersection between sex and race.

GRAVEYARD ON A HILL

Let those who so desire continue to dream
Of heavenly mansions
With their vast chambers and balconies
Awash in the light of a golden afternoon,

I’ll take this January wind, so mean
It permits no other thought
Than the one that acknowledges its presence
Among these weedy tombstones
And these trees out of a vampire flick
Bending to the breaking point

And then straightening up—intact,
With the wind busy elsewhere,
Nudging dead leaves to take a few quick hops
Right up to the branch they fell from.

—*Charles Simic*

Much remains unknown about the events of June 30th at the Lodge & Spa at Cordillera, near Vail, but certain facts appear to be undisputed. Bryant, who is twenty-four years old and African-American, was going to have outpatient knee surgery at a nearby clinic the following day. At some point that evening, Bryant’s accuser, who is nineteen, white, and an employee of the hotel, went to Bryant’s room. There they had sexual relations—an assault, according to police and prosecutors, or a consensual encounter, according to Bryant and his lawyers. Even though Bryant’s trial may not take place for several months, it already seems clear that the case will come down to a single issue: whether the government can prove that the sex was not consensual.

Some of the early feminist reformers raised questions about the consent defense. “People started looking at sex between people who have different amounts of power, whether it’s doctors and patients or teachers and students, and they raised the question of whether there could ever be valid consent in those circumstances,” Robin L. West, a professor at Georgetown University Law Center, told me. Some states went so far as to try to abolish the consent defense altogether, and instead to define the crime solely in terms of forcible compulsion. “The question was supposed to be how much force the defendant used, not what the victim did or didn’t do,” Schulhofer, whose book “Unwanted Sex” is a study of rape laws, says. “The hope was that by looking only at the defendant you would get away from the focus on the victim’s character and behavior—how she was dressed, what she said—and on to what the defendant did. That was well motivated. But force is an elusive idea. A lot of activity between a man and a woman that is perfectly innocuous under circumstances of consent—picking her up, taking off her clothes, putting her on the bed—looks completely different without consent. It could be the most romantic thing in the world, or it could be rape. So courts are inevitably drawn back to consent.”

Indeed, consent has become the most frequent defense in trials for adult, acquaintance sexual assault. (In recent years, many states, including Colorado, have abandoned the term “rape” in favor of “sexual assault,” as part of the effort to treat the crime more like other offenses.)

“Because of DNA, defendants can no longer claim that the sex didn’t take place,” says Anne Munch, a former prosecutor who is the director of Ending Violence Against Women, a project run by the Colorado District Attorney’s Council. “So consent is the defense almost all the time.”

Colorado has taken special steps to restrict the consent defense. According to the state law, consent “means cooperation in act or attitude pursuant to an exercise of free will and with knowledge of the nature of the act. . . . Submission under the influence of fear shall not constitute consent.” So consent means not merely acquiescence but also an affirmative decision to engage in a sexual encounter. As Munch puts it, “We have a fabulous definition of consent.” (It is implicit in laws like the one in Colorado that consent can be withdrawn in the course of a sexual encounter, but Illinois has made that point explicit, with a new law asserting that anyone can withdraw consent and thus turn a consensual encounter into an assault.)

Sex-crimes prosecutors recognize the importance of these changes in the legal definition of consent, but they also recognize the practical realities of trying rape cases. It’s not rape until a jury says it is, and jurors tend to act on their own preconceptions, regardless of how they are instructed on the law. “When you look at studies of how juries actually decide cases,” Munch says, “the things that they get hung up on are questions like ‘Was there resistance?’ or ‘Did the victim engage in risky behavior?’ or ‘Was there drinking or some other kind of promiscuous behavior?’ Our efforts in Colorado have been to get people to look at sex offenders and how they operate, and not at the victim’s behavior. But the victim’s behavior is still very relevant to jurors.”

Lawyers who try rape cases consider one group of jurors to be especially strict in their view of the conduct of women victims. “I avoid jurors who are older women, because they are judgmental, because they say, ‘I would never put myself in that position,’ ” says Mary Keenan, a veteran sex-crimes prosecutor who is now the district attorney of Boulder County, Colorado. “The younger generations are great, but not upper boomers on up. They are tough jurors for us. Men see right through the crap. Men make very good jurors in sex-assault cases.” The most exhaustive study of jury behavior remains Harry Kalven, Jr., and Hans Zeisel’s “The American Jury,” published in 1966. Even when consent is the only issue before a jury, the authors write, a jury “closely, and often harshly, scrutinizes the female complainant and is moved to be lenient with the defendant whenever there are suggestions of contributory behavior on her part.”

As with the consent defense, changes in the law of corroboration and resistance may have had a smaller impact than first appeared. Judges no longer dismiss cases if a victim lacks corroboration, but juries often don’t convict in those circumstances, either. “Do you know that juries want corroboration?” Linda Fairstein says. “Absolutely. Nobody likes the he-said-she-said cases. It’s in the detail and the nuance. I loved cases that took place in hotels. You have computerized locks. You have room-service records, minibar receipts, whether people were calling the front desk about a commotion in the room. Those were all ways we could corroborate a victim. I had one case that got blown apart because we found out that one of the pornographic movies was shown in the room, which is what ultimately got her to change her story and admit that the sex was consensual.” Similarly, although the law no longer requires that victims resist, juries often demand it. “Most of the time, rapists don’t have to use physical force or violence,” Keenan says. “The predominant reaction of victims is to freeze, not do anything at all, rather than fight back. The term is ‘dissociation.’ They kind of leave their own bodies to get through the attack. But we know how juries think. We are relieved when there is a bruise that we can show to the jury.”

Even rape-shield laws, which were supposed to protect rape victims from degrading questions about their sexual history, have had unintended consequences. Colorado’s shield law, passed in 1975, is fairly typical of the genre, stating that an accuser’s sexual history “shall be presumed to be irrelevant.” Ac-

New and Improved Aeron®
We Will Not Be Undersold!

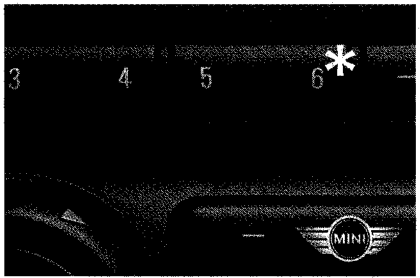
- All sizes and colors in stock
- 1-year money back guarantee
- 12-year warranty

Prices starting at just
$599

Featuring the New PostureFit™ Option

Full-featured Aerons® starting at
$799

1-877-628-LESS
www.ny.sit4less.com



*Six airbags standard. Six awards with the word “Best” in them. Six levels of joy in the 6-speed supercharged MINI Cooper S. **LET’S MOTOR.**™
MINIUSA.COM ©2003 MINI, a division of BMW North America, LLC.

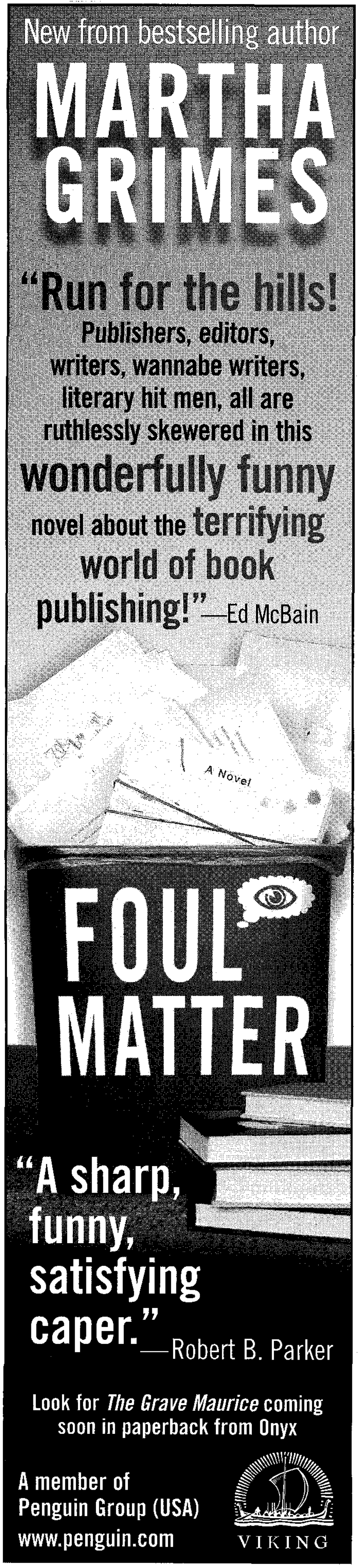
RETIRE TO CHAPEL HILL, NC

Fearrington Village is full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted cows, and fascinating people of all ages.
800.277.0130 www.fearrington.com

SMART IS SEXY
Date fellow graduates and faculty of The Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, UC Berkeley, medical schools and a few others.
More than 3,800 members
800-988-5288
www.rightstuffdating.com
THE RIGHT STUFF

mental_floss magazine is everything you should have learned in school, but didn't!
www.mentalfloss.com
::feel smart again::
mental_floss

JAPANESE BAMBOO SCULPTURE AND BASKETS
ANTIQUE TEXTILES FROM AFRICA, INDIA AND INDONESIA
MUSEUM QUALITY
www.textilearts.com
TAI GALLERY / TEXTILE ARTS
616½ Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM
505-983-9780

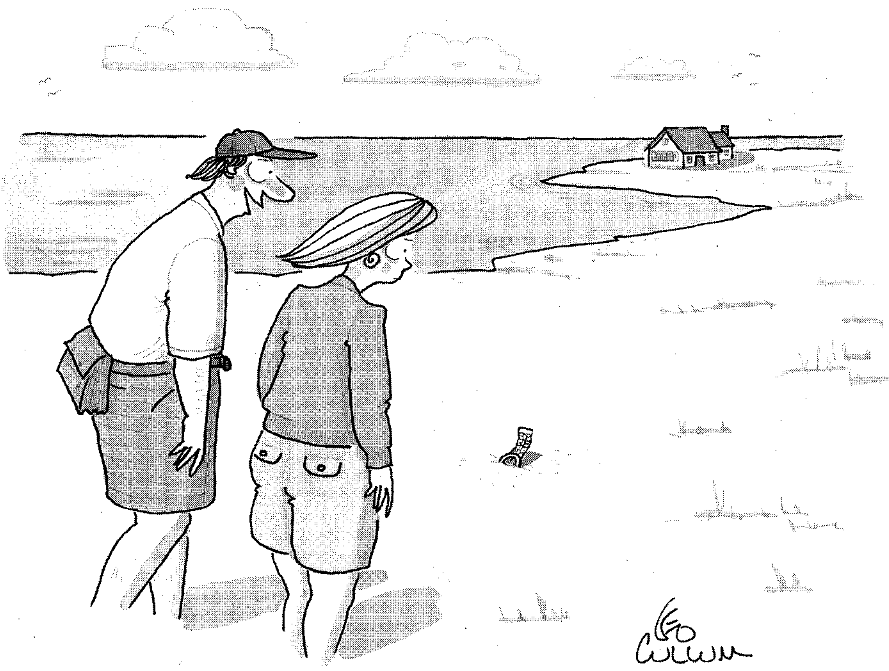

New from bestselling author
MARTHA GRIMES
"Run for the hills! Publishers, editors, writers, wannabe writers, literary hit men, all are ruthlessly skewered in this wonderfully funny novel about the terrifying world of book publishing!"—Ed McBain
A Novel
FOUL MATTER
"A sharp, funny, satisfying caper."—Robert B. Parker
Look for *The Grave Maurice* coming soon in paperback from Onyx
A member of Penguin Group (USA)
www.penguin.com
VIKING

cording to Keenan, "Rape shield only protects against prior sexual acts being disclosed. It doesn't protect against private investigators going after the rest of your personal life. The system is still hell on victims. Nothing in their life is private from investigators."

This, evidently, is what is happening in the Bryant case. Private investigators for his defense team have been scouring Eagle and the vicinity for information about the accuser. Two months before the incident with Bryant, the woman, a student at the University of Northern Colorado, was reportedly rushed to a local hospital after she apparently took an overdose of pills. Under the shield law, if the defense wanted to introduce anything relating to the accuser's sexual history, Bryant's lawyers would have to make a written motion to do so at least thirty days before the trial. But since mental-health history is not covered by the shield law, the defense could raise the issue in front of the jury, with no warning.

A trial judge will not necessarily find the accuser's apparent overdose relevant to her credibility and thus admissible. But the defense in the 1991 William Kennedy Smith case, in Palm Beach, showed the value of this kind of evidence, admissible or not, in a high-profile case. Smith's lawyer, Roy Black, argued that the accuser in that case had a "psychological disorder" that led her to make false charges against Smith. Black said he had "strong and compelling evidence" that the woman, who later publicly identified herself as Patricia Bowman, was mentally unstable. He sought permission to examine "all relevant records of psychological or psychiatric treatment" that she might have received. In the end, the judge in the case, Mary E. Lupo, declined to let the jury hear evidence of Bowman's psychiatric history, but the controversy over her background received wide attention in the news media, which was freely available to potential jurors. Smith was acquitted.

Colorado law gives Bryant's lawyers even more options. Not only can they try to obtain and introduce evidence of the accuser's mental-health history; another provision of the law allows them to ask the judge to order a psychiatric examination of the alleged victim to determine her legal competency to stand as a witness. "In order to get the judge to order an exam, the defense will have to show there is a reasonable probability that an examination will produce relevant evidence about her competency, and that will be fought vigorously by the district attorney," David Lugert, a defense attorney in Eagle who recently stepped down as the



"This is how I'd like to remember the Hamptons—with someone's gold Rolex sticking out of the sand."

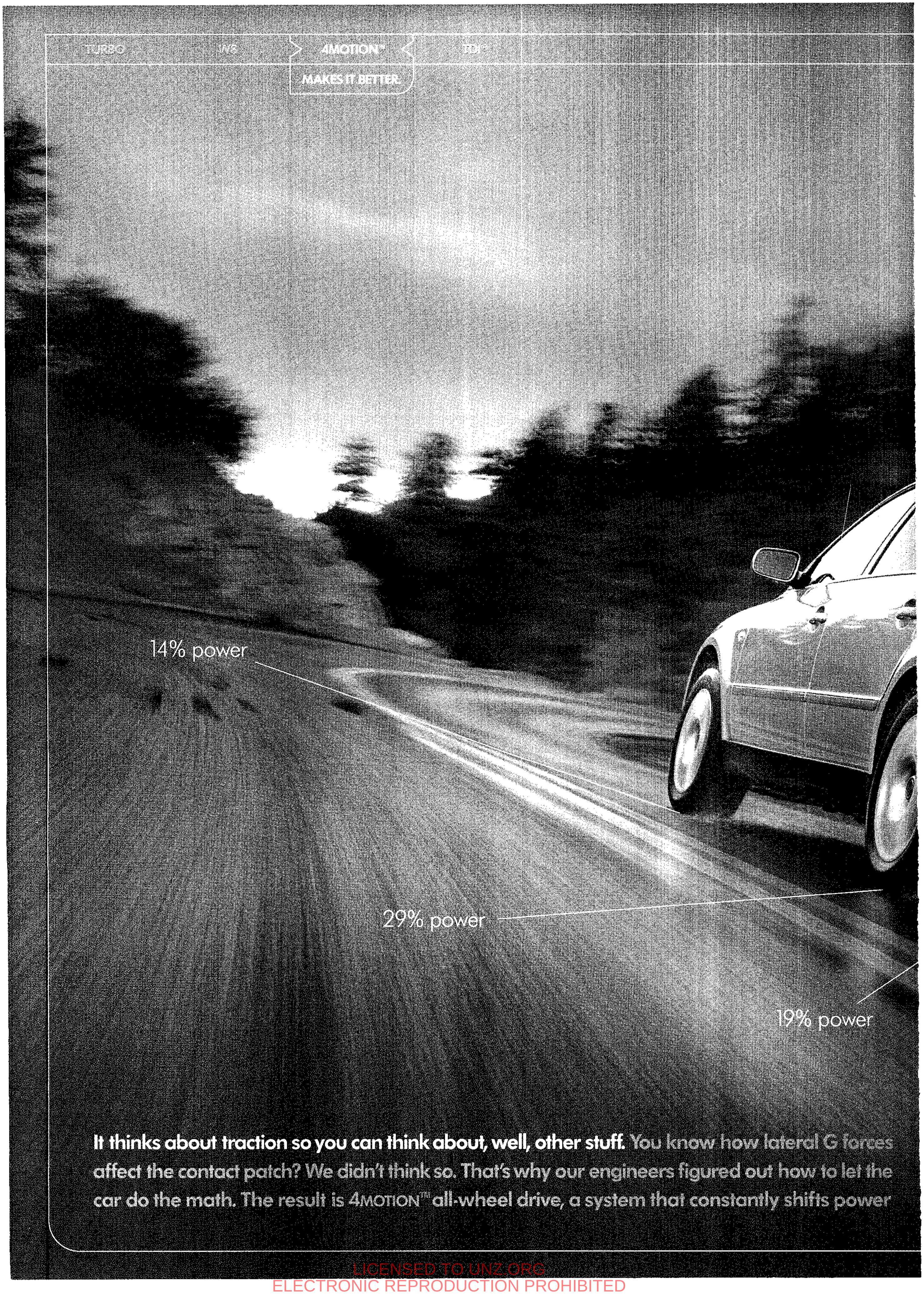
[redacted]

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL

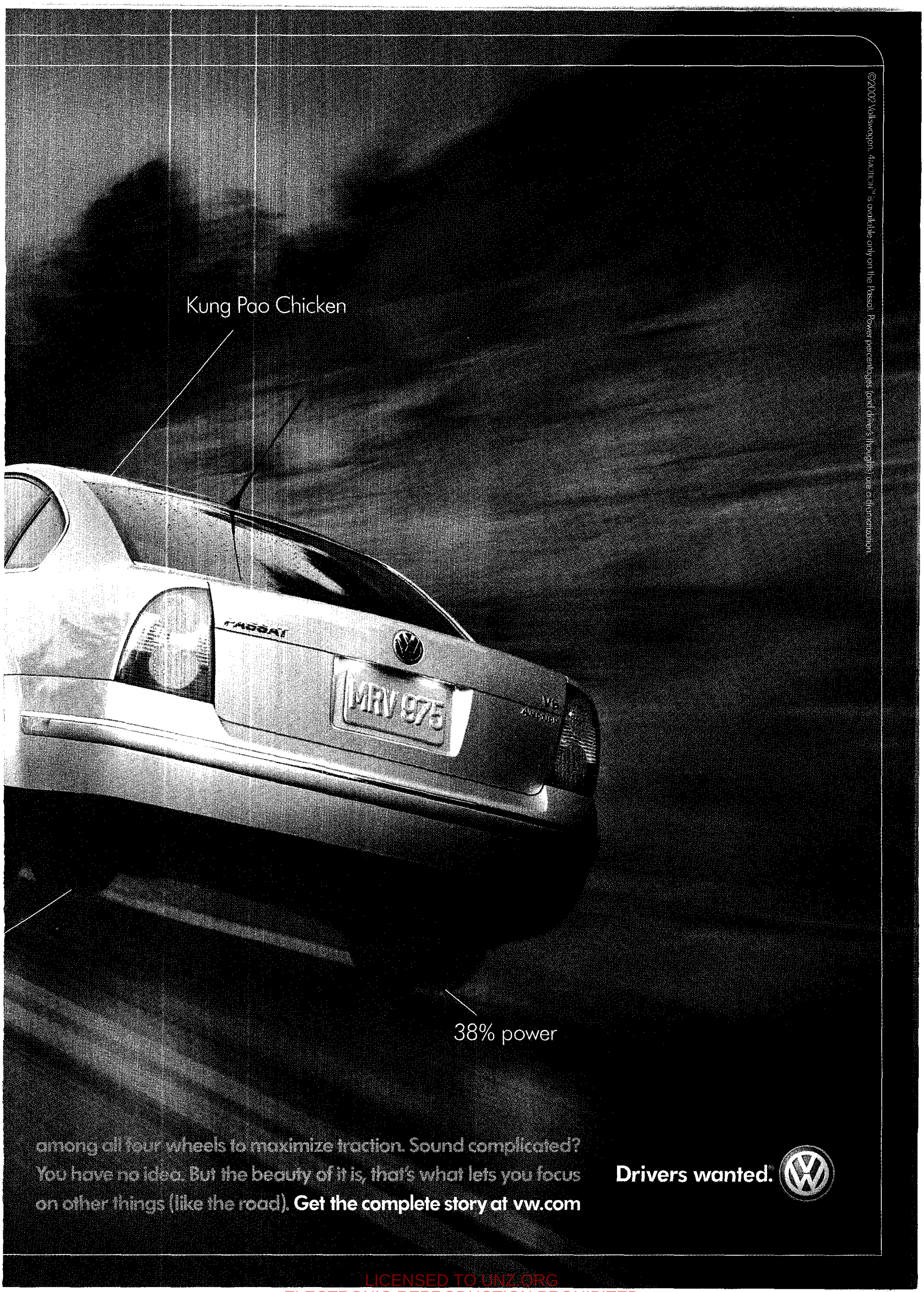
☐ SEPTEMBER 19•20•21 2003 ☐

NEW YORK CITY

■ PROGRAM GUIDE ☐


TURBO
W8
4MOTION™
TDI®
MAKES IT BETTER.
14% power
29% power
19% power

It thinks about traction so you can think about, well, other stuff. You know how lateral G forces affect the contact patch? We didn't think so. That's why our engineers figured out how to let the car do the math. The result is 4MOTION™ all-wheel drive, a system that constantly shifts power

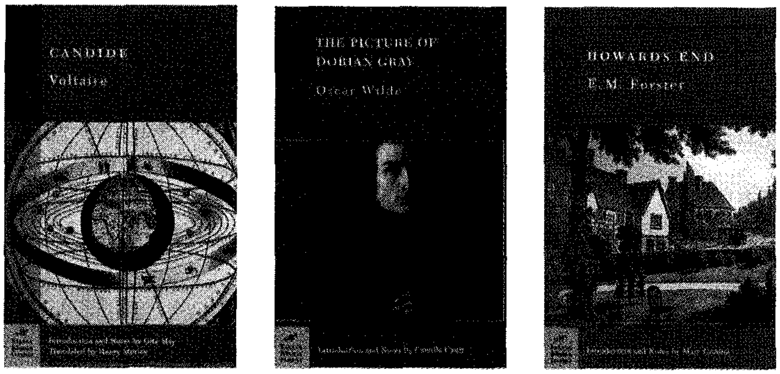

Kung Pao Chicken
38% power
PASSAT
MRV 975
V6
4MOTION

among all four wheels to maximize traction. Sound complicated? You have no idea. But the beauty of it is, that's what lets you focus on other things (like the road). **Get the complete story at vw.com**

Drivers wanted.®

©2002 Volkswagen. 4MOTION™ is available only on the Passat. Power percentages and driver's thoughts are a dramatization.

© 2003 Barnes & Noble, Incorporated


CANDIDE
Voltaire
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
Oscar Wilde
HOWARDS END
E. M. Forster

Barnes & Noble Classics.

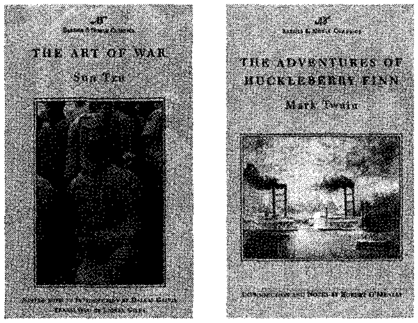
MIDDLEMARCH
George Eliot
THE METAMORPHOSIS and OTHER STORIES
Franz Kafka
MOBY-DICK
Herman Melville
THE INFERNO
Dante Alighieri
JUDE THE OBSCURE
Thomas Hardy
THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
SONS AND LOVERS
D. H. Lawrence
THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK
W. E. B. Du Bois
SELECTED STORIES of O. HENRY
THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
THE ODYSSEY
Homer
THE TURN OF THE SCREW
THE ASPERN PAPERS
and TWO STORIES
Henry James
WARD NO. 6 and OTHER STORIES
Anton Chekhov
ANNA KARENINA
Leo Tolstoy
THE ART OF WAR
Sun Tzu

What could be new in the classics? More than you might imagine. Barnes & Noble Classics are designed to bring you more for less.

Starting with the most authoritative version of each text, we commissioned introductory essays from some of today's leading scholars and experts to frame the work for the way we live in the 21st century. We added study guides, glossaries and timelines; we updated biographies, footnotes and endnotes, and added a section on further reading, featuring histories and critical analyses. We even created a complete section about each masterpiece's impact on popular culture then and now.

Best of all, Barnes & Noble Classics are the best literary value available today. Most of our editions are

Unparalleled new editions. Unprecedented low prices.


Barnes & Noble Classics
THE ART OF WAR
Sun Tzu
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
Mark Twain

JANE EYRE
Charlotte Brontë
THE CALL OF THE WILD and WHITE FANG
Jack London
DRACULA
Bram Stoker
FRANKENSTEIN
Mary Shelley
GREAT EXPECTATIONS
Charles Dickens
ROBINSON CRUSOE
Daniel Defoe
MAIN STREET
Sinclair Lewis
O PIONEERS!
Willa Cather
OLIVER TWIST
Charles Dickens
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
Jane Austen
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE and SELECTED SHORT FICTION
Stephen Crane
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
Harriet Beecher Stowe
THE SCARLET LETTER
Nathaniel Hawthorne
SENSE AND SENSIBILITY
Jane Austen
THE AWAKENING and SELECTED SHORT FICTION
Kate Chopin
THE JUNGLE
Upton Sinclair
THE TIME MACHINE and THE INVISIBLE MAN
H. G. Wells

priced 30% - 40% lower than other classics editions. With trade paperbacks priced from $4.95 to $9.95 and mass-market paperbacks from $3.95 to $4.95, Barnes & Noble Classics offer the most affordable way to build the library of classics you always dreamed of.

Fifty of the greatest works of all time will be available by September 2003, one hundred by March 2004, with hundreds more to follow.

For additional information, visit www.bn.com/classics.

Available at your local Barnes & Noble and other fine bookstores.

BARNES & NOBLE CLASSICS

ALTOIDS
STRIPS
PEPPERMINT
SO SMALL...
SO POWERFUL.
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG STRIPS

©2003 Callard & Bowser-Suchard Inc.

ALTOIDSSTRIPS.COM

WELCOME BACK

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL
ist-one

The fourth annual New Yorker Festival, a weekend celebration of arts and ideas, comes to town September 19th through September 21st. This year's program offers an exciting and eclectic series of readings, talks, panel discussions, and guided excursions around town with the extraordinary writers, artists, architects, filmmakers, statesmen, and entertainers who fill the magazine's pages from week to week.

Fiction Night returns on Friday, with paired readings by literary lions and cubs—A. S. Byatt, Sherman Alexie, Richard Ford, Jhumpa Lahiri, Dave Eggers, Grace Paley, Michael Cunningham, and E. L. Doctorow, to name a few. For the deipnosophists among you, a rare feast will also take place: Alice Waters and storied chefs from London and New York will create a banquet and, after dinner, discuss their culinary philosophies with Adam Gopnik over coffee.

On Saturday, *New Yorker* writers and editors conduct interviews and moderate discussions with the arbiters of our culture—filmmakers (Mike Nichols, Errol Morris), musicians (Emmylou Harris, Björk), actors (Will Ferrell, Nick Nolte), screenwriters (Nora Ephron, Robert Towne), statesmen (Jean-David Levitte, Clare Short), the fashion designer Oscar de la Renta, and many others. Subjects range from bias in the media and the AIDS crisis to the tricky business of inventing a pop star. And, in an exclusive New York City appearance, the Folksmen, the New Main Street Singers, and Mitch & Mickey, from Christopher Guest's "A Mighty Wind," will perform at Town Hall.

The Festival concludes on Sunday, with brunch-time tours of Chinatown (led by Calvin Trillin), Harlem, and a secret rooftop garden; talks with the opera singer Renée Fleming and the architect Daniel Libeskind; master classes on poetry, photography, and cartooning; and a free screening of what many critics consider the funniest movie of all time, the Preston Sturges comedy "The Lady Eve," with commentary by Anthony Lane afterward.

Come join us!—and turn to the following pages to take in the full range of tantalizing attractions.

Illustrations by Istvan Banyai

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 19, 2003

An evening of paired readings by writers whose work has appeared in The New Yorker. Tickets are $15.
A dinner and panel discussion to benefit the Chez Panisse Foundation. Tickets are $400.

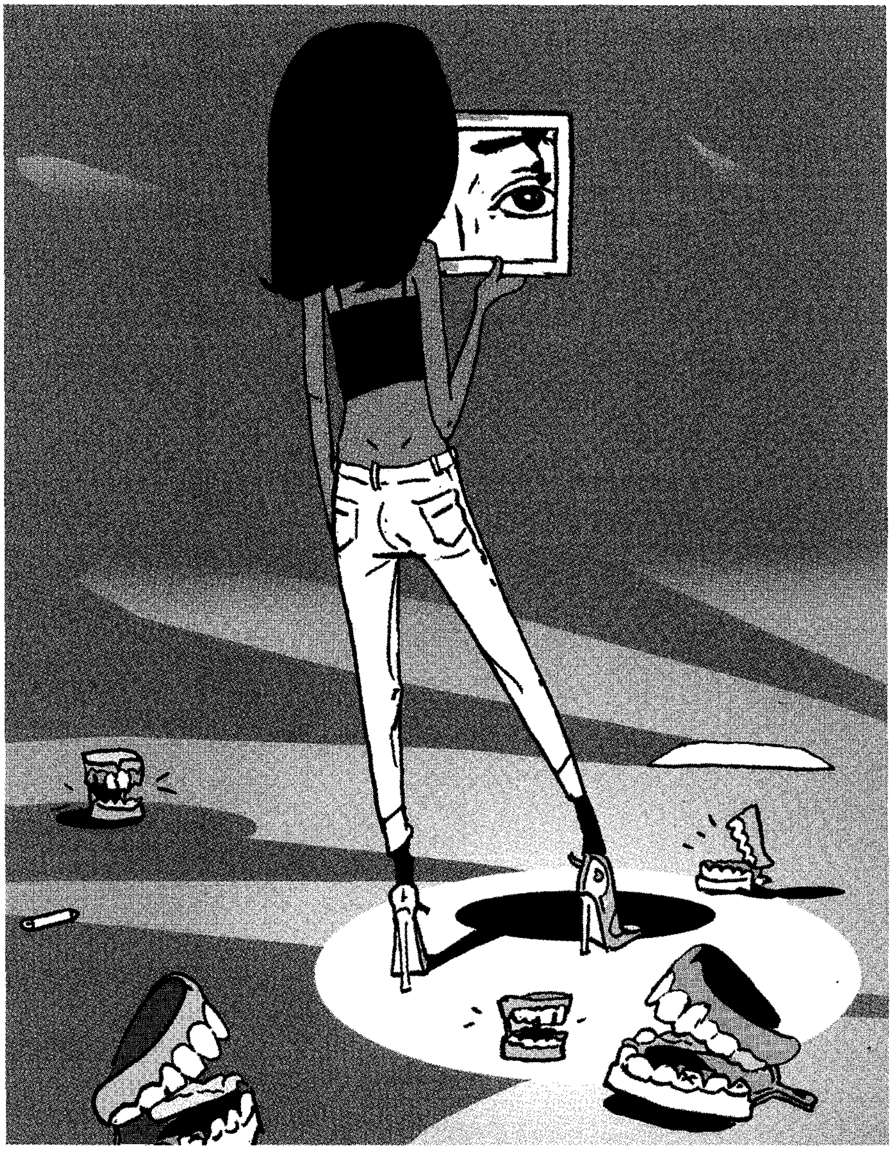
FICTION NIGHT

Sherman Alexie and Zadie Smith

Sherman Alexie's most recent story for *The New Yorker*, "What You Pawn I Will Redeem," appeared in the April 21st & 28th issue. He is the author of several novels and story and poetry collections, including "First Indian on the Moon." He has also written the screenplays for the films "Smoke Signals" and last year's "The Business of Fancydancing," which was his directorial début. His third story collection, "Ten Little Indians," came out in June.

Zadie Smith was twenty-five when her first novel, "White Teeth," was published, in 2000. The book won many prizes, including the Whitbread First Novel Award, and an adaptation recently aired on PBS. "The Autograph Man," her second novel, was published in 2002 and won the *Jewish Quarterly* Wingate Literary Prize. She has been publishing fiction in *The New Yorker* since 1999.

9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street



Zadie Smith

Donald Antrim and Robert Stone

Donald Antrim is the author of the novels "Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World," "The Hundred Brothers," and "The Verificationist." He is at work on a memoir, parts of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Robert Stone's many novels include "Outerbridge Reach," "Damascus Gate," "Dog Soldiers," which won a National Book Award, and "Bay of Souls," which came out this year. His first story collection, "Bear and His Daughter," was a 1998 Pulitzer Prize finalist. He has been a *New Yorker* contributor since 1987.

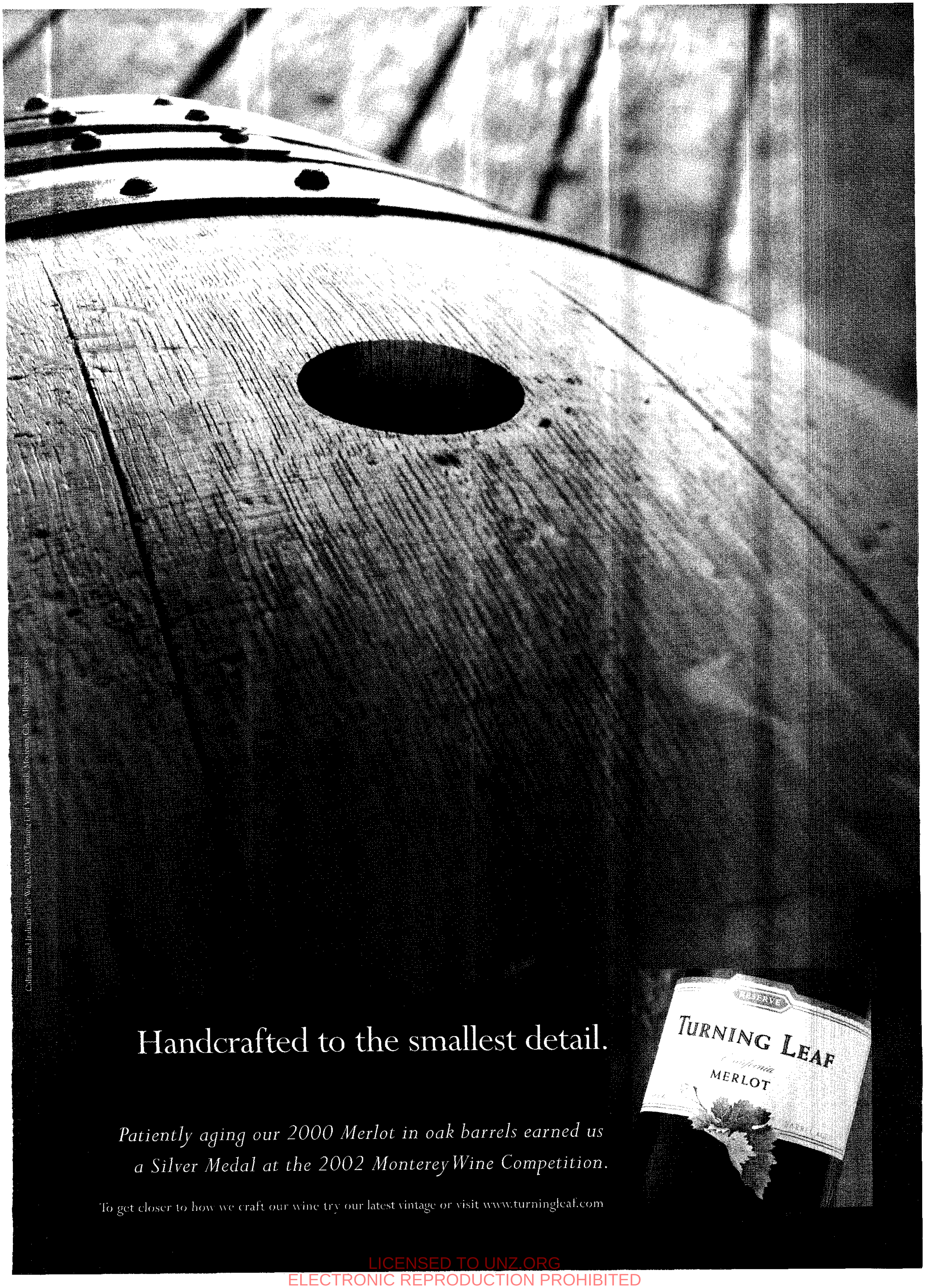
9:30 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street

(Note: For tickets to this event, please call 1-800-432-7250, or visit www.telecharge.com.)

Charles D'Ambrosio and Richard Price

Charles D'Ambrosio made his *New Yorker* début in 1990 with "The Point," which was included in "The Best American Short Stories of 1991" and was the title story for his first collection. His most recent

ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM.
TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING AUGUST 28TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM,
AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.


RESERVE
TURNING LEAF
California
MERLOT

Handcrafted to the smallest detail.

Patiently aging our 2000 Merlot in oak barrels earned us a Silver Medal at the 2002 Monterey Wine Competition.

To get closer to how we craft our wine try our latest vintage or visit www.turningleaf.com

California and Italian Table Wine. ©2003 Turning Leaf Vineyards Modesto, CA. All rights reserved.

□ □ □ Richard Price

story, "The High Divide," ran in the February 3rd issue.

Richard Price's novels include "Bloodbrothers," "The Wanderers," and "Clockers," all of which were made into feature films. He has also written and co-written many screenplays, among them "The Color of Money," "Sea of Love," and "Clockers," which he co-produced. His most recent novel, "Samaritan," came out in January.

9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Louise Erdrich and Richard Ford

Louise Erdrich's many novels and poetry and story collections include the best-selling "Tracks," "The Beet Queen," and "The Bingo Palace." Her first novel, "Love Medicine," received the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Sue Kaufman Prize for First Fiction from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1985. Her most recent novel, "The Master Butchers Singing Club," came out in February; her most recent *New Yorker* story, "The Painted Drum," ran in the March 3rd issue.

Richard Ford is the author of five novels, among them "Wildlife," "The Sportswriter," and "Independence Day," which was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and a PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction. In 1995, he received the Rea Award for the Short Story, given annually to a writer who has made a contribution to the short story as an art form. His story collection "A Multitude of Sins" came out last year. He has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1987.

9:30 P.M. Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

Aleksandar Hemon and Jeffrey Eugenides

Aleksandar Hemon was born and raised in Bosnia-Herzegovina. He was stranded in the United States during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992 and began writing stories in English in 1995. His first novel, "Nowhere Man," grew out of the story "Blind Jozef Pronek," his first contribution to *The New Yorker*, which was included in his story collection "The Question of Bruno." He is working on a second novel, "The Lazarus Project."

Jeffrey Eugenides' first novel, "The Virgin Suicides," was translated into twenty languages and made into a feature film. His second novel, "Middlesex," parts of which appeared first in *The New Yorker*, won this year's Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

7 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street
(Note: For tickets to this event, please call 1-800-432-7250, or visit www.telecharge.com.)

Jhumpa Lahiri and Michael Cunningham

Jhumpa Lahiri's début story collection, "Interpreter of Maladies," some of which first ran in *The New Yorker*, won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 2000. Her first novel, "The Namesake," part of which appeared in the June 16th & 23rd issue, will be published in September.

Michael Cunningham's novels include "A Home at the End of the World" and "The Hours," both of which first appeared, in part, in *The New Yorker*. "The Hours" received the 1999 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and also the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction; a feature film adapted from the book won an Oscar and two Golden Globe awards this year. Mr. Cunningham is currently working on a new novel.

7 P.M. Union Square Ballroom
27 Union Square West

Andrea Lee and Lorrie Moore

Andrea Lee, a former staff writer for *The New Yorker*, is the author of "Russian Journal," the novel "Sarah Phillips," and the story collection "Interesting Women," which came out in paperback in April. Parts of all three books first appeared in the magazine.

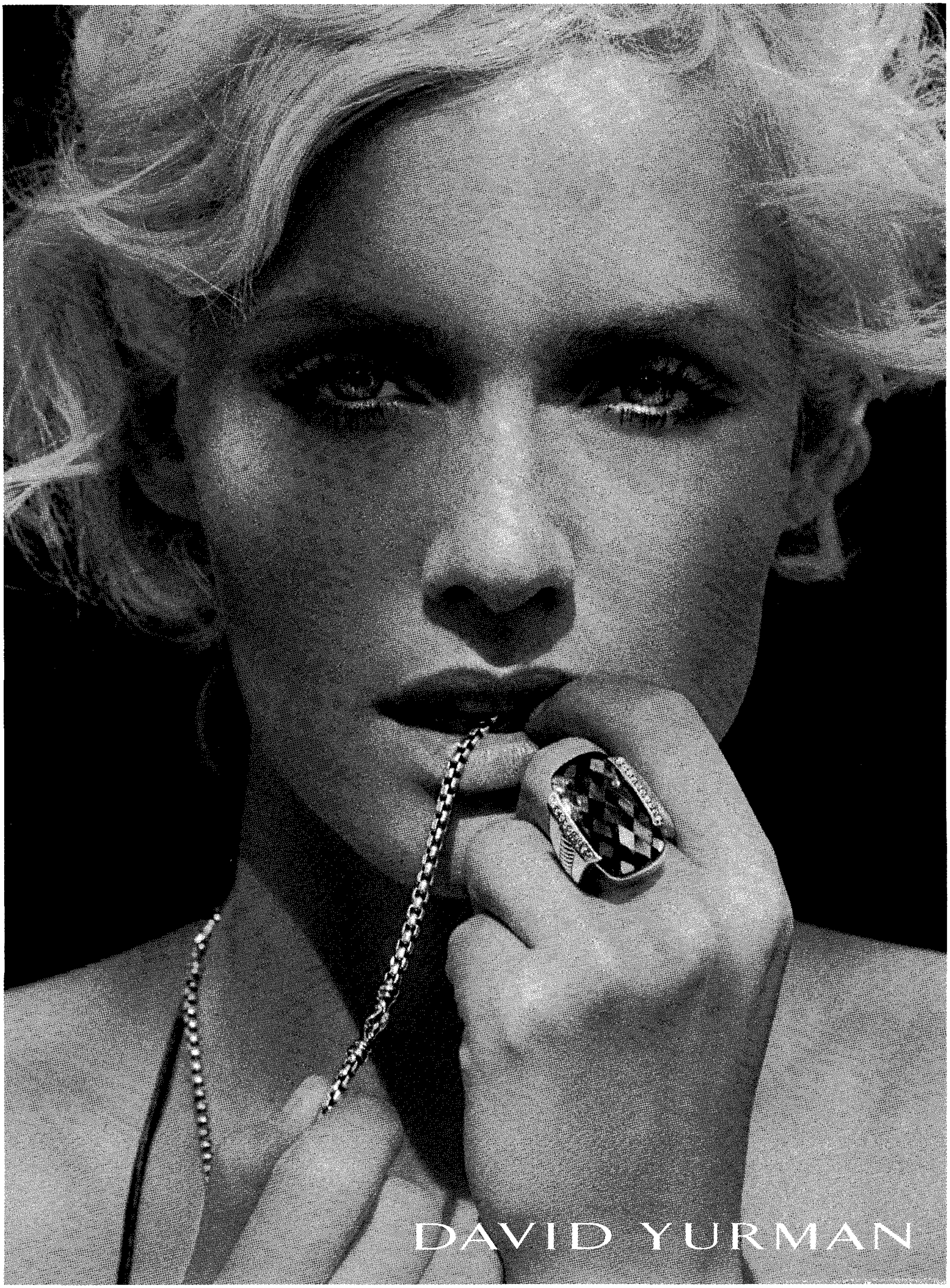
Lorrie Moore is the author of the novels "Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?" and "Anagrams," three story collections, including "Birds of America," and a children's book, "The Forgotten Helper: A Christmas Story." She has been contributing stories and articles to *The New Yorker* since 1989.

7 P.M. Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street

Maile Meloy and Thomas McGuane

Maile Meloy's most recent story for

DAVIDYURMAN.COM 877 226 1400 © D.YURMAN 2003


DAVID YURMAN

MADISON AT 64TH SOUTH COAST PLAZA

The New Yorker, "Red from Green," ran in the April 14th issue. Her first collection of short stories, "Half in Love," came out last summer, and a first novel, "Liars and Saints," was published in June.

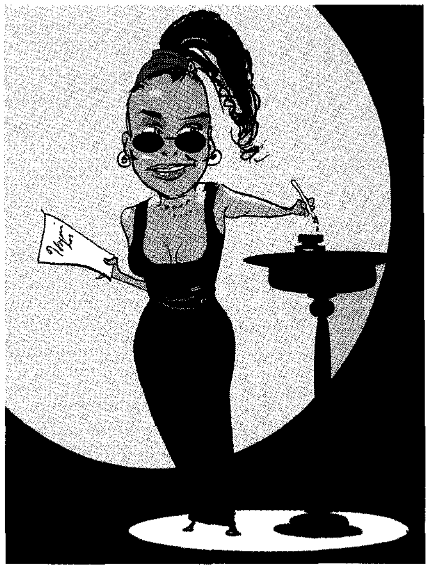
Thomas McGuane is the author of numerous essays and stories as well as nine novels, including "The Sporting Club," "The Bushwhacked Piano," and "Ninety-two in the Shade." His most recent book, "The Cadence of Grass," came out last year. He has been contributing fiction to *The New Yorker* since 1994.

9:30 P.M. Union Square Ballroom
27 Union Square West

ZZ Packer and Dave Eggers

ZZ Packer made her fiction début in *The New Yorker's* 2000 summer fiction issue with the story "Drinking Coffee Elsewhere," also the title of her first story collection, which was published earlier this year.

Dave Eggers is the author of "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius" and "You Shall Know Our Velocity!," both of which first appeared, in part, in *The New Yorker.* He edits the quarterly *McSweeney's.* Together with Colson Whitehead and Joyce Carol Oates, he selected "The O. Henry Prize Stories" for 2002.



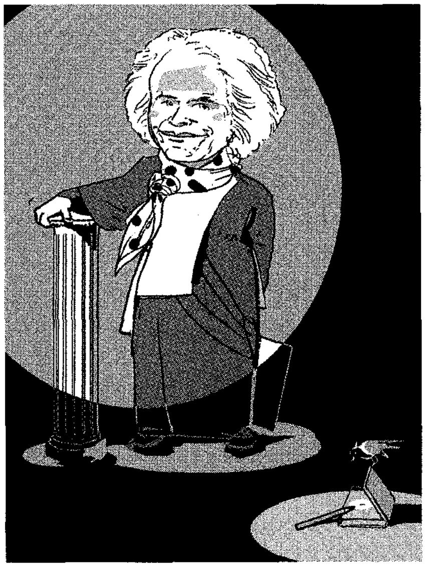
□ □ □ ZZ Packer

9:30 P.M. Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street

Grace Paley and E. L. Doctorow

Grace Paley's books include the story collections "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" and "The Little Disturbances of Man." In 1987, she was awarded a Senior Literature Fellowship by the National Endowment for the Arts in recognition of her lifetime contribution to literature. Her collected poems, "Begin Again," were published in 2000. She has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1978.

E. L. Doctorow is the author of "The Book of Daniel," "Loon Lake," "World's Fair," and "Ragtime," among many other books. He has been the recipient of numerous awards, including the National Humanities Medal, a PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction, and a National Book Award. His most recent works include "Reporting the Universe" and "Lamentation: 9/11." His story "Walter John Harmon" appeared in the May 12th issue of *The New Yorker.*



□ □ □ Grace Paley

7 P.M. Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

George Saunders and T. Coraghessan Boyle

George Saunders' short-fiction collections include "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline" and "Pastoralia," whose title story was first published in *The New Yorker.* He is also the author of the children's tale "The Very Persistent Gappers of Frip." His most recent short story for the magazine, "Jon," ran in the January 27th issue.

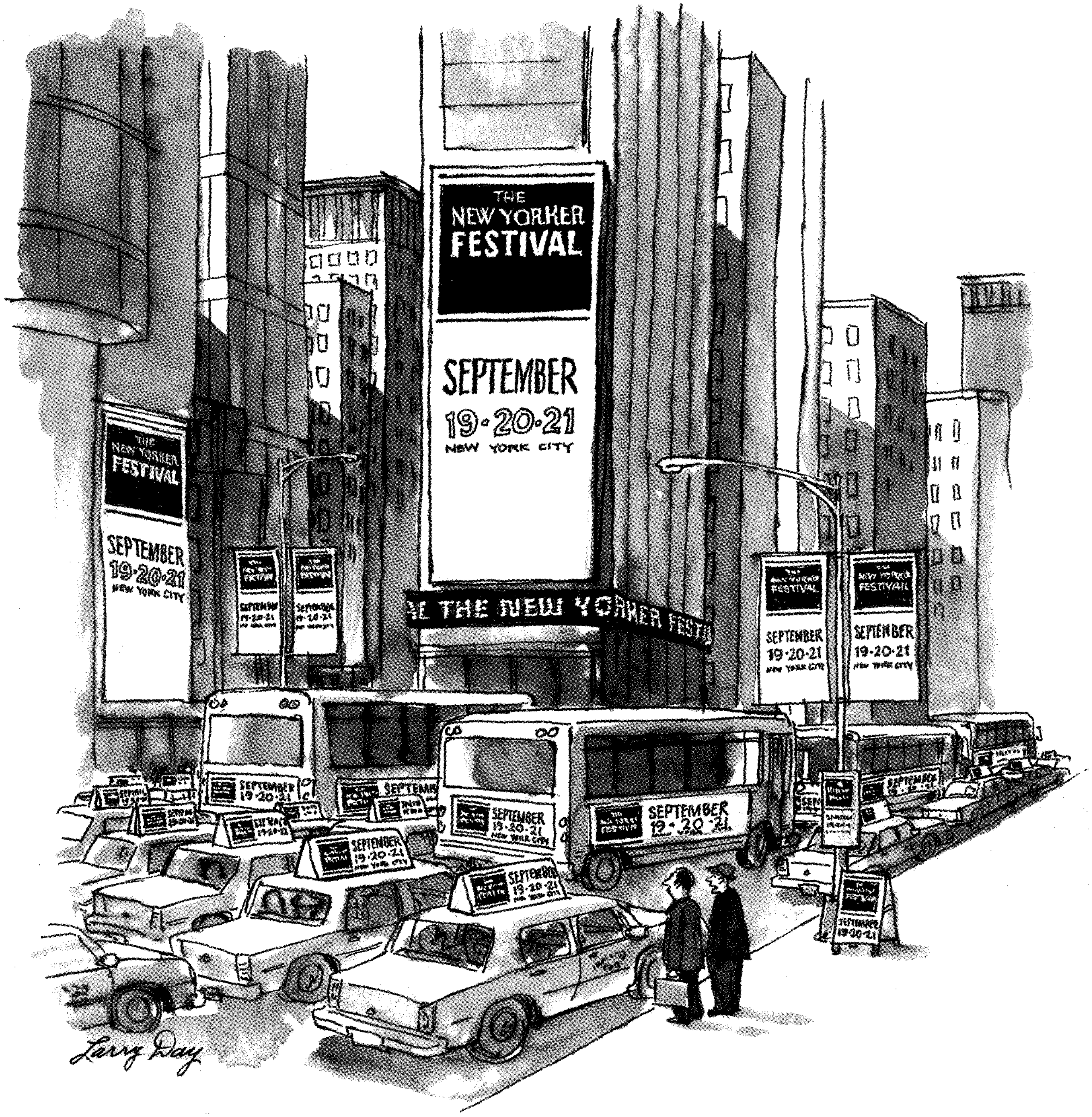
T. Coraghessan Boyle has published fifteen books of fiction, including "The Road to Wellville," "A Friend of the Earth," "World's End," "After the Plague," and "Drop City," which appeared this spring. He has received many literary awards, including four O. Henry Awards and a PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction. His most recent story for *The New Yorker,* "When I Woke Up This Morning, Everything I Had Was Gone," ran in the March 31st issue.

7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Tobias Wolff and A. S. Byatt

Tobias Wolff's several books include the memoir "This Boy's Life," which received many awards and was adapted for film. He received a PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction for his novella "The Barracks Thief." The title story of his most recent collection of stories, "The Night in Question," originally appeared in *The New Yorker.* A first novel, "Old School," is due out in October.

advertisement


THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 19·20·21 NEW YORK CITY
THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 19·20·21 NEW YORK CITY
THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 19·20·21
Larry Day

"So, what's going on this weekend?"

From one New Yorker to another, welcome to this year's festival.

Altria

Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

© Altria Group, Inc. 2003

A. S. Byatt has been a *New Yorker* contributor since 1987. She is the author of numerous novels, novellas, and story and essay collections, including "Angels and Insects," "Passions of the Mind," "The Matisse Stories," "The Djinn in the Nightingale's Eye," and "A Whistling Woman," which came out last year. Her novel "Possession: A Romance" won the Booker Prize in 1990. She was appointed a Dame Commander of the British Empire in 1999.

7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

■ FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER □

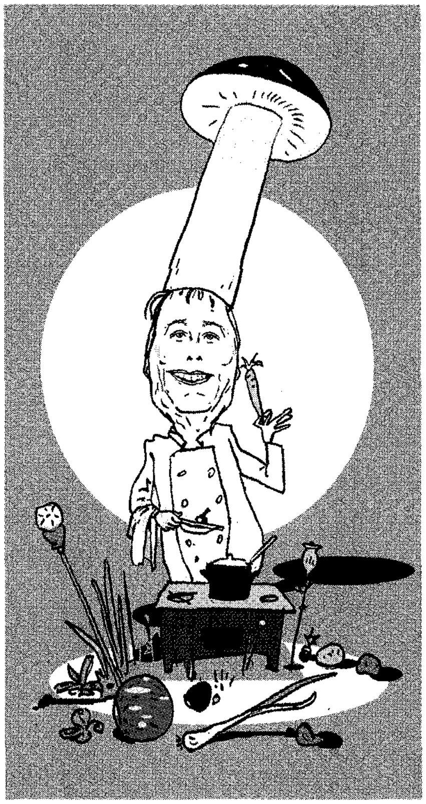
The New Yorker will host a sumptuous one-night-only dinner orchestrated by the godmother of new American cooking, **Alice Waters**, in collaboration with the all-star chefs **Rose Gray** and **Ruth Rogers**, of London, and **Dan Barber** and **Peter Hoffman**, of New York, all of whom share Ms. Waters' vision of the importance of sustainable agriculture and of food traditions and rituals. Together the chefs will prepare a menu drawn from the bounty of the city's local organic farmers, paired with selected wines.

Following dinner, the chefs will join moderator **Adam Gopnik** over coffee in a free-form roundtable discussion of their philosophies of cooking and eating. Made to order for anyone who loves delicious food and lively debate, the evening should shed a light on why good food has become an increasingly vital part of our idea of the good life.

Adam Gopnik has been writing about art and culture for *The New Yorker* since 1986. From 1995 to 1999, he was the magazine's Paris correspondent, reporting on, among other things, the politics of French cuisine. These dispatches were collected in the best-selling "Paris to the Moon." He has written about the contributions of Alice Waters to American gastronomy, about a cooking competition featuring the chefs Dan Barber and Peter Hoffman, and about Rose Gray and Ruth Rogers' River Café, in London.

Dan Barber was an apprentice at Chez Panisse before becoming the chef and co-owner of the Greenwich Village restaurant Blue Hill, which was nominated for a James Beard Award for best new restaurant in 2001. He was named one of *Food & Wine's* Best New Chefs in 2002.

Peter Hoffman is the chef and owner of Savoy, which he opened with his wife, Susan Rosenfeld, in 1990. Hoffman is the national chair of the Chefs Collaborative, and was a longtime member of New York City's Farmer Consumer Advisory Committee for Greenmarket.



□ □ □ Alice Waters

Rose Gray and Ruth Rogers opened their renowned restaurant, the River Café, at the Thames Wharf, in London, in 1987. Their innovative and influential interpretations of Italian country cooking have been compiled in several cookbooks, among them the best-selling "River Café Cook Book," which won the Glenfiddich Food Book of the Year award in 1996.

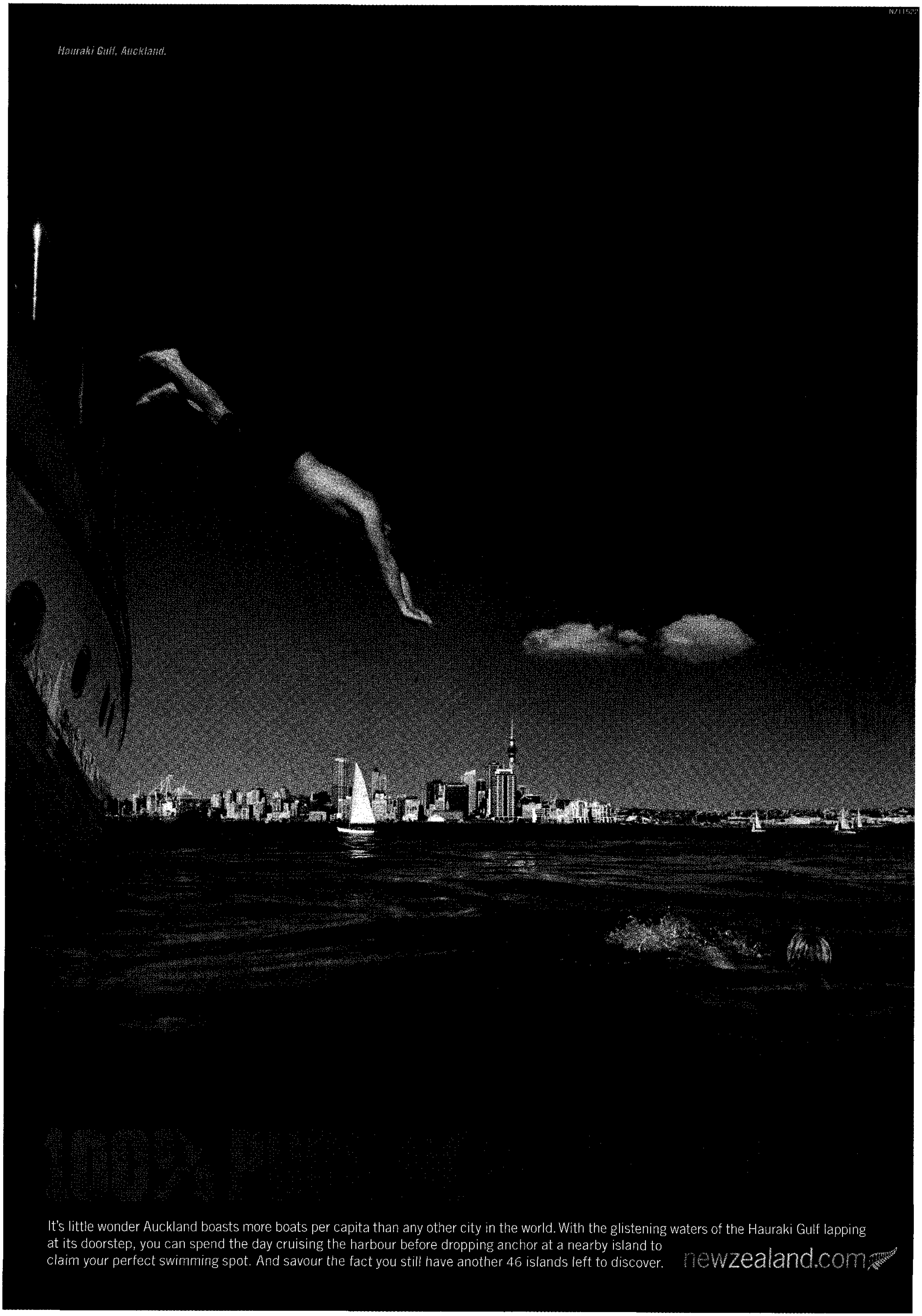
Alice Waters opened her legendary Berkeley restaurant, Chez Panisse, in 1971. She is the author of eight books, including "Chez Panisse Vegetables," "Chez Panisse Café Cookbook," and, most recently, "Chez Panisse Fruit." Ms. Waters was named Outstanding Chef of the Year by the James Beard Foundation in 1992, and Chez Panisse was named the Best Restaurant in America by *Gourmet* in 2001. She founded the Chez Panisse Foundation in 1996.

6:30 P.M. (The venue will be indicated on the tickets.)

Net proceeds from this event benefit the Chez Panisse Foundation, which supports programs that promote sustainable agriculture, and which is committed to transforming the public education of young people through the teaching of food traditions and rituals.

□ □ □

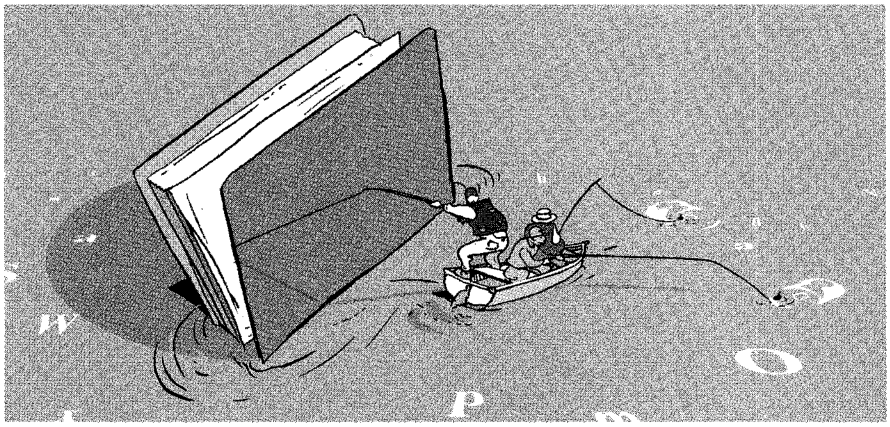
ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM.
TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING AUGUST 28TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM,
AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.


NZ11522
Hauraki Gulf, Auckland.
100%
newzealand.com

It's little wonder Auckland boasts more boats per capita than any other city in the world. With the glistening waters of the Hauraki Gulf lapping at its doorstep, you can spend the day cruising the harbour before dropping anchor at a nearby island to claim your perfect swimming spot. And savour the fact you still have another 46 islands left to discover.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 2003

A day of panel discussions, talks, and interviews; Late Shift events throughout the city; and an evening concert at Town Hall. Tickets for daytime events are $20 (exception: tickets for the Calvin Trillin lecture are $60). Tickets for Late Shift events are $25. Concert tickets are $45. There will also be book signings and Children's Storytelling and Drawing, held at Festival headquarters, which are free. (See pages 35 and 36 of the guide.)



WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

Ian Frazier, John McPhee, and Mark Singer

Hook, line, and metaphor: a conversation about nonfiction and fishing.

Ian Frazier began contributing essays and fact and humor pieces to *The New Yorker* in 1974. He is the author of seven books, including "On the Rez," "The Great Plains," "Family," and, most recently, "The Fish's Eye: Essays About Angling and the Outdoors." He is the editor of "The Best American Travel Writing 2003," which comes out in October.

John McPhee, a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1965, has written twenty-six books, including "Coming Into the Country" and the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Annals of the Former World." His most recent book, "The Founding Fish," about the American shad, came out last year. He received the Academy Award in Literature from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1977.

Mark Singer became a *New Yorker* staff writer in 1974. His articles have frequently evolved into books, among them "Funny Money," "Mr. Personality," and "Citizen K: The Deeply Weird American Journey of Brett Kimberlin." A piece on helicopter fishing, "Adventure as Executive Therapy," appeared in the August 23 & 30, 1999, issue of the magazine.

3 P.M. General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen
20 West 44th Street

John Lahr and Mike Nichols

The evolution of an improvisor.

John Lahr has been the senior theatre critic for *The New Yorker* since 1992. He has published seventeen books on the theatre, two novels, and several screenplays, along with theatrical adaptations of screenplays. Most recently, he co-created the Broadway show "Elaine Stritch at Liberty," for which he won a Tony Award. His *New Yorker* Profile of Mike Nichols appeared in the February 21 & 28, 2000, issue of the magazine.

Mike Nichols began his fifty-year career in theatre and film in Chicago, with the Compass Players (later, Second City), where he teamed up with Elaine May, forming their legendary improvisational comedy duo. He went on to direct the early plays of Neil Simon such as "The Odd Couple," and made his film directorial début with "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" His numerous subsequent films include "The Graduate," which won an Oscar for directing, "Carnal Knowledge," "Silkwood," "Working Girl," and "Primary Colors." For television, he has directed "Wit" and, this year, the HBO mini-series "Angels in America," based on Tony Kushner's Pulitzer Prize-winning play.

1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall,
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Calvin Trillin on Food

Local specialties: a lecture with snacks.

Calvin Trillin, a *New Yorker* staff writer since 1963, has been writing about eating for thirty years. His numerous books on the subject include "American Fried," "Alice, Let's Eat," "Third Helpings," and "Feeding a Yen: Savoring Local Specialties, from Kansas City to Cuzco," which came out this spring.

1 P.M. Intercontinental–The Barclay
111 East 48th Street

A VOICE SO MAJESTIC,
EVERY COMPLIMENT
IS ALSO AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

Renée Fleming didn't find music, it found her. The daughter of parents who were voice teachers, she went to college hoping to teach music. But her voice was about to be heard. In a small night club in upstate New York, she started singing jazz. Her performances were so incredible that legendary saxophonist Illinois Jacquet invited her to tour with him. Understanding her voice was a gift, she opted to keep studying music. The Juilliard School immediately saw her talent; the rest of the world would soon follow. Over the years, the world's foremost soprano has chosen tougher, more unexpected roles. She does this because her talent says she can and her heart wants her to.

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
DATEJUST
28

ROLEX

OYSTER PERPETUAL LADY-DATEJUST PEARLMASTER · WWW.ROLEX.COM

FOR AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER CALL 1-800-367-6539. ROLEX ♛ OYSTER PERPETUAL AND LADY-DATEJUST PEARLMASTER ARE TRADEMARKS.

NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

BOOK EARLY FOR HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, FESTIVAL TICKETS, AND MORE

AN EXCLUSIVE OFFER FROM

INTERCONTINENTAL.
THE BARCLAY
NEW YORK

Book your stay at InterContinental The Barclay, the official hotel of The New Yorker Festival, and you'll receive not only a fantastic two-night rate at one of the city's most elegant addresses but also an array of additional "travel package only" exclusives.

Reserve a double room before September 15th and you're guaranteed tickets to at least two programs of this always sold-out weekend, along with several other perks.

The Festival Travel Package includes:

- Two nights at The Barclay, ideally located at 48th Street and Park Avenue and recently restored to its original grandeur.
- Two tickets to an event of your choice on Saturday morning or afternoon. (Please indicate your top three event choices.)
- Two tickets to the Festival's marquee event on Sunday afternoon.
- An exclusive Saturday breakfast with *The New Yorker's* cartoon editor, Bob Mankoff.
- A Festival gift bag, featuring two Festival T-shirts, a *New Yorker* Desk Diary, and signed *New Yorker* books.
- Package cost for two: $799.

For more information and to reserve your Festival Travel Package, call **1-877-508-9890**, and be sure to mention The New Yorker Festival when booking your reservation.

See you in New York in September!

Visit newyorker.com today to sign up for Festival Wire and receive the latest updates on the nation's premier literary and arts festival, delivered directly to your e-mail address.

The New Yorker Festival is a production of The New Yorker magazine.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 2003

Mark Singer and Errol Morris

Deconstructing the documentarian.

Mark Singer currently writes the U. S. Journal. His Profile of Errol Morris ran in the February 6, 1989, issue.

Errol Morris's documentary films include "Gates of Heaven," "The Thin Blue Line," "A Brief History of Time," and "Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter, Jr." A new film, "The Fog of War," about the former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, premières in late December.

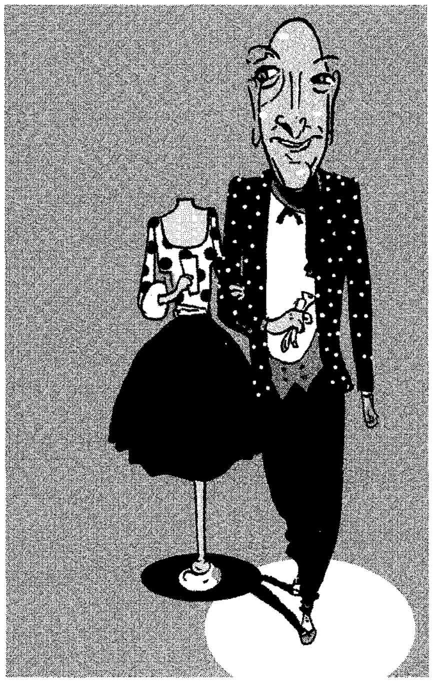
11 A.M. Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Oscar de la Renta interviewed by Simon Schama

Dressed to kill: fashion and power.

Oscar de la Renta was born and raised in the Dominican Republic. When he was eighteen, he moved to Madrid to study painting and became interested in fashion. He trained first with Balenciaga, and later worked under Antonio Castillo at the House of Lanvin, in Paris. In 1963, he designed the couture collection for Elizabeth Arden, in New York, and two years later launched his own ready-to-wear label. With his spring, 1993, collection for Balmain, he became the first American to design for a French couture house. He was awarded the French Légion d'Honneur as a Commandeur the same year.



□ □ □ Oscar de la Renta

Simon Schama began contributing to *The New Yorker* in 1994. His essays on Mondrian, Rembrandt, and the "Haute Couture" show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art won the National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism in 1996. He is a University Professor of History at Columbia University and the author of, among many other books, the three-volume "A History of Britain," which was adapted for a fifteen-part series for the BBC.

10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall,
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Roger Angell interviewed by David Remnick

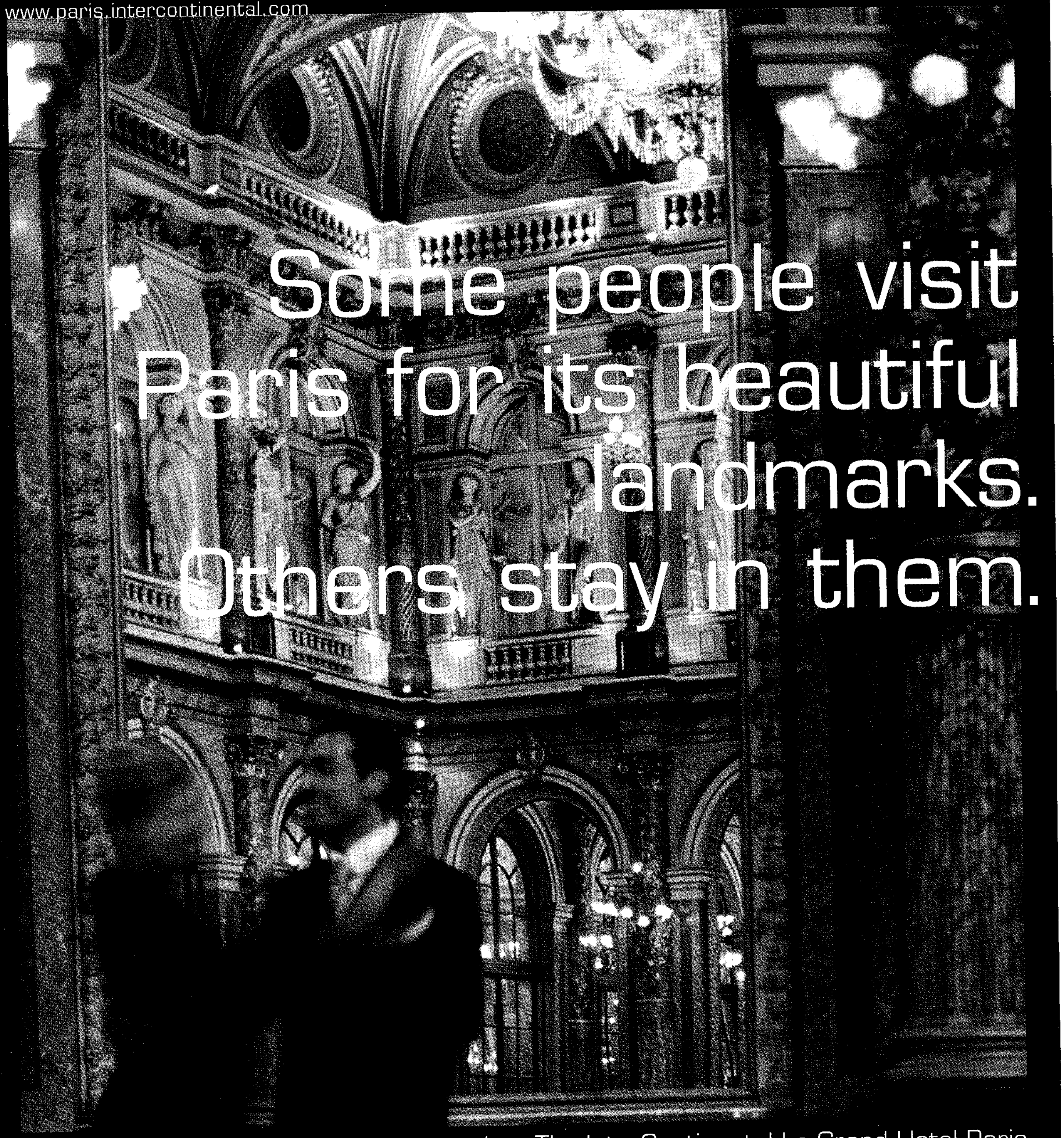
Six decades at The New Yorker.

Roger Angell has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1944 and a fiction editor since 1956. His writings for the magazine include fiction, reportage, Comment, movie and book reviews, verse, and more than a hundred Sporting Scene pieces, mostly on baseball. His latest baseball book, "Game Time," was published in April. A memoir, "Romance," about automobile travel in the nineteen-thirties, ran in the issue of May 26th.

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker.*

1 P.M. St. Bartholomew's Church
109 East 50th Street

ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM. TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING AUGUST 28TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM, AT ALL *ticketmaster* OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.


www.paris.intercontinental.com
Some people visit
Paris for its beautiful
landmarks.
Others stay in them.

After 18 months of meticulous renovation, The InterContinental Le Grand Hotel Paris is now open. We know what it takes.™

INTERCONTINENTAL®
LE GRAND HOTEL
PARIS

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

FREE EVENTS

Children's Storytelling and Drawing with *New Yorker* Artists

Saturday, September 20th,
and Sunday, September 21st,
between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.

(please see the schedule on page 36)

At Festival Headquarters
Barnes & Noble Booksellers
Union Square
33 East 17th Street

Sunday Matinée with Anthony Lane

A screening of Preston Sturges's
classic 1941 card-shark comedy
"THE LADY EVE"
Followed by a discussion with
New Yorker film critic Anthony Lane

Sunday, September 21st
12 Noon

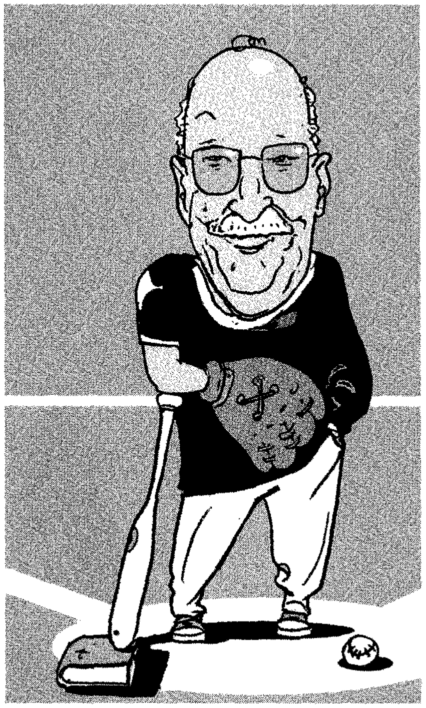
(First come, first seated)

Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street

All programming is subject to change.
For complete program information, call
1-877-847-TNYF, or visit www.newyorker.com.

The New Yorker Festival is a production of The New Yorker magazine.

☐ SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 2003 ☐



☐☐☐ Roger Angell

■ PANELS ☐

The Cost of AIDS

What can be done to protect the world from a virus it can't afford to stop?

Michael Specter, moderator. With **Peter Lurie**, **Peter Piot**, **Suniti Solomon**, and **Patty Stonesifer**.

Michael Specter has been writing about technology, medicine, and culture for *The New Yorker* since 1998. His extensive coverage of AIDS includes articles on the epidemic in India and in Africa and a Profile of the AIDS activist Larry Kramer.

Peter Lurie is the deputy director of Public Citizen's Health Research Group, in Washington, D.C., which promotes system-wide changes in health-care policy. He has conducted studies for the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and written numerous articles on the subject of needle-exchange programs and other issues surrounding the spread of H.I.V. / AIDS.

Peter Piot is the executive director of UNAIDS and the Under Secretary-General of the United Nations. From 1992 to 1994, he was the director of research and intervention development for the World Health Organization's Global Programme on AIDS. He was one of the discoverers of the Ebola virus in Zaire in 1976 and is the author of twelve books.

Suniti Solomon was one of a team of scientists to first document H.I.V. infection in India. She is a retired professor of microbiology at Chennai Medical College and the founding director of YRG CARE (Y. R. Gaitonde Centre for AIDS Research and Education), a nonprofit organization based in Madras that offers sex and AIDS education and care for people infected with H.I.V. She received a Lifetime Achievement Award for her work with AIDS from the State Government's Medical University in 2001.

Patty Stonesifer is the co-chair and president of the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, whose mission is to improve access to advances in global health care. She also serves on the board of the Vaccine Fund, which was launched in 1999 to provide financing for purchasing new and underutilized vaccines against diseases such as Hepatitis B and Yellow Fever. She was a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations General Assembly Special Session on AIDS in 2001.

4 P.M. St. Bartholomew's Church
109 East 50th Street

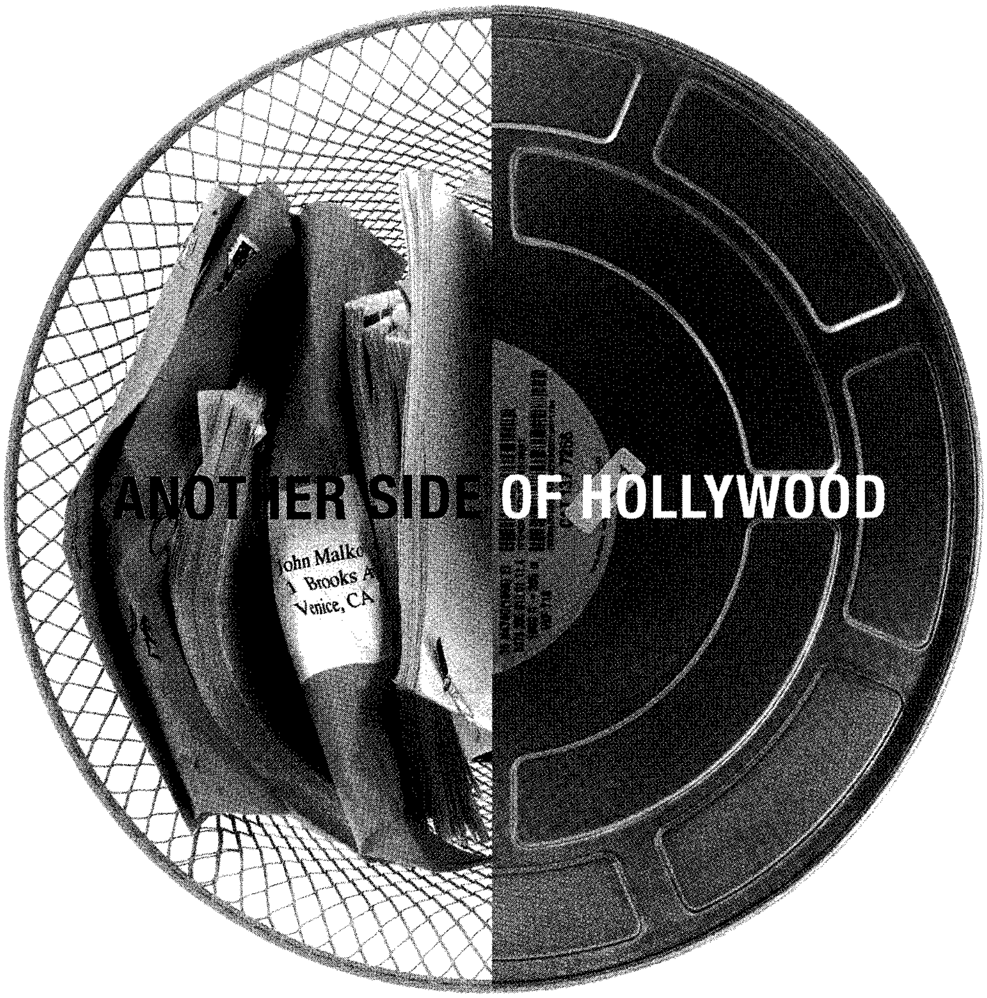
Page to Screen

How much control can screenwriters have over the finished film?

Tad Friend, moderator. With

THE amc PROJECT

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SPECIALS THAT REVEAL UNCONVENTIONAL, FRESH PERSPECTIVES ON THE EVOLVING CULTURE OF HOLLYWOOD.

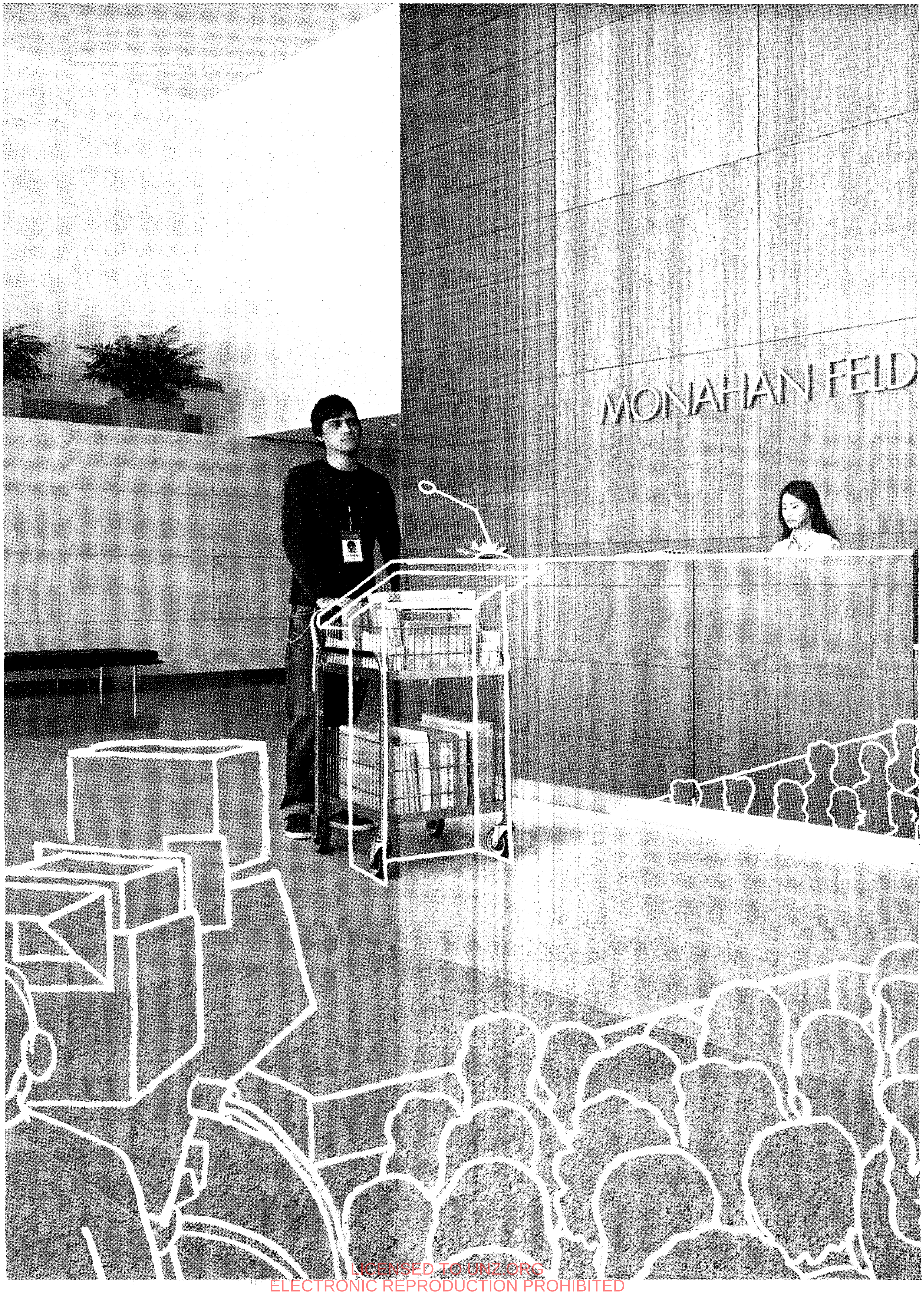

ANOTHER SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD
John Malko
Brooks A
Venice, CA

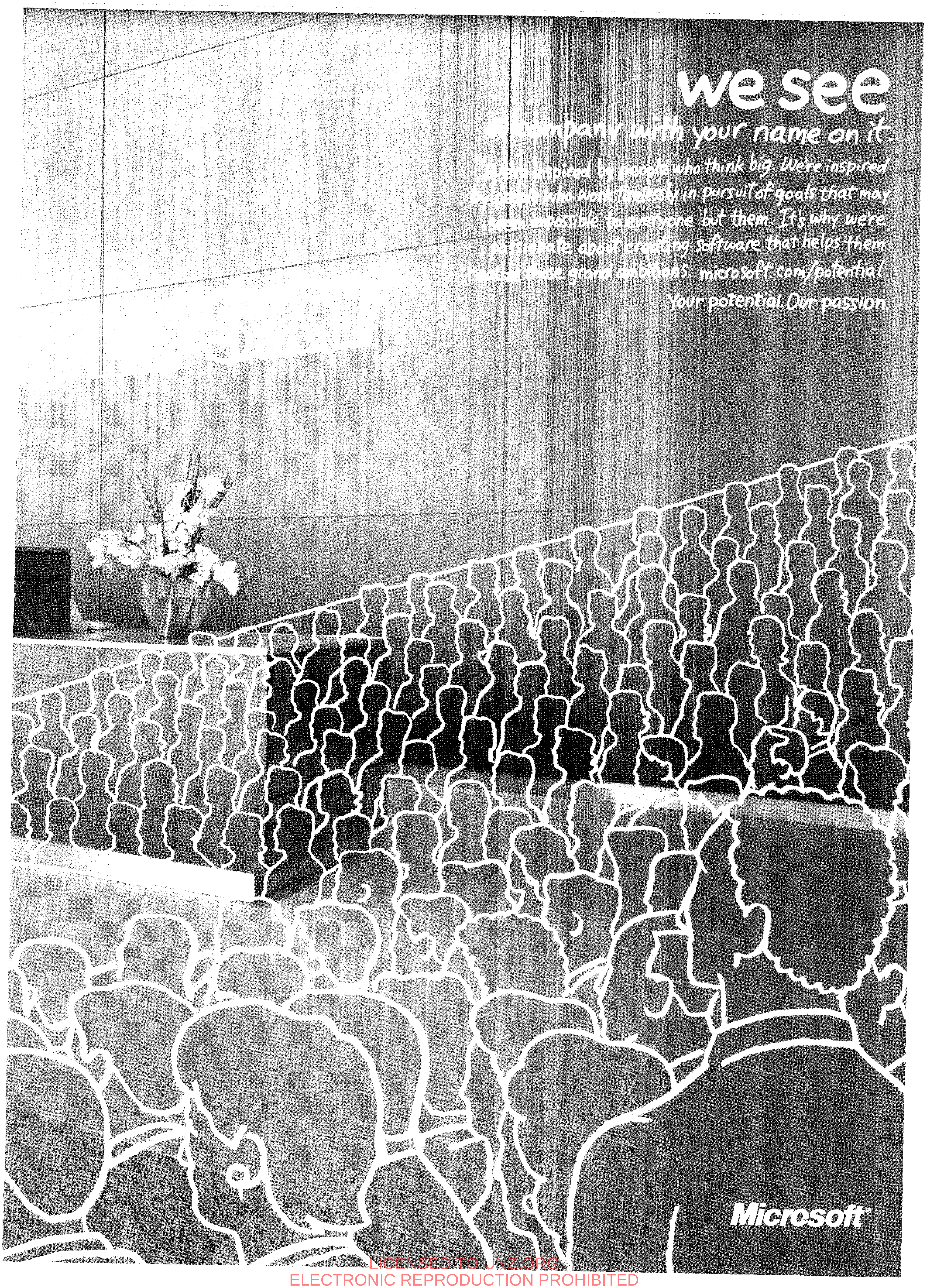
YOUR SCREENPLAY IS SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED.
IS A 37¢ STAMP ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS?

MALKOVICH'S MAIL COMING IN DECEMBER

© 2003 AMC. All rights reserved.

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc℠


MONAHAN FELD

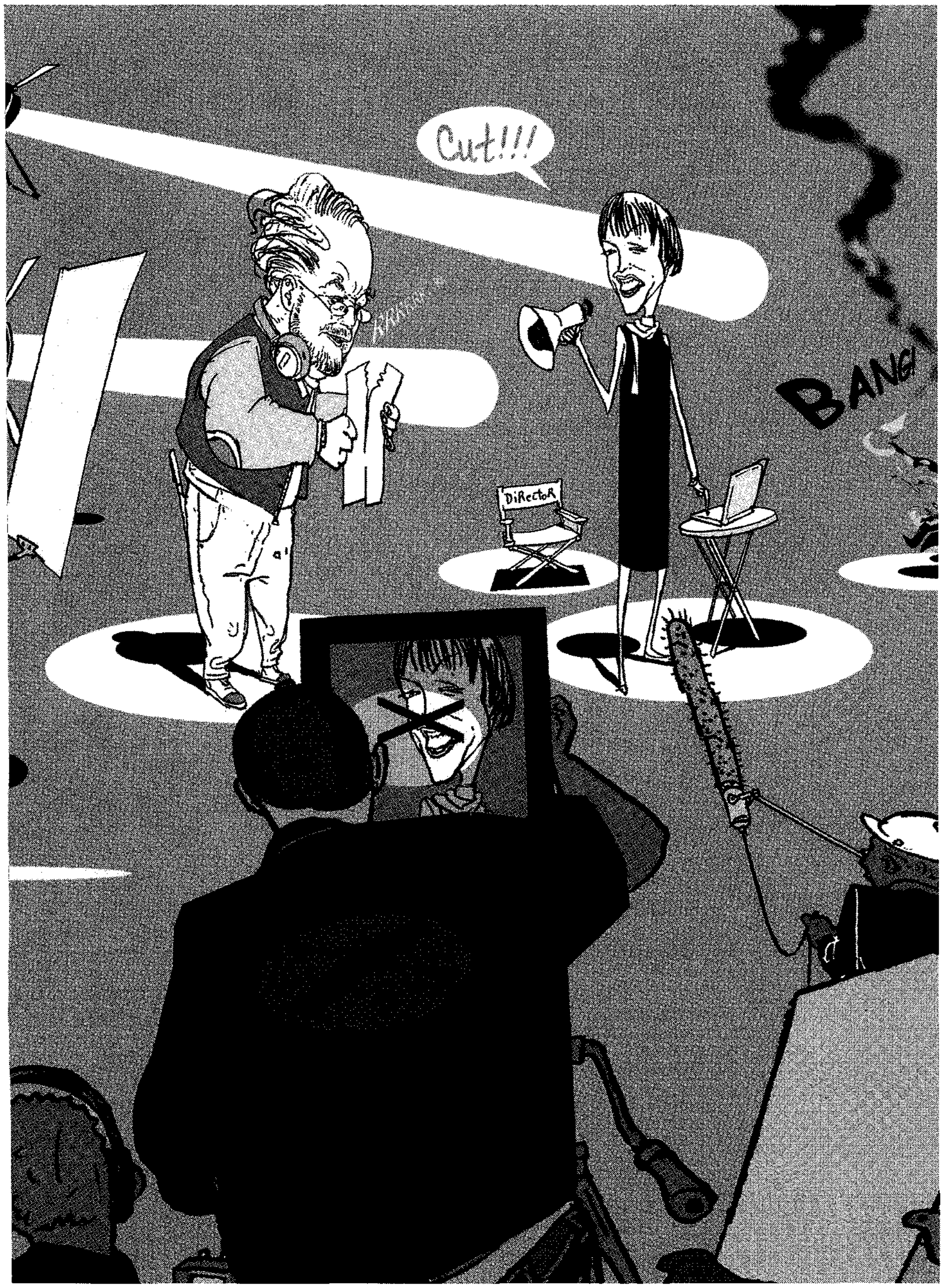


we see a company with your name on it.

We're inspired by people who think big. We're inspired by people who work tirelessly in pursuit of goals that may seem impossible to everyone but them. It's why we're passionate about creating software that helps them realize those grand ambitions. microsoft.com/potential

Your potential. Our passion.

Microsoft®


Cut!!!
DiRectoR
BANG!

Robert Towne

Nora Ephron

Nora Ephron, **Stephen Schiff**, **Robert Towne**, and **Stephen Zaillian**.

Tad Friend has been writing about the entertainment business for *The New Yorker* since 1998. The director David Lynch, the screenwriter Ron Bass, and the cartoonist Daniel Clowes have all been the subjects of his Profiles. He is the author of "Lost in Mongolia: Travels in Hollywood and Other Foreign Lands."

Nora Ephron has written and co-written numerous screenplays, three of which have received Academy Award nominations for best original screenplay: "Silkwood," "When Harry Met Sally," and "Sleepless in Seattle," which she also directed. Other directorial credits include "Michael" and "Mixed Nuts." She is the author of the novel "Heartburn" and two best-selling essay collections, "Crazy Salad" and "Scribble, Scribble."

Stephen Schiff, a former *New Yorker* staff writer, wrote the screenplays for "Lolita," "True Crime," and "The Deep End of the Ocean." He has recently adapted "White Noise," from the Don Delillo novel, and "The Emperor of Ocean Park," from the novel by Stephen L. Carter.

Robert Towne wrote and directed the feature films "Personal Best," "Tequila Sunrise," and "Without Limits." His other screenplay credits include "Chinatown," for which he won an Oscar in 1975, "The Firm," "Shampoo," and the "Mission: Impossible" series of films, the third of which will be released next year.

Steven Zaillian won an Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay for "Schindler's List" in 1993. His other screenplay credits include "Awakenings," "Clear and Present Danger," "Hannibal," and "Gangs of New York." He both wrote and directed "Searching for Bobby Fischer" and "A Civil Action."

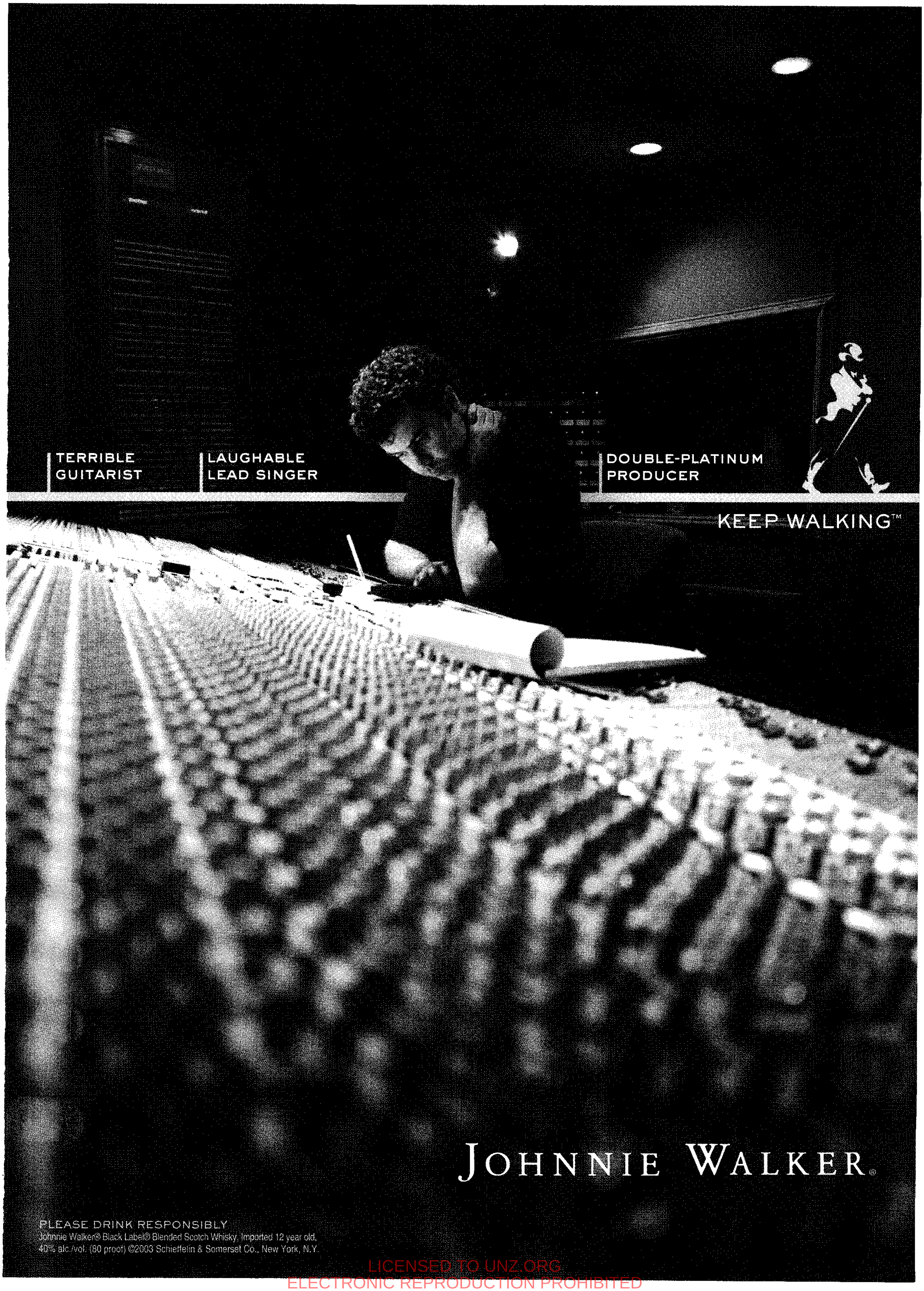
4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall,
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Europe and America

The future of the alliance.

Jane Kramer, moderator. With **Richard Haass**, **Josef Joffe**, **Jean-David Levitte**, and **Clare Short**.

Jane Kramer has been covering


TERRIBLE GUITARIST
LAUGHABLE LEAD SINGER
DOUBLE-PLATINUM PRODUCER
KEEP WALKING™
JOHNNIE WALKER®

PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY
Johnnie Walker® Black Label® Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported 12 year old.
40% alc./vol. (80 proof) ©2003 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

European culture, politics, and social history for *The New Yorker* since 1966. Many of her books on these subjects, including "Unsettling Europe," "Europeans," and "The Politics of Memory: Looking for Germany in the New Germany," were first published in the magazine.

Richard N. Haass is the president of the Council on Foreign Relations. Until recently, he was the principal adviser to Secretary of State Colin Powell, serving as the director of policy planning for the Department of State. He was the lead U.S. government official in support of the Northern Ireland peace process, and continues as President Bush's special envoy. His books include "The Reluctant Sheriff: The United States After the Cold War" and "Intervention: The Use of American Military Force in the Post-Cold War World."

Josef Joffe is the publisher and editor of the German weekly *Die Zeit* and a contributing editor to *Time International*. He is the author of "The Limited Partnership: Europe, the United States and the Burdens of Alliance" and, most recently, "The Future of International Politics: The Great Powers." He has lectured at Stanford, Harvard, and Princeton.

Jean-David Levitte was appointed the French Ambassador to the United States in December, 2002. Formerly, he served as President Jacques Chirac's Senior Diplomatic Adviser and as France's Permanent Representative to the United Nations.

Clare Short is a member of the House of Commons in the British Parliament and served in the Labour government as Secretary of State for International Development under Prime Minister Tony Blair. She resigned her cabinet post earlier this year over Britain's military involvement in Iraq.

4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum,
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Literary Immigrants

The ins and outs of writing in a culture that isn't one's own.

Deborah Treisman, moderator. With **Edwidge Danticat**, **Aleksandar Hemon**, **Paul Muldoon**, and **Gary Shteyngart**.

Deborah Treisman became *The New Yorker's* fiction editor at the beginning of the year.

Edwidge Danticat was born in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and moved to Brooklyn in 1981. Her first collection of stories, "Krik? Krak!," came out in 1995, when she was twenty-six, and was a National Book Award finalist. Her novels include "The Farming of Bones" and "Behind the Mountains," for young adults, which was published last year. A second collection, "The Dew Breaker," will appear next spring.

Paul Muldoon

Aleksandar Hemon, who was born and raised in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, began writing stories in English in 1995. His début novel, "Nowhere Man," came out last year. He is currently at work on a second novel.

Paul Muldoon was born in County Armagh, Northern Ireland, and has lived in the United States since 1987. He was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1999 and currently teaches at Princeton University. He wrote the opera libretto "Shining Brow," and is the author of two children's books as well as numerous poetry collections, including "The Annals of Chile," which won the 1994 T. S. Eliot Poetry Prize, and "Moy Sand and Gravel," which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry this year.

Gary Shteyngart was born in Leningrad, in the former Soviet Union, in 1972 and emigrated to the United States when he was seven. He is the author of the novel "The Russian Debutante's Handbook" and has been contributing to *The New Yorker* since 2002.

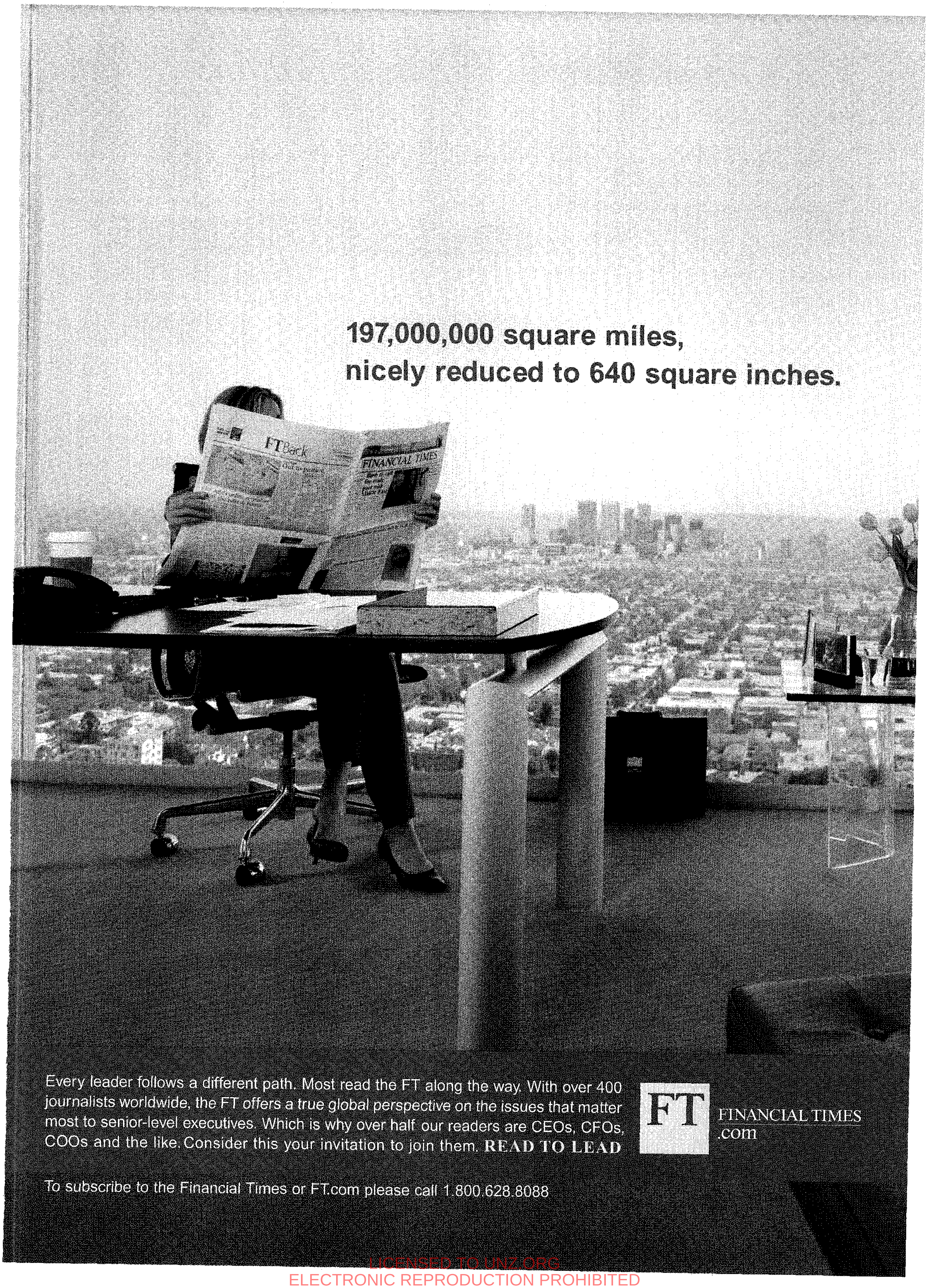
11 A.M. General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen
20 West 44th Street

The Music Machine

How to find, produce, and market talent.

John Seabrook, moderator. With **Lyor Cohen**, **Danny Goldberg**, and **Robb Nansel**.

John Seabrook has been writing


197,000,000 square miles,
nicely reduced to 640 square inches.
FT Back
FINANCIAL TIMES
FT
FINANCIAL TIMES
.com

Every leader follows a different path. Most read the FT along the way. With over 400 journalists worldwide, the FT offers a true global perspective on the issues that matter most to senior-level executives. Which is why over half our readers are CEOs, CFOs, COOs and the like. Consider this your invitation to join them. **READ TO LEAD**

To subscribe to the Financial Times or FT.com please call 1.800.628.8088

about popular culture for *The New Yorker* since 1989. He is the author of "Nobrow: The Culture of Marketing, The Marketing of Culture" and "Deeper: My Two-Year Odyssey in Cyberspace." His article on the recording industry, "The Money Note," ran in the July 7th issue.

Lyor Cohen is the chairman and C.E.O. of Island Def Jam Music Group. He was a promoter of hip-hop shows in Los Angeles before joining Russell Simmons at Def Jam, where he worked with such artists as Jay-Z, LL Cool J, Public Enemy, and Ja Rule. He was responsible for Def Jam's merger with Island Records, incorporating such non-hip-hop artists as Elvis Costello, Bon Jovi, and Supergrass.

Danny Goldberg is the chairman and C.E.O. of Artemis Records, named the No. 1 independent record label by *Billboard* in 2000 and 2001. Artemis artists include Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot of Grunts, the Pretenders, Kittie, and Susan Tedeschi. Formerly, Mr. Goldberg was the chairman and C.E.O. of Mercury Records and of Warner Bros. Records, and, before that, the president of Atlantic Records. His first book, "Dispatches from the Culture Wars: How the Left Lost Teen Spirit," was published in June.

Robb Nansel is the head of Saddle Creek Records, an independent record label based in Omaha, Nebraska, which he joined in 1997. He started out as a musician in the band Commander Venus, whose principal songwriter formed Bright Eyes, the label's best-selling group to date. Saddle Creek's roster also includes such bands as Cursive, the Faint, and Azure Ray.

2 P.M. Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

Media Conspiracy

Left-wing and right-wing political bias in the press.

Ken Auletta, moderator. With **Eric Alterman**, **Dean P. Baquet**, and **William Kristol**.

Ken Auletta has written the Annals of Communications column for *The New Yorker* since 1993 and has been a contributor since 1977. He is the author of eight books, including "Three Blind Mice: How the TV Networks Lost Their Way" and, most recently, "World War 3.0: Microsoft and Its Enemies." His piece on Ted Turner won the 2002 National Magazine Award for Profile Writing.

Eric Alterman is the author of "What Liberal Media? The Truth About Bias and the News," which came out in February. He writes the Stop the Presses column for *The Nation*, and is currently working on "The Book on Bush: How George W. (Mis)led America," with Mark Green. His book "Sound and Fury: The Making of the Punditocracy" won the 1993 George Orwell Award, and "It Ain't No Sin to Be Glad You're Alive: The Promise of Bruce Springsteen" won the 1999 Stephen Crane Literary Award.

Dean P. Baquet is the managing editor of the Los Angeles *Times*. Prior to that, he worked at the New York *Times*, where he was named national editor in 1995, and as a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*. Together with two other *Tribune* reporters, he was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting in 1988 for an account of corruption in the Chicago City Council.

William Kristol is the editor of *The Weekly Standard*, in Washington, D.C. He served as Vice-President Dan Quayle's chief of staff in the first Bush Administration and as chief of staff to William Bennett, the Secretary of Education during the Reagan Administration. In 1994, he led the Project for the Republican Future, which worked to restore a Republican majority in the House of Representatives.

1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum,
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

LATE SHIFT □

Björk talks with Hilton Als

Björk made her first record when she was eleven. Since 1993, after leaving her band, the Sugarcubes, she has made six albums, including "Debut," "Post," "Vespertine," and "Homogenic," which she also produced. She won the Best Actress award in 2000 at the Cannes Film Festival for her performance in Lars von Trier's "Dancer in the Dark."

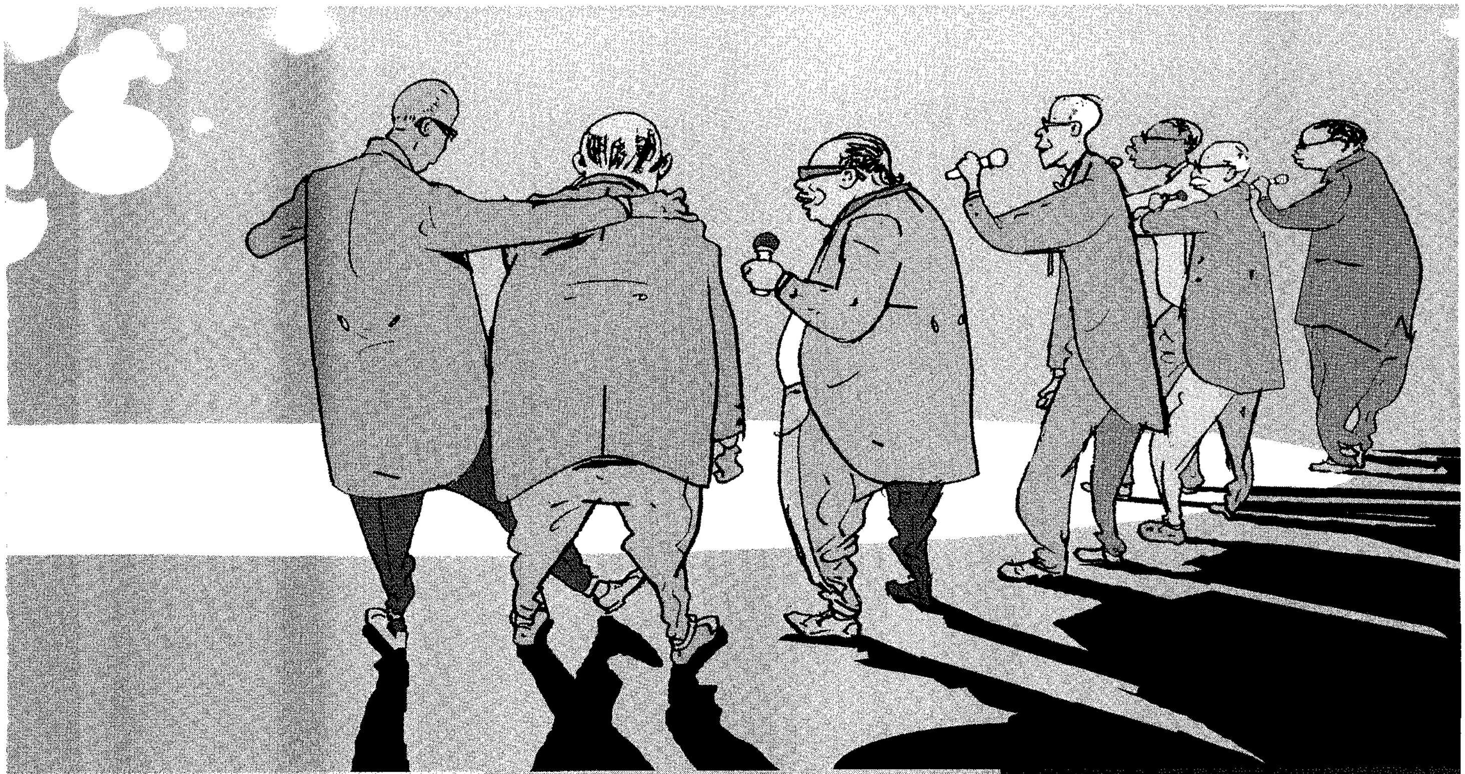
Hilton Als, a *New Yorker* staff writer, has been contributing articles on literature, photography, and popular culture since 1994. Last year, he began covering theatre for the magazine. He is the author of "The Women," a collection of essays. His review of Björk appeared in the January 13th issue.

9 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street

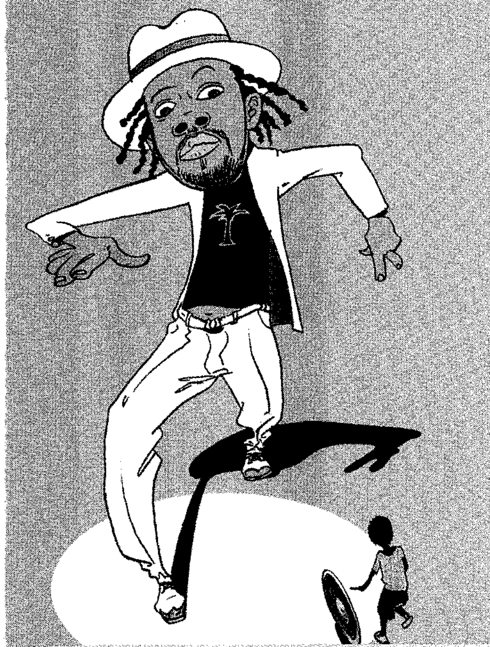
(Note: For tickets to this event, please call 1-800-432-7250, or visit www.telecharge.com.)

The Blind Boys of Alabama talk with Lawrence Wright

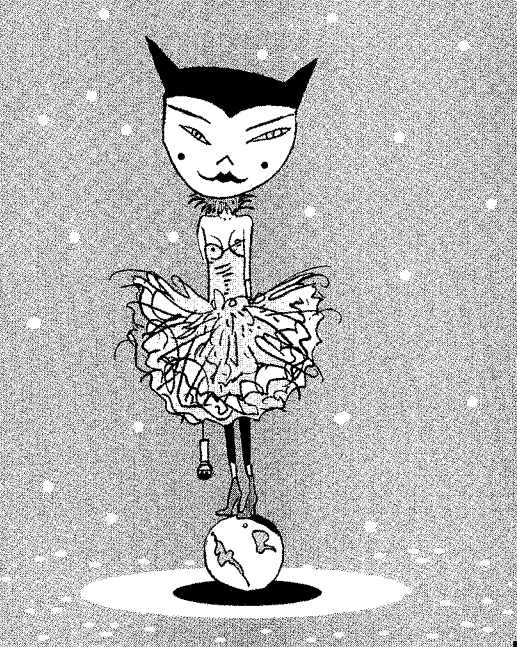
The Blind Boys of Alabama formed their group at the Alabama Institute for the Negro Blind in 1939. In 1983, they performed in Bob Telson and Lee Breuer's



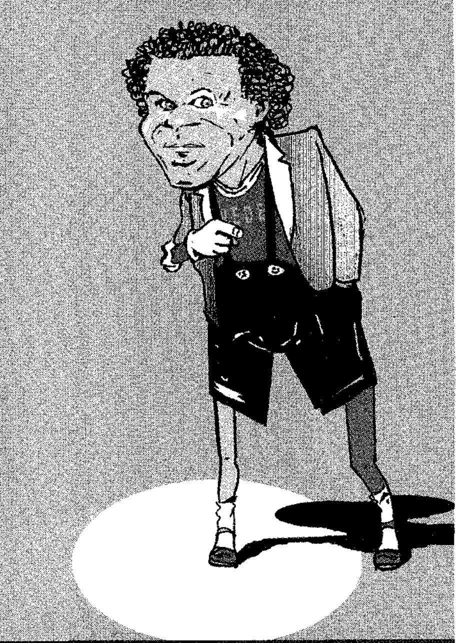
□ □ □ The Blind Boys of Alabama



□ □ □ Wyclef Jean



□ □ □ Björk



□ □ □ Will Ferrell

Obie Award-winning production "The Gospel at Colonus." This year, the group received its second Grammy for its most recent album, "Higher Ground," and was inducted into the GMA Gospel Music Hall of Fame.

Lawrence Wright has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1992. His two-part article "Remembering Satan" won the 1994 National Magazine Award for Reporting, the year his book of the same title was published. His article "The Man Behind bin Laden" was a finalist for this year's National Magazine Award for Reporting. He wrote the screenplay for "The Siege" and is the author of several other books, including "Saints and Sinners," and the memoir "In the New World."

9 P.M. Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street

Will Ferrell talks with Susan Morrison

Will Ferrell was a member of the improvisational comedy troupe the Groundlings before joining the cast of "Saturday Night Live." He was a regular on the show for seven years and received an Emmy nomination in 2001. His feature-film acting credits include "Zoolander," "A Night at the Roxbury," and, most recently, "Old School." A new film, "Elf," will be released in November.

Susan Morrison is the articles editor of *The New Yorker*.

9 P.M. Float
240 West 52nd Street

Emmylou Harris talks with Hendrik Hertzberg

Emmylou Harris received her eleventh Grammy for her work on the soundtrack for "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" Among her other albums are "Red Dirt Girl" and "Trio II," which she recorded with Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton. She has recorded with many other artists as well, among them the Band, Lucinda Williams, Tammy Wynette, George Jones, and Tracy Chapman.

Hendrik Hertzberg was a Talk of the Town reporter for *The New Yorker* from 1969 to 1976, before being hired as a speechwriter for President Jimmy Carter. He returned to the magazine in 1992 as a senior editor and staff writer and is the principal contributor to the Comment section of the magazine.

9 P.M. St. Ann's Warehouse
38 Water Street
Brooklyn

Wyclef Jean talks with Jeffrey Eugenides

Wyclef Jean, the Haitian-born hip-hop artist, producer, and songwriter, formed the group the Fugees with Lauryn Hill and Pras in 1993. Their 1996 album, "The Score," sold more than six million records. Wyclef's solo albums include "The Carnival," "The Ecleftic: 2 Sides II a Book," and "Masquerade." A new album, "Preacher's Son," will be released in the fall.

Jeffrey Eugenides is the author of the novels "The Virgin Suicides" and "Middlesex," which won this year's Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

9:30 P.M. Knitting Factory
74 Leonard Street

Maya Lin talks with Louis Menand

Maya Lin has won international acclaim for her site-specific art and architecture projects. Since designing the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, D.C., she has run her own studio in New York City and has continued to establish herself in both the art and architecture communities. She is represented by the Gagosian Gallery in New York.

Louis Menand, a *New Yorker* staff writer, has been contributing essays and literary and cultural criticism to the magazine since 1991. His Profile of Maya Lin ran in the July 8, 2002, issue. His books include "American Studies" and "The Metaphysical Club," which was awarded the 2002 Pulitzer Prize for History.

9 P.M. Chelsea Art Museum
556 West 22nd Street

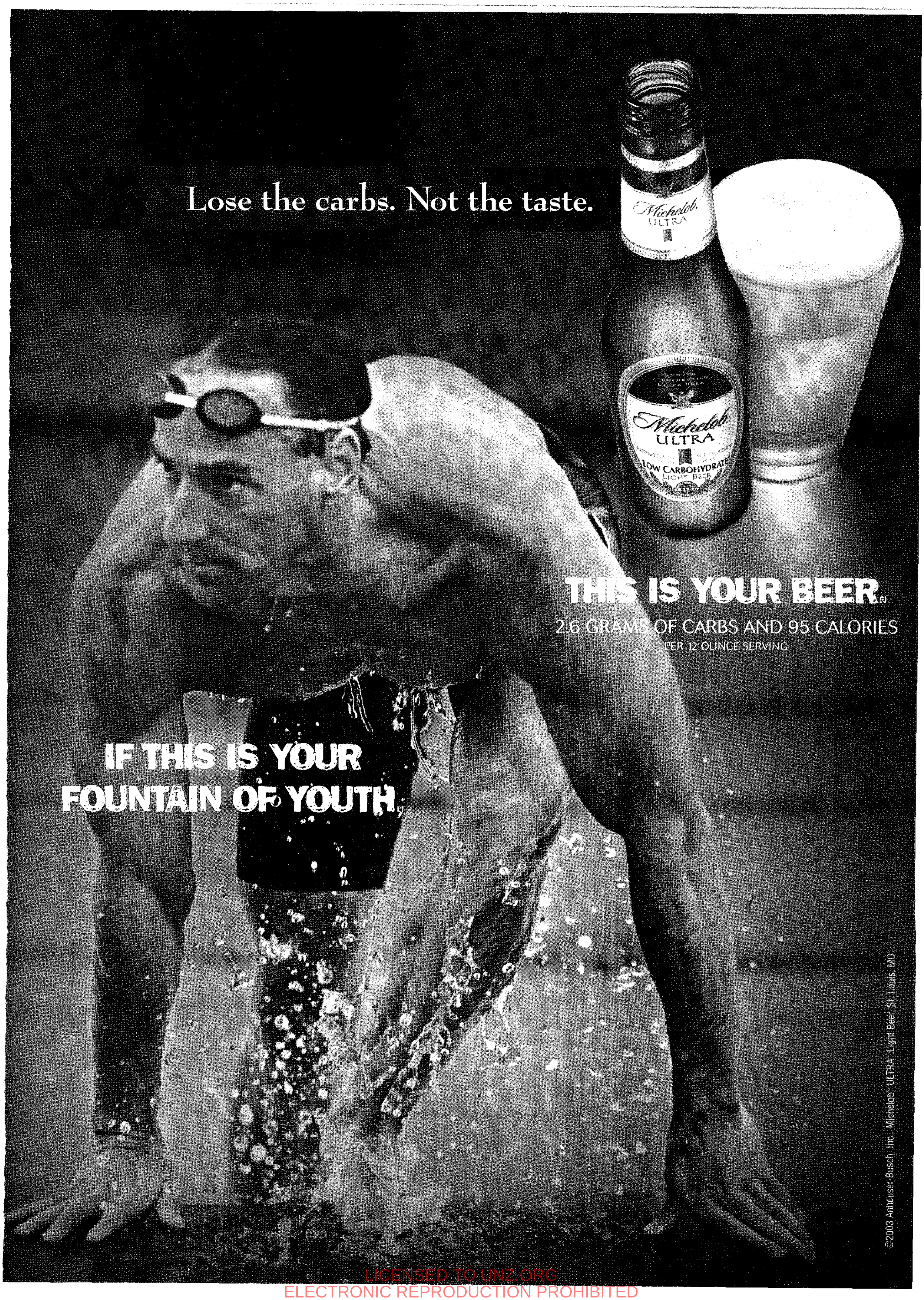
Nick Nolte talks with Susan Orlean

Nick Nolte has appeared in more than forty feature films, including three this year: "The Good Thief," "Northfork," and "Hulk." His other film credits include "48 Hrs.," "New York Stories," "Cape Fear," and "Blue Chips." He has received two Academy Award nominations, for "The Prince of Tides" and "Affliction." His forthcoming film is Hans Petter Moland's "Beautiful Country."

Susan Orlean has been contributing articles to *The New Yorker* since 1988, many of them collected in "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup: My Encounters with Extraordinary People." Her book "The Orchid Thief" was the basis of Spike Jonze's 2002 film, "Adaptation"; the character of Susan Orlean was played by Meryl Streep.

9 P.M. Union Square Ballroom
27 Union Square West

□□□


Lose the carbs. Not the taste.
IF THIS IS YOUR FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,
THIS IS YOUR BEER.®
2.6 GRAMS OF CARBS AND 95 CALORIES
PER 12 OUNCE SERVING
Michelob ULTRA
LOW CARBOHYDRATE LIGHT BEER
©2003 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. Michelob ULTRA Light Beer, St. Louis, MO

Life's too short
to eat anywhere else.
- RUTH
RUTH'S
U.S. PRIME
CHRIS®
STEAK HOUSE
WWW.RUTHSCHRIS.COM 1/800/544/0808
CONTINENTAL US • HAWAII • CANADA • HONG KONG • MEXICO • TAIWAN • PUERTO RICO

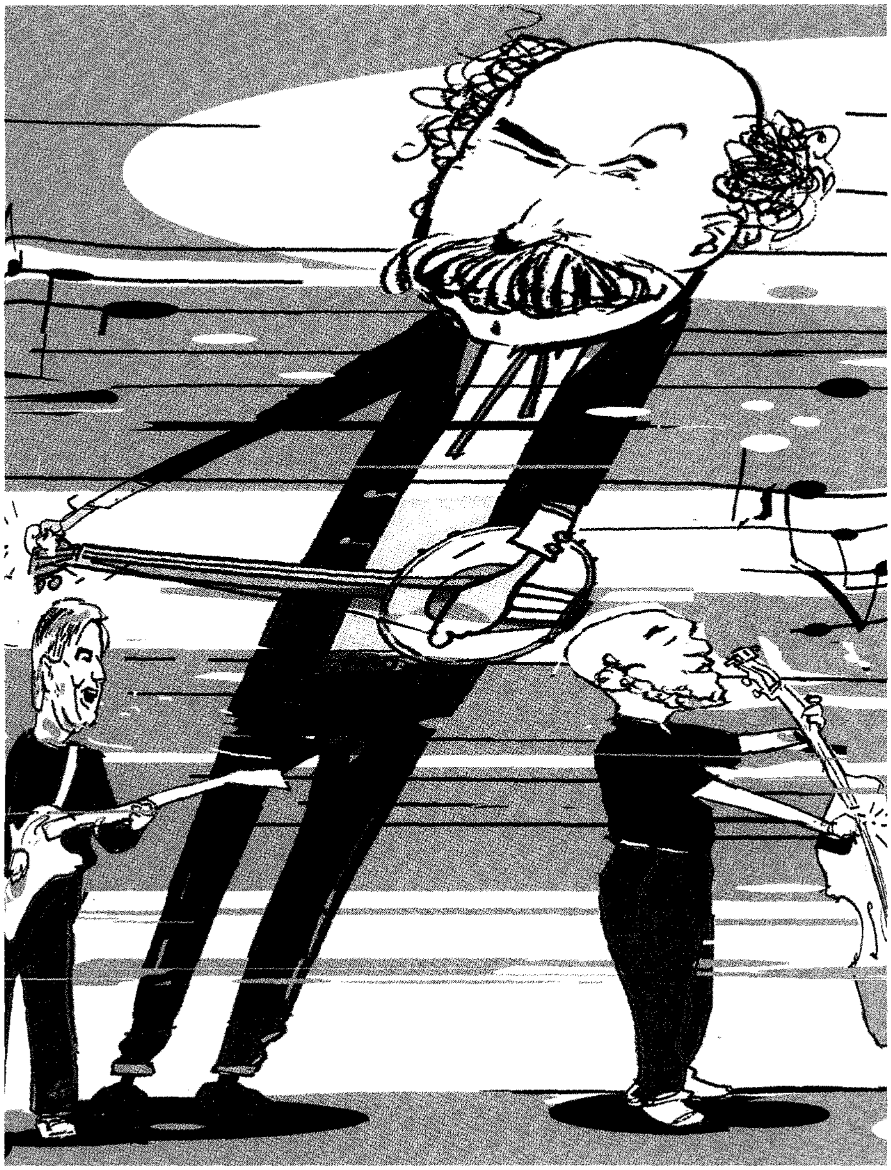
☐ SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 2003 ☐

■ SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL ☐

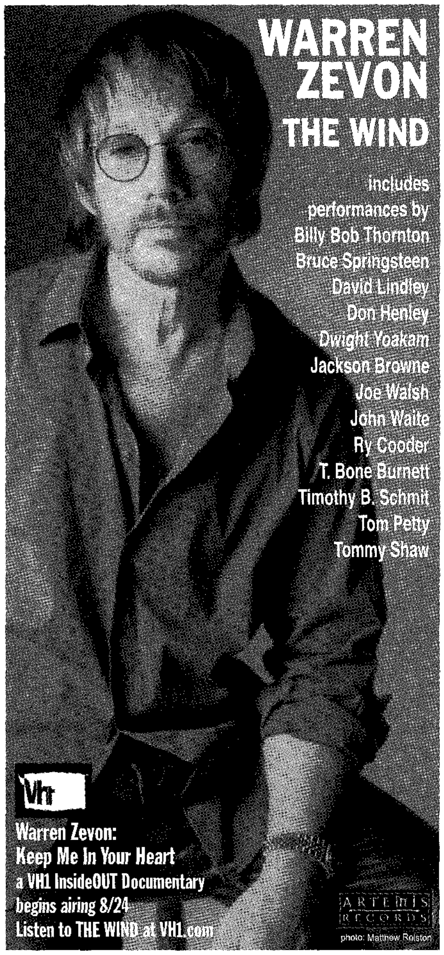
"A Mighty Wind" Concert

The New Yorker will present an exclusive concert reunion in New York City of Irving Steinbloom's favorite folk bands, the Folksmen, Mitch & Mickey, and the New Main Street Singers, from "A Mighty Wind," the latest film by Christopher Guest. Mr. Guest, a former "Saturday Night Live" regular, is the writer and director of the films "Waiting for Guffman" and "Best in Show."

8 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)



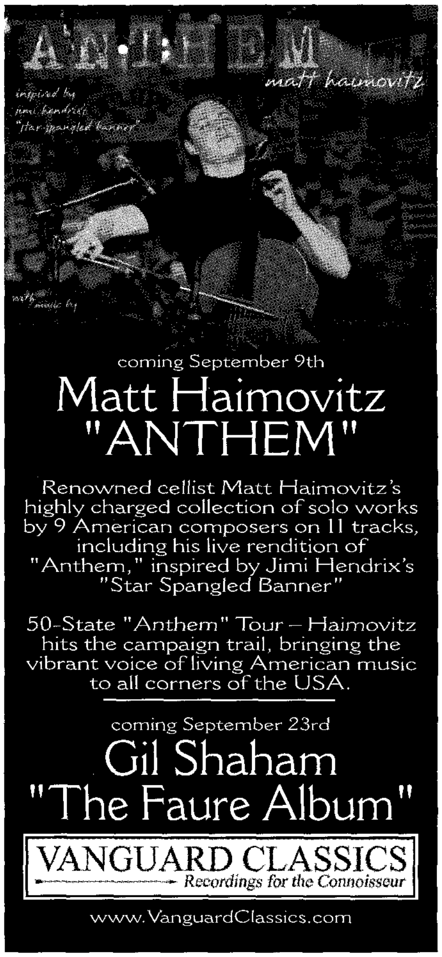
ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM. TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING AUGUST 28TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM, AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.



WARREN ZEVON
THE WIND
includes performances by
Billy Bob Thornton
Bruce Springsteen
David Lindley
Don Henley
Dwight Yoakam
Jackson Browne
Joe Walsh
John Waite
Ry Cooder
T. Bone Burnett
Timothy B. Schmit
Tom Petty
Tommy Shaw

VH1
Warren Zevon:
Keep Me In Your Heart
a VH1 InsideOUT Documentary
begins airing 8/24
Listen to THE WIND at VH1.com

ARTEMIS RECORDS
photo: Matthew Rolston



ANTHEM
matt haimovitz
inspired by jimi hendrix's "star spangled banner"

coming September 9th
Matt Haimovitz
"ANTHEM"

Renowned cellist Matt Haimovitz's highly charged collection of solo works by 9 American composers on 11 tracks, including his live rendition of "Anthem," inspired by Jimi Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner"

50-State "Anthem" Tour – Haimovitz hits the campaign trail, bringing the vibrant voice of living American music to all corners of the USA.

coming September 23rd
Gil Shaham
"The Faure Album"

VANGUARD CLASSICS
Recordings for the Connoisseur

www.VanguardClassics.com

☐ SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 2003 ☐

A day of About Town excursions throughout the city; Master Classes; free daylong Children's Storytelling and Drawing as well as book signings at Festival headquarters (see pages 35 and 36 of the guide); and a celebration of humor from The New Yorker at Town Hall. Tickets for About Town excursions vary in price, and are listed in the program below; starting points or venues will be indicated on the tickets. Master classes are $30. Tickets for the Town Hall event are $35.

■ ABOUT TOWN ☐

Secret Garden

Jamaica Kincaid will conduct a rare visit to one of New York's private rooftop gardens. A talk about gardening over brunch will follow.

Jamaica Kincaid joined the *New Yorker* staff in 1976 as a Talk of the Town reporter. She is the author of eight books, including "Talk Stories," "Annie John," "The Autobiography of My Mother," "Lucy," and "Mr. Potter," which has just been released in paperback. She has been writing about gardening for the magazine since 1992.

10 A.M. to 12 noon. $60 (Photo I.D. required for admission.)

Harlem Lost and Found: An Architectural Walking Tour

Adam Gopnik and **Michael Henry Adams**, in a tour of Harlem, will take in some of the area's most distinguished landmark homes and buildings. The tour will be preceded by a talk over brunch about Harlem's architectural history.

Adam Gopnik, a *New Yorker* staff writer, has been writing about art and culture for the magazine since 1986. Currently, he writes the New York Journal. His article about the new Harlem appeared in the April 22 & 29, 2002, issue.

Michael Henry Adams, the Harlem preservationist and historian, is the author of "Harlem: Lost and Found." An accompanying exhibition is on view at the Museum of the City of New York through January 4, 2004. A second book, "Style and Grace: African Americans at Home," comes out in September.

10 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

The Beautiful Voice

Renée Fleming and **Alex Ross** will discuss the life of a diva over brunch.

Renée Fleming won her second Grammy award this year in the Best Classical Vocal Performance category for her album "Bel Canto." Her first Grammy was for her 1999 recording "The Beautiful Voice." She has appeared at major opera houses throughout the world in a repertoire that ranges from Bellini to Previn. This season, at the Metropolitan Opera, she appears as Violetta in "La Traviata." Her new album, "Renée Fleming by Request," will be released in the fall.

Alex Ross has been writing for *The New Yorker* since 1993, and became the magazine's music critic in 1996. He is completing his first book, "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century," a cultural history of twentieth-century music.

11 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

Sunday Matinée with Anthony Lane

A screening of Preston Sturges's classic 1941 card-shark comedy, "The Lady Eve," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, will be followed by a discussion with the *New Yorker* film critic.

Anthony Lane joined *The New Yorker* as a film critic in 1993. In 2001, he won the National Magazine Award for Reviews and Criticism. His Critic at Large piece on the director Preston Sturges ran in the September 14, 1998, issue.

12 noon TO 2 P.M. (Free; first come, first seated.)
Tishman Auditorium, New School University
66 West 12th Street

Come Hungry

By popular demand, **Calvin Trillin** will once again conduct a gastronomic walking tour of Manhattan's Chinatown which will conclude with a dim-sum feast.

Calvin Trillin has contributed more than three hundred pieces to the magazine since 1963, and is the author of twenty-one books, among them "The Tummy Trilogy," "Travels with Alice," and "Feeding a Yen," which came out this year.

11 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

A Vision for Ground Zero

Daniel Libeskind will talk with **Paul Goldberger** about his plans for the World Trade Center site. Participants will be able to view the site with Mr. Libeskind from a strategic point overlooking Ground Zero. Brunch will follow.

Daniel Libeskind's design for rebuilding Ground Zero was selected by the World Trade Center Innovative Design Study commission earlier this year. He is the architect of the Jewish Museum in Berlin, which opened to wide critical acclaim in 2001. Among his current projects are the Spiral, an extension to the Victoria & Albert

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

HEADQUARTERS

Whatever events you plan to attend
during Festival weekend,
don't forget to stop by
The New Yorker
Festival headquarters,
at the Union Square
Barnes & Noble Booksellers,
33 East 17th Street.

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

HEADQUARTERS

MEET SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

On Saturday and Sunday, Festival participants will be on hand from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. to sign books, and *New Yorker* cartoonists will host the free Children's Storytelling and Drawing programs.

PURCHASE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL MERCHANDISE

The official Festival T-shirt will be available all weekend long. Along with books by *New Yorker* writers and artists and other Festival participants, you can choose from hundreds of books and products related to Festival subjects.

GET THE LATEST INFORMATION ON FESTIVAL PROGRAMS

Stop by *The New Yorker* information kiosk for late-breaking information on Festival programs and visit the electronic concierge desk.

For more information, visit www.newyorker.com.

Daniel Libeskind

Museum, in London; the Jewish Museum in San Francisco; and an extension to the Denver Art Museum.

Paul Goldberger received a Pulitzer Prize for architectural criticism in 1984. His several books include "The City Observed, New York: A Guide to the Architecture of Manhattan" and "On the Rise: Architecture and Design in a Post-Modern Age." He joined the staff of *The New Yorker* in 1997.

10 A.M. to 12 noon. $100 (Photo I.D. required for admission.)

Net proceeds from ticket sales will go to the September 11, 2001 Children's Fund, which provides financial support for the continuing primary and secondary education of children who lost a parent or legal guardian in the terrorist attacks.

MASTER CLASSES

An afternoon of classes aimed at people with advanced interest in the topic.

Poetry Master Class

Eamon Grennan will explore with **Alice Quinn** the poetic process, using drafts of his own poems along with drafts of poems by William Butler Yeats and Elizabeth Bishop.

Eamon Grennan was born in Dublin, Ireland. His poetry collections include "What Light There Is," "As If It Matters," "So It Goes," and "Relations." His poem "Stone Flight" was awarded the Pushcart Prize in 1996. He is also the editor of "Facing the Music: Irish Poetry in the Twentieth Century." His poems have been appearing in *The New Yorker* since 1985, the most recent, "Poem Partly Stolen from Montale," in the July 14th & 21st issue.

Alice Quinn is the poetry editor of *The New Yorker.*

10 A.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium
4 Times Square

Photography Master Class

New Yorker staff photographers **Robert Polidori** and **Martin Schoeller** will share their insights into photographing for the magazine. Mr. Polidori will talk about his landscape photographs of Cuba and Chernobyl, and Mr. Schoeller will discuss his portraits of such subjects as Bill Clinton, Lil' Kim, and Robin Williams.

Robert Polidori became a staff photographer in 1998. His work is included in the collections of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He won the Alfred Eisenstaedt Award for Magazine Photography for a second time in 2000 and has published several books, the most recent being "Zones of Exclusion: Pripyat to Chernobyl," which will appear in September.

Martin Schoeller has been a staff photographer since 1999. His work was featured in "Skin: Surface, Substance, Design" at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum last year. His portfolio "Hip-Hop" won the Society of Publication Designers Silver Medal in 2001.

1 P.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium
4 Times Square

Cartoon Master Class

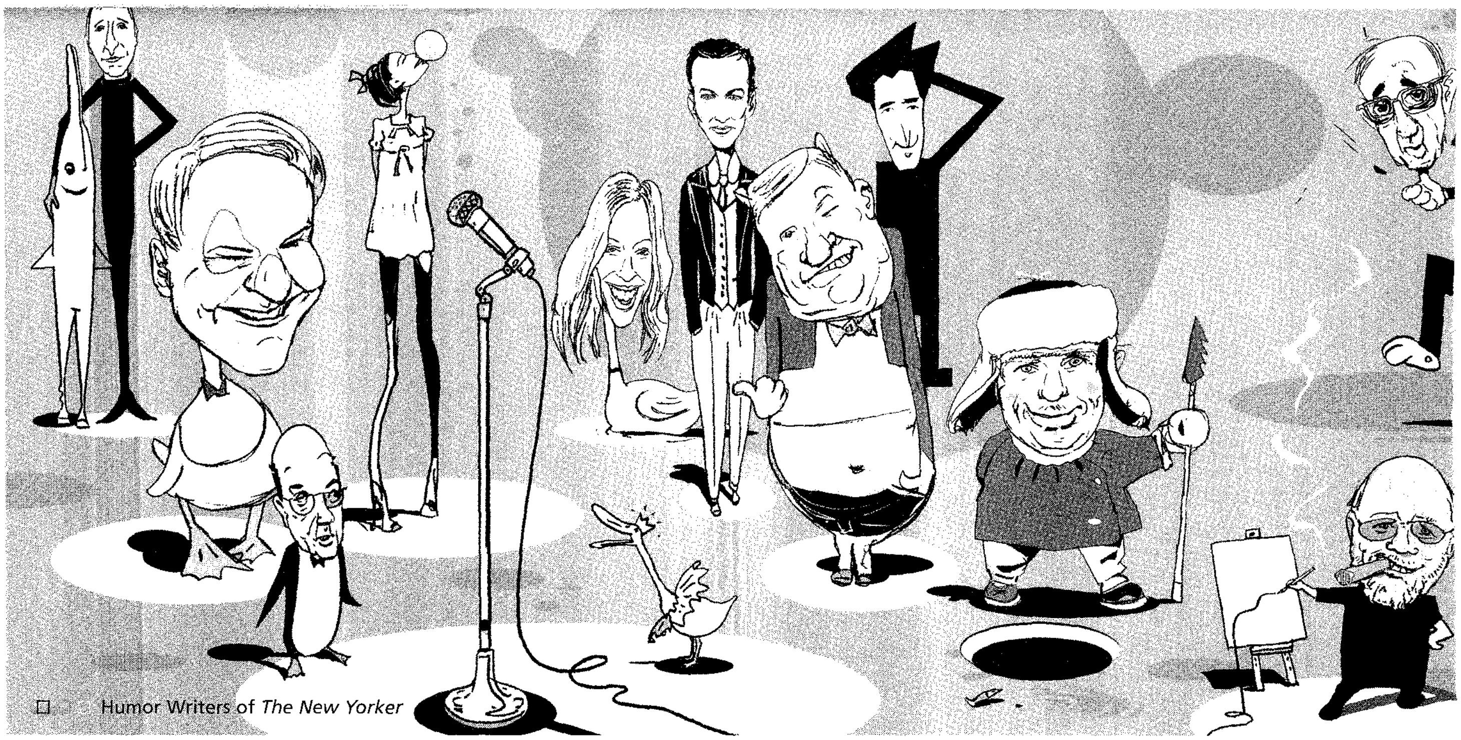
The Ten Commandments of cartooning: **Robert Mankoff** will discuss the essential elements of creating a good cartoon.

Robert Mankoff has been *The New Yorker's* cartoon editor since 1997 and a contributor since 1977. His drawings have been collected in several books, among them "Urban Bumpkins." His most recent book, "The Naked Cartoonist: A New Way to Enhance Your Creativity," came out last year. He is also the editor of several *New Yorker* collections, including "The New Yorker Book of Literary Cartoons." In 1992, he started the Cartoon Bank, the largest computerized archive of magazine cartoons in the world.

4 P.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium
4 Times Square

A HUMOR REVUE

At its inception, in 1925, *The New Yorker* was referred to as a "comic weekly" by the magazine's founding editor, Harold Ross, and humor has been a mainstay ever since. The legacy of the great literary humorists Robert Benchley, James Thurber, Dorothy Parker, and Groucho Marx carries on today, with the contributions of contemporary writers such as **Woody Allen**, **Andy Borowitz**, **Ian Frazier**, **Anthony Lane**, **Steve Martin**, **Patricia Marx**, **Bruce McCall**, **Thomas Meehan**, **Susan Orlean**, **Paul Rudnick**, and **Calvin Trillin**, all of whom will read from their own work. Selections from all of these writers and many others are included in "Fierce Pajamas: An Anthology of Humor Writing from The New Yorker," which came out in paperback last year.



Humor Writers of *The New Yorker*

Woody Allen has written, directed, and acted in more than forty films since 1964; his latest, "Anything Else," will be released this fall. His humor pieces for *The New Yorker*—which include "The Kugelmass Episode," "Death Knocks," and "The Whore of Mensa"—have been appearing since 1966.

Andy Borowitz is the author of "Who Moved My Soap?: The CEO's Guide to Surviving in Prison" and is a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker.* Borowitzreport.com, his Web site, has won three About.com Political Dot-Comedy Awards. He will make his film-acting début opposite Julianne Moore in "Marie and Bruce."

Ian Frazier's many humor pieces for the magazine have been collected in "Coyote v. Acme," which received the inaugural Thurber Prize for American Humor in 1997, and in "Dating Your Mom," which was reprinted this year.

Anthony Lane is the author of "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker," which comes out in paperback in September.

Steve Martin has recently adapted his best-selling 2000 novella, "Shopgirl," for the screen and will play the male lead. Many of his contributions to *The New Yorker* were collected in "Pure Drivel." A second novella, "The Pleasure of My Company," will appear in October.

Patricia Marx has contributed humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1984. Her books include "How to Regain Your Virginity" and "Now Everybody Really Hates Me."

Bruce McCall has been a contributing artist and writer for *The New Yorker* since 1983. His books include the memoir "Thin Ice: Coming of Age in Canada," "The Last Dream-O-Rama," and "All Meat Looks Like South America: The World of Bruce McCall," which will be published this fall.

Thomas Meehan has won Tony Awards for the books of the Broadway musicals "Annie," "Hairspray," which he co-wrote with Mark O'Donnell, and "The Producers," which he co-wrote with Mel Brooks. His numerous humor contributions to *The New Yorker*, which began appearing in 1959, include the much anthologized "Yma Dream."

Susan Orlean's books include "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup: My Encounters with Extraordinary People" and "The Orchid Thief." She has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1988.

Paul Rudnick's new play, "Valhalla," will première at the New York Theatre Workshop this season. His screenplays include "Addams Family Values," "In & Out," and the upcoming "The Stepford Wives." He is a frequent contributor to Shouts & Murmurs and to *The New Yorker's* Back Page.

Calvin Trillin's twenty-one books include the comic story collection "Barnett Frummer Is an Unbloomed Flower" and the comic novels "The Floater" and "Tepper Isn't Going Out," which came out in paperback in January. He has been a staff writer since 1963.

3 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

Net proceeds from ticket sales will go to the Fund for Public Schools, which works with corporations, foundations, nonprofit partners, and individuals in support of the effort to transform public education in New York.

AT HEADQUARTERS

The New Yorker Festival headquarters is at the Union Square Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 33 East 17th Street. There you can find additional information on Festival programs. You may also purchase books by New Yorker and Festival contributors. The headquarters will be open on Friday from 3 to 10 P.M., on Saturday from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sunday from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Following is a schedule of Saturday and Sunday free book signings and Children's Storytelling and Drawing events at Festival headquarters. Schedule subject to change.

BOOK SIGNINGS

(The authors' and artists' most recent publications appear after their names.)

SATURDAY

11 A.M.

T. Coraghessan Boyle — "Drop City"

Danny Goldberg — "Dispatches from the Culture Wars: How the Left Lost Teen Spirit"

12 Noon

Maile Meloy — "Liars and Saints"

Louise Erdrich — "The Master Butchers Singing Club"

1 P.M.

Paul Muldoon — "Moy Sand and Gravel"

Simon Schama — "History of Britain: The Fate of Empire 1776-2000, Vol. 3"

2 P.M.

Anthony Lane — "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker"

Zadie Smith — "The Autograph Man"

3 P.M.

Jhumpa Lahiri — "The Namesake"

ZZ Packer — "Drinking Coffee Elsewhere"

4 P.M.

Edward Koren — "Very Hairy Harry"

Calvin Trillin — "Feeding a Yen: Savoring Local Specialties, from Kansas City to Cuzco" and "Tepper Isn't Going Out"

SUNDAY

11 A.M.

Sherman Alexie — "Ten Little Indians"

Aleksandar Hemon — "Nowhere Man"

12 Noon

A. S. Byatt — "A Whistling Woman"

Richard Price — "Samaritan"

1 P.M.

Andy Borowitz — "Who Moved My Soap?: The CEO's Guide to Surviving in Prison"

Robert Mankoff — "The Naked Cartoonist: A New Way to Enhance Your Creativity"

2 P.M.

Lillian Ross — "Reporting Back: Notes on Journalism"

John Lahr — "Show and Tell: New Yorker Profiles"

3 P.M.

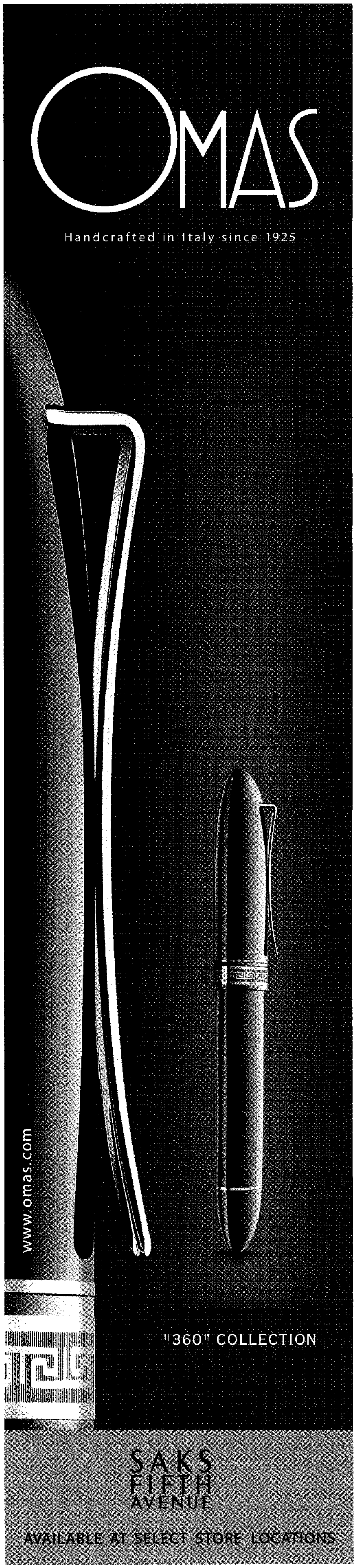
Jeffrey Eugenides — "Middlesex"

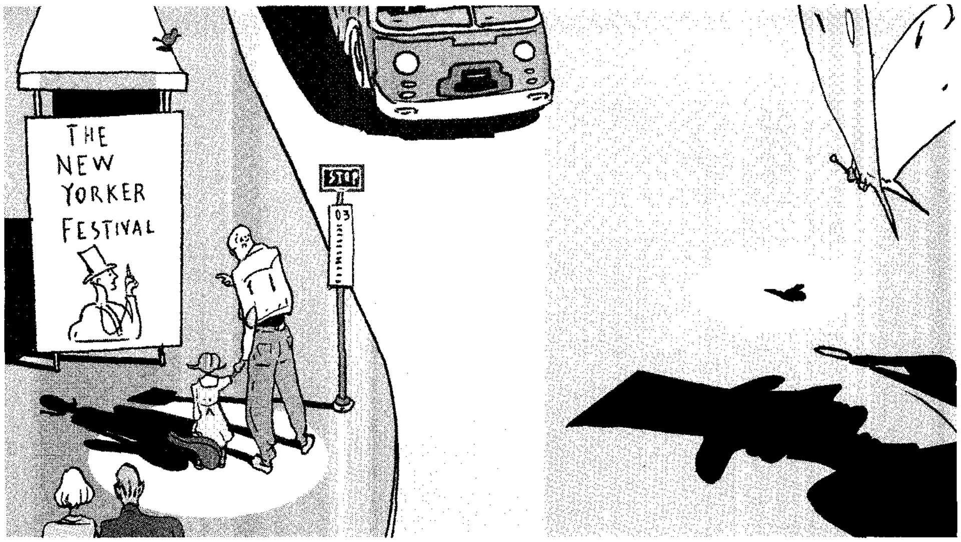
Jamaica Kincaid — "Mr. Potter"

4 P.M.

Michael Henry Adams — "Style and Grace: African Americans at Home" and "Harlem: Lost and Found"

Adam Gopnik — "Paris to the Moon"


OMAS
Handcrafted in Italy since 1925
www.omas.com
"360" COLLECTION
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AVAILABLE AT SELECT STORE LOCATIONS



CHILDREN'S STORYTELLING AND DRAWING

The *New Yorker* artists **Harry Bliss**, **George Booth**, **Roz Chast**, **Liza Donnelly**, **Mort Gerberg**, **Edward Koren**, **Arnie Levin**, **John O'Brien**, **Victoria Roberts**, and **Jack Ziegler** impart their gift for narrative through reading stories or drawing. Each artist will spend an hour with the children, encouraging them to develop their own skills at storytelling.

Harry Bliss, a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1999, has illustrated six books for children, including the best-selling "A Fine, Fine School," by Sharon Creech, "Which Would You Rather Be?," by William Steig, and "Diary of a Worm," by Doreen Cronin, which comes out in September.

George Booth has been contributing cartoons to *The New Yorker* for more than thirty years. He published his first illustrations while he was in the Marines and working on the staff of *Leatherneck*, the U.S.M.C.'s official publication. Six collections of Booth cartoons have appeared since 1975, including, most recently, "The Essential George Booth," edited by Lee Lorenz.

Roz Chast has contributed hundreds of cartoons and many covers since joining *The New Yorker* in 1978. She has illustrated several books for children, including "Weird and Wonderful Words" and "One Bite Won't Kill You: More Than 200 Recipes to Tempt Even the Pickiest Kids on Earth, and the Rest of the Family Too."

Liza Donnelly is currently working on "A Funny Few: Women Cartoonists of The New Yorker 1925-2002" and on two children's books: "The Rainbow" and "There's a Hippo in My Backyard." She has written and illustrated seven "Dinosaur" books. Her cartoons have been appearing in *The New Yorker* since 1982.

Mort Gerberg, a regular *New Yorker* contributor since 1965, has written or illustrated thirty-five books of humor for adults and children. His book "Cartooning: The Art and the Business" is a leading instructional reference work in the field. He has also taught cartooning at New York City's Parsons School of Design.

Edward Koren published his first cartoon in *The New Yorker* more than forty years ago. He has published hundreds since then, along with two dozen covers. He illustrated Delia Ephron's "How to Eat Like a Child, and Other Lessons in Not Being a Grown-Up." His most recent book, "Very Hairy Harry," has just been published.

Arnie Levin has contributed more than seven hundred cartoons and more than twenty covers to the magazine in the last thirty years. The National Cartoonists Society has twice named him the Gag Cartoonist of the Year. His books include "The Money Book: A Smart Kid's Guide to Savvy Saving and Spending," "The Gigantic Baby," "Homer and the House Next Door," and "I Hate Meetings."

John O'Brien has illustrated numerous books for children, including "I Like the Way You Are," by Eve Bunting. His *New Yorker* cover drawings and cartoons have been appearing since 1987.

Victoria Roberts' many illustrated books for young people include "365 Bedtime Stories," "The New York Times Book of Science Questions and Answers," and, most recently, "Halloweena." She began contributing cartoons and illustrations to *The New Yorker* in 1988.

Jack Ziegler began publishing cartoons in *The New Yorker* in 1974. His most recent book for children was "Mr. Knocky." A cartoon collection, "The Essential Jack Ziegler," was published in December, 2001.

SCHEDULE

SATURDAY	SUNDAY
11 A.M. **Mort Gerberg**	11 A.M. **Edward Koren**
12 Noon **Victoria Roberts**	12 Noon **Arnie Levin**
1 P.M. **Jack Ziegler**	1 P.M. **Harry Bliss**
2 P.M. **George Booth**	2 P.M. **Roz Chast**
3 P.M. **John O'Brien**	3 P.M. **Liza Donnelly**

SCHEDULE

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 19

FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER

6:30 P.M. (The venue will be indicated on the tickets.) $400

FICTION NIGHT

Aleksandar Hemon and Jeffrey Eugenides
7 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre $15

Jhumpa Lahiri and Michael Cunningham
7 P.M. Union Square Ballroom $15

Andrea Lee and Lorrie Moore
7 P.M. Bowery Ballroom $15

Grace Paley and E. L. Doctorow
7 P.M. Altman Building $15

George Saunders and T. Coraghessan Boyle
7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives $15

Tobias Wolff and A. S. Byatt
7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation $15

Sherman Alexie and Zadie Smith
9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation $15

Donald Antrim and Robert Stone
9:30 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre $15

Charles D'Ambrosio and Richard Price
9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives $15

Louise Erdrich and Richard Ford
9:30 P.M. Altman Building $15

Maile Meloy and Thomas McGuane
9:30 P.M. Union Square Ballroom $15

ZZ Packer and Dave Eggers
9:30 P.M. Bowery Ballroom $15

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20

WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

Mark Singer and Errol Morris
11 A.M. Times Square Studios $20

John Lahr and Mike Nichols
1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française $20

Calvin Trillin on Food
1 P.M. Intercontinental–The Barclay $60

Ian Frazier, John McPhee, and Mark Singer
3 P.M. General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen $20

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Oscar de la Renta interviewed by Simon Schama
10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française $20

Roger Angell interviewed by David Remnick
1 P.M. St. Bartholomew's Church $20

PANELS

Literary Immigrants
11 A.M. General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen $20

Media Conspiracy
1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, The New York Public Library $20

The Music Machine
2 P.M. Times Square Studios $20

The Cost of AIDS
4 P.M. St. Bartholomew's Church $20

Europe and America
4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, The New York Public Library $20

Page to Screen
4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française $20

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

"A Mighty Wind" Concert
8 P.M. Town Hall $45

CHILDREN'S STORYTELLING AND DRAWING

11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Barnes & Noble Booksellers, Union Square (Free)
(Schedule of contributors on page 36.)

THE NEW YORK PASS

YOU'RE IN! TO 40 OF THE BEST NYC ATTRACTIONS
PLUS A METROCARD,
A 125 PAGE GUIDE BOOK,
AND MORE.

Buy a 2-day New York Pass with a MasterCard® card and day 3 is FREE!

Every New York Pass includes:
- MetroCard good for unlimited travel!
- 125-page guide book!
- Exclusive discounts and offers!
- Head of the line at many attractions!
- Admission to over 40 exciting New York attractions, including:
  - Empire State Building
  - Statue of Liberty
  - New York Skyride
  - Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum
  - Museum of Modern Art
  - American Museum of Natural History
  - Intrepid Sea, Air, Space Museum
  - Circle Line Cruises
  - Tour at Lincoln Center
  - Carnegie Hall Tour
  - Rockefeller Center Tour
  - NBC Studio Tour
  - United Nations Tour
  - Radio City Tour
  - Guggenheim Museum
  - Madison Square Garden All Access Tour
  - New York Waterway Cruises
  - South Street Seaport Museum
  - *And Many More*

A value of over $300 in admission fees!

Go online at newyorkpass.com
Call 877.714.1999
or visit Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, (234 West 42nd Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues)

® MasterCard is a registered trademark of MasterCard International Incorporated

LATE SHIFT

Björk talks with Hilton Als
9 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre $25

The Blind Boys of Alabama talk with Lawrence Wright
9 p.m. Bowery Ballroom $25

Will Ferrell talks with Susan Morrison
9 P.M. Float $25

Emmylou Harris talks with Hendrik Hertzberg
9 P.M. St. Ann's Warehouse $25

Maya Lin talks with Louis Menand
9 P.M. Chelsea Art Museum $25

Nick Nolte talks with Susan Orlean
9 P.M. Union Square Ballroom $25

Wyclef Jean talks with Jeffrey Eugenides
9:30 P.M. Knitting Factory $25

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 21

ABOUT TOWN

Secret Garden
10 A.M. to 12 noon. $60

Harlem Lost and Found
10 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

Sunday Matinée with Anthony Lane
12 noon to 2 P.M. (Free)

The Beautiful Voice
11 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

Come Hungry
11 A.M. to 1 P.M. $60

A Vision for Ground Zero
10 A.M. to 12 noon. $100

MASTER CLASSES

POETRY: Eamon Grennan and Alice Quinn
10 A.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium $30

PHOTOGRAPHY: Robert Polidori and Martin Schoeller
1 P.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium $30

CARTOONING: Robert Mankoff
4 P.M. Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium $30

A HUMOR REVUE

3 P.M. Town Hall $35

CHILDREN'S STORYTELLING AND DRAWING

11 A.M. TO 4 P.M. Barnes & Noble Booksellers, Union Square (Free)
(Schedule of contributors on page 36.)

□□□

VENUES

Please note that age restrictions apply for some evening events.

Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Barnes & Noble Booksellers
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street

Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street
(Note: You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Chelsea Art Museum
556 West 22nd Street

Condé Nast Corporate Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 42nd Street)

Float
240 West 52nd Street
(Note: You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen
20 West 44th Street

Intercontinental–The Barclay
111 East 48th Street

Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street
(Note: For tickets to this event, please call 1-800-432-7250, or visit www.telecharge.com.)

Knitting Factory
74 Leonard Street

St. Ann's Warehouse
38 Water Street
Brooklyn

St. Barthlomew's Church
109 East 50th Street

Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street

Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street

Union Square Ballroom
27 Union Square West

□□□

PRODUCTION SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE OVERLAND ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY.

ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM.
TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING AUGUST 28TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM,
AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL.

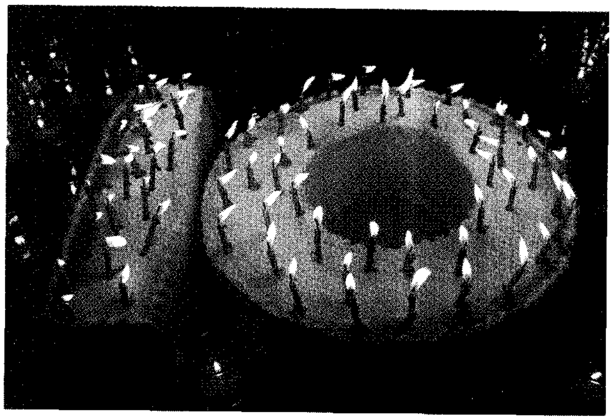
EVERY YEAR, A GUARANTEED 'OUTPERFORM.'

Smith Barney is proud to sponsor The New Yorker Festival. With some of the top writers, musicians, artists and filmmakers in the world, we feel it's definitely a strong buy. www.smithbarney.com

SMITH BARNEY
citigroup

©2003 Citigroup Global Markets Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC. Smith Barney is a division and service mark of Citigroup Global Markets Inc. and its affiliates and is used and registered throughout the world. CITIGROUP and the Umbrella Device are trademarks and service marks of Citicorp or its affiliates and are used and registered throughout the world.

HOW TIME FLIES! THERE WAS BLITHERING OF HONEST GLADNESS. HAPPY SATISFACTION AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME...MARKED AND CELEBRATED.



kate spade
DECADE

WWW.KATESPADE.COM

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deputy D.A., says. All of these pretrial maneuvers about psychiatric history will be played out in public, so it seems likely that prospective jurors in the Bryant case will be familiar with the accuser's personal history well before the judge in the case decides whether it is admissible.

By the time the hearing began on August 6th, television news crews had built eight wooden camera platforms on a vacant lot across from the courthouse. By the next day, it was clear that demand for space was growing. For the preliminary hearing in October, the adjacent lumberyard was entertaining offers on its unobstructed view of the courthouse. In truth, there wasn't much more for reporters to do in Eagle, because investigators and defense lawyers were remaining silent about the nature of the evidence against Bryant. In the dusty media tent city that had sprung up behind the camera platforms, there was heavy traffic in rumors about other witnesses (if any), the accuser's injuries (if any), and her background (relevant or not). The law might allow a he-said-she-said rape case, but no one could believe that a prosecutor might actually bring one.

As a practical matter, then, the Bryant case may be shaping up as a very traditional rape trial—where the prosecution has to prove that the victim resisted, that her story is corroborated, and that her character is all but unblemished. Racial issues may play a large role as well, especially if Bryant himself has anything to say about it. On the weekend before his initial appearance before Judge Gannett, Bryant was named favorite male sports figure before a cheering crowd at the Fox network's 2003 Teen Choice Awards, in Los Angeles. Though he had never before taken any sort of political stand in public, Bryant wore a Muhammad Ali T-shirt to the event and, in his remarks to the audience, paraphrased Martin Luther King, Jr., saying, "An injustice anywhere is an injustice everywhere." Fox edited the comment out of the broadcast, which took place on August 6th. (To be sure, Bryant has not fully mastered the art of pretrial public relations. The following week, he went shopping with his wife in a T-shirt that said "FORCED.")

Bryant's case already echoes the enduring public divisions over the O. J. Simpson murder case. According to a *USA Today*/CNN/Gallup poll taken just before Bryant's appearance in court, whites are evenly divided on the case, with forty per cent believing that the charges against him are probably true and forty-one per cent believing they are probably untrue. Blacks reject the charges as probably untrue by a margin of sixty-eight per cent to twenty-four per cent. Bryant's lawyer Hal Haddon is unlikely to miss the historical significance of these feelings. Among friends, Haddon is known for his passion for the book "To Kill a Mockingbird," the story of a lawyer who defends a black man unjustly accused of raping a white woman. Haddon and his wife have two basset hounds, one named Atticus, after Atticus Finch, the hero of the story, and the other named Scout, after Finch's daughter.

Haddon may also use the recent past to turn the racial issue to his advantage. In a class-action lawsuit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union, a federal judge in 1996 ordered the Eagle County sheriff to cease using "racist" pretexts to stop motorists. The county ultimately disposed of the matter by paying the plaintiffs eight hundred thousand dollars, one of the largest settlements ever in a racial-profiling case. The sheriff from that period is gone, but the taint from the case lingers in and perhaps beyond the county's very small black population—a hundred and forty-two out of 41,659 people, or .03 per cent. (Hispanics, on the other hand, make up 23.2 per cent of the county.) Bryant's lawyers will likely raise the spectre of unfair treatment no matter where the case is tried, but if the defense wins a change of venue to a county with more blacks, the racial issue may loom even larger.

Still, the central issue will remain consent, and in this Eagle County offers hope to Kobe Bryant. "They tend to be good prosecution jurors around here," David Lugert, the former local prosecutor, says. "People around here get up at the crack of dawn to feed their horses, and there's a big sense of individual responsibility." Then he added, "The defense will be able to say that she has to take responsibility for her decisions, too. That would be a good argument in this area." ♦

THE
NEW YORKER
FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 19•20•21

FREE EVENT

In Conversation with

Deputy Secretary of Defense

Paul Wolfowitz

Interview by

Jeffrey Goldberg

Sunday, September 21st
3 P.M.

Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street
New York City

Free Admission
(First come, first seated)

All programming is subject to change.
For complete program information, call
1-877-847-TNYF, or visit NewYorker.com.

The New Yorker Festival is a production of *The New Yorker* magazine.

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

CITY OF WATER

Can an intricate and antiquated maze of tunnels continue to sustain New York?

BY DAVID GRANN

No one knows how many sandhogs are, at any given moment, working beneath the streets of New York City, but one morning this winter half a dozen men could be spotted gathering around a hole on the northwest corner of Tenth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. The hole, surrounded by a tall aluminum fence, was thirty feet wide and reinforced with concrete. A priest had visited months before, to offer a brief prayer: "May God be with all ye who enter here, that the earth shall return ye safely." Now, as the sun rose, the men stepped from the snow-covered ground into a green metal cage, which was suspended over the chasm by an enormous winch. They wore yellow slickers and rubber boots with steel tips; they carried, among other things, flashlights, scissors, cigarettes, cough drops, knives, extra socks, and several twenty-pound crates marked "EXPLOSIVES."

A worker who was to remain above ground pulled a lever, and the cage began to descend. As it accumulated speed, and the light from the surface grew thinner, James Ryan, one of the older men in the crew, peered over the edge into the void. He had a long, hard face flecked with scars. "We got nine cases of dynamite," he said. "That should be plenty."

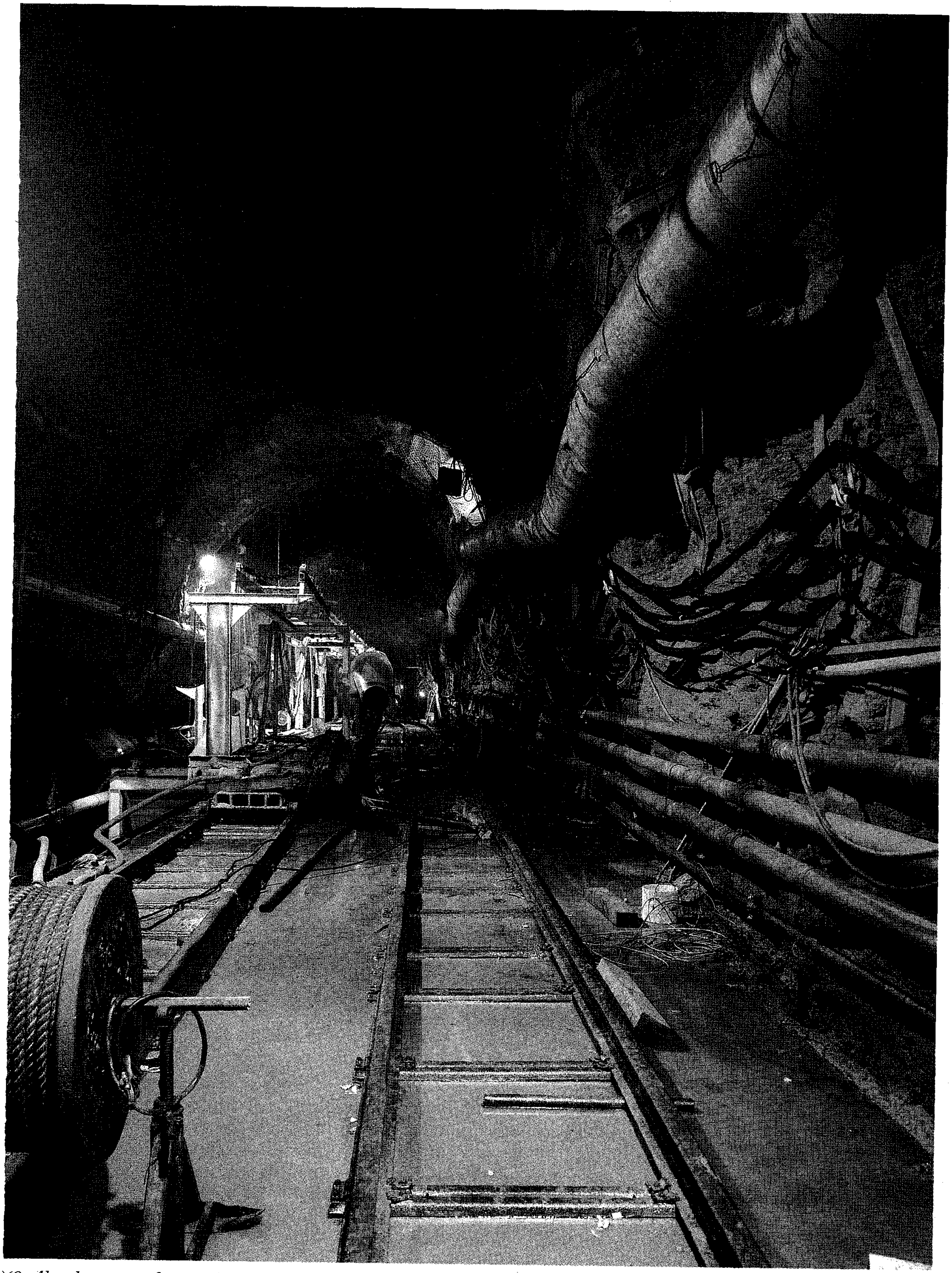
His voice reverberated in the shaft as the men went down thirty, forty, fifty feet, then another fifty, then a hundred more. "Two hundred," one of them called out. By three hundred feet, they could no longer see anything above or below. Surrounded by darkness, and pressed closely together, the men exchanged sight for sound—the ping of dripping water, the echo of voices, the cable groaning overhead. At five hundred feet, the air became warmer, denser; one of the men put on a mask to keep out the dust that floated through the shaft. "All right," Ryan told me. "We're almost there."

A thin beam from a flashlight suddenly rose up from the bottom of the shaft, catching the men's faces. They were all part of the fraternity of sandhogs, a rare breed of tunnel digger whose name comes from the workers who excavated the soft earth under the Brooklyn Bridge in the eighteen-seventies. The men in the cage with me were mostly middle-aged, with barrel chests and knotted fingers; dust had already begun to streak the skin around their eyes. A bell sounded, and the cage came to a halt, bouncing up and down on the cable. "This is it," Ryan said. "Brace yourself." He unsealed the cage door. We were nearly six hundred feet underground.

Until that moment, I had only heard tales of New York City's invisible empire, an elaborate maze of tunnels that goes as deep as the Chrysler Building is high. Under construction in one form or another for more than a century, the system of waterways and pipelines spans thousands of miles and comprises nineteen reservoirs and three lakes. Two main tunnels provide New York City with most of the 1.3 billion gallons of water it consumes each day, ninety per cent of which is pumped in from reservoirs upstate by the sheer force of gravity. Descending through aqueducts from as high as fourteen hundred feet above sea level, the water gathers speed, racing down to a thousand feet below sea level when it reaches the pipes beneath the city.

It is a third water tunnel, however, that is the most critical. Designed to meet expanding demand and to serve as a backup system in case something ever happens to City Tunnel No. 1 or City Tunnel No. 2, City Tunnel No. 3 has been under development since 1969, and was initially billed as "the greatest nondefense construction project in the history of Western Civilization." Already, twenty-four people have died

Tunnel No. 3 has been under construction sin



69. *Already, twenty-four people have died building it—roughly a man a mile. Photograph by Robert Polidori.*

"Some boots on the ground to see you, Mr. Grunwald."

building it—roughly a man a mile—and it is not expected to be completed until 2020.

As an engineering feat, the water-tunnel system rivals the Brooklyn Bridge and the Panama Canal. Yet it has the odd distinction that almost no one will ever see it, save for the sandhogs who are building it. Over the years, the men have constructed an entire city under the city, a subterranean world as cluttered as the Manhattan skyline: it includes four hundred and thirty-eight miles of subway lines, six thousand miles of sewers, and thousands of miles of gas mains. "If it's deeper than a grave," sandhogs often say, "then we built it." The water tunnels have become the sandhogs' greatest and most elusive achievement, an often deadly effort that has consumed generations. "I'll take you down there if you want," Jimmy Ryan had said when I asked him to show me the tunnel's newest section. "But, trust me, it ain't like Macy's down there."

A large, reticent man of fifty who prefers gestures—an upturned eyebrow or a curled lip—to words, he has spent nearly as many hours underneath the earth as above it. "I started working on the third water tunnel when I was a kid," he told me. "I'm still working on it, and I'll probably be buried in it." Ryan, who was elected president of the sandhogs' union, Local 147, in 1999, has trouble lifting his shoulders; his red hair has turned silver, and his broad chest is compressed, as if it were about to collapse.

After Ryan opened the cage, I stepped out with him and the other men into the bottom of the shaft. Water seeped down the sides of the opening and dripped on us. There was a pool at our feet, and as we moved forward the icy water spilled over the tops of our boots. I began to sink in the muck, and Ryan gave me his hand to pull me out.

"Don't stand under the shaft," he said. "If somethin' falls from the top, it'll go right through you." I looked up and could barely see the opening. Once, in Queens, a sixteen-ton winch fell down the shaft, crushing one worker and injuring seven others; another time, a man died after being impaled by a broken icicle.

As I followed Ryan into the tunnel's main artery, it was hard to orient myself. There were only a few scattered electric bulbs, suspended from wires clamped to rocks and shrouded in mist, and I blinked, trying to adjust to the watery light. Several of the men turned on flashlights; through the shadows I could see a hospital stretcher and emergency medical supplies propped against a wall. At last, the tunnel came into focus: a cramped, crumbling cavern that extended a hundred yards or so in either direction. This stage of Tunnel No. 3 will eventually run nine miles, reaching down to the Manhattan Bridge and looping up to Central Park; its walls will be honed into a smooth cylinder, ten feet in diameter and lined with concrete. But at this early stage swords of black schist—formed more than four hundred million years ago—hung from the ceiling, which was buttressed with steel bolts to prevent collapse. Ventilation pipes ran along the sides of the tunnel, circulating the choked air, which, unlike the freezing air at the surface, was nearly seventy degrees, a humid mist of dust and fumes.

The men split into two groups and went to opposite ends of the tunnel, where they began painting detailed patterns on the rock face. Moving out from the center of the rock, they carefully dabbed white dots about three feet apart, forming an elaborate grid. Then the sandhogs mounted hydraulic drills and bored a ten-foot-deep hole into each mark, their arms and legs rattling up and down, the lamps on their hard hats shaking.

As the men prepared the rock face, listening to each echo for any sign of danger, they spoke in a private language: a jackhammer was known as a "jackleg"; a bucket, a "battleship"; the Nerf-like sponge used to clean a pipe was called a "rabbit." Sometimes, because of the noise, the men would simply draw images in the air, like mimes. After a while, they took out blowpipes, which blasted air and water into the holes, washing away the dirt. "Everything has to be done just right," Ryan told me.

With his knife, he opened one of the boxes of explosives. Inside were dozens of red sticks of dynamite. The men packed the sticks into the holes as if loading muskets. Each piece of dynamite was wired to the next, and soon dozens of cords crisscrossed the rock face. Then the men turned off the lights, one by one, until the tunnel was completely dark, except for a single flashlight that guided us back to the metal cage. "We need to be a thousand feet away," Ryan said, as we slowly rose to the surface. "It's not like the old days, when they'd blow the son of a bitch in your ear."

When we reached the street, the sun was fully in the sky, and Ryan squinted uncomfortably in the light. He leaned over a small detonator while the men cleared the intersection of pedestrians. A woman in a camel coat, who insisted that she was late for work, tried to force her way past. "One minute," Ryan said, cocking an eyebrow. Another sandhog put his hand on the T-shaped lever. "Now," Ryan said. The sandhog slammed the lever with both hands, yelling, "Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole!"

There was a great roar, a percussive rumble that grew louder and louder. The sidewalk and fences began to tremble, along with the ground beneath our feet. The crane that was suspended above the hole rattled from side to side. One bystander looked up at the sky, then down at the ground, not sure what was happening. "Is it a bomb?" another asked. A plume of dust rose out of the shaft. Then everything fell silent. The tunnel had advanced another nine feet. "All right, hogs!" the foreman yelled. And before anyone noticed, Ryan and the other men vanished into the hole.

At the end of the day, the sandhogs congregated in the hog house, a small white shack with wooden benches, lockers, and a shower, inside the fenced area on Thirtieth Street. Yellow slickers, now black with mud, hung from hooks. A television set murmured in the corner, and several men stood around it in towels while another mopped the floor around their feet.

Ryan sat down at a table to talk with me. His elbow rested on his hard hat; a line of mud traced the side of his cheek. He had lost part of his hearing from the constant concussions, and he spoke louder than normal.

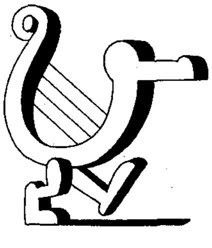
"No one wants to talk about it, but we're flirting with disaster," he said. Like the country's electricity grid, which recently left parts of the city in the dark for more than twenty-four hours, the city's water system is deeply antiquated. The old tunnels, Ryan explained, were leaking "like a sieve"; some of the sections were built nearly a century ago and were in desperate need of repair. But until Tunnel No. 3 is virtually complete there will be no way to fix them. In part, this is because getting inside Tunnel No. 1 or No. 2 would require the city to shut the water off, and without a backup supply there would be serious water shortages. But it was more than that, and, as several sandhogs peered over his shoulder, Ryan started to draw a circle on the table with his muddy finger. "See this?" he asked me. "These are the valves that control the flow of water."

"They're hundreds of feet underground," another sandhog said.

The valves were designed, Ryan said, to open and close guillotine-like gates inside the cylindrical tunnels, stopping the flow of water. But they had become so brittle with age that they were no longer operable. "They're afraid if they try to shut the valves they won't be able to turn 'em back on," Ryan said.

He wiped some mud from his eyes. "Look," he said. "If one of those tunnels goes, this city will be completely shut down. In some places there won't be water for anything. Hospitals. Drinking. Fires. It would make September 11th look like nothing."

Ryan wasn't the only one who spoke of the tunnel system's frailties, even if the others did so in slightly less alarming terms. One day this spring, I met Christopher Ward, the head of the city's Department of Environmental Protection, which is responsible for designing and operating the tunnel system. With a broad chest and a blunt, goateed chin, he looks more like a sandhog than a politician, and has a tendency to lean forward when he speaks, as if about to leap to his feet. "People don't want to acknowledge it, but the useful life of a tunnel does exist, and at some point it does start to fail," he said. The metal valves, in particular, degrade until they can no longer withstand the pressure. Ward said that the original two tunnels were so dilapidated that it was too risky to try to shut off the water and repair them until City Tunnel No. 3 was operational. He added that there is still time before the aging tunnels collapse—"We're not talking about today or tomorrow"—though it is impossible to predict how much.



Others are more pessimistic. One D.E.P. scientist told me, "Some of the aqueducts are already hemorrhaging water badly," while a recent study by Riverkeeper, an environmental organization, concluded, "In some cases, this extraordinary infrastructure is literally crumbling." Upstate, in the industrial town of Newburgh, for example, water has begun to pour out of cracks in the underground aqueduct that feeds into the city tunnels—so much that the leaks have created a giant sinkhole.

Many experts worry that the old tunnel system could collapse all at once. "Engineers will tell you if it fails it will not fail incrementally," said Ward. "It will fail catastrophically." If City Tunnel No. 1, which is considered the most vulnerable, caved in, all of lower Manhattan and downtown Brooklyn, as well as parts of the Bronx, would lose its water supply. If the aqueducts gave out, the entire city would be cut off. "There would be no water," Ward told me. "These fixes aren't a day or two. You're talking about two to three years."

In the past, the city sometimes tried to assuage concerns about New York's water system, but Mayor Michael Bloomberg recently noted at a press conference that the aging pipelines were "very vulnerable" and that "this city could be brought to its knees if one of the aqueducts collapsed." Anthony DelVescovo, the project manager who has been working on City Tunnel No. 3 for nearly fifteen years, echoed Bloomberg's warning. "What no one knows is that we're facing a potential apocalypse," he told me. "It's a race against the clock."

It is hard to imagine a city without water, its faucets empty, its hydrants dry, its plazas filled not with fountains but with citizens suffering from diseases spread by dirt and desiccation—to imagine, as Charles Einstein put it in the title of his 1964 futuristic novel, "The Day New York Went Dry."

For much of its history, however, New York was a parched city. Though surrounded by the sea, its principal supply of freshwater remained, as late as the eighteenth century, a single fetid pool in lower Manhattan called the Collect Pond. Human waste was dumped into it, along with the occasional dead body. Distribution of water was dominated by racketeers known as teamen, who roamed the streets with giant casks, gouging customers. In 1785, with the city's population reaching nearly thirty thousand, the New York *Journal* published an open letter to government officials complaining that the water supply had become a "common sewer." One daily newspaper declared that it was "sickly and nauseating," adding, "The larger the city grows, the worse this evil will be."

Even as the paper warned that a "plague will make a yearly slaughter until you furnish better water," pestilence spread through the squalid streets. In 1798, yellow fever wiped out two thousand New Yorkers, and venders wandered the streets yelling, "Coffins of all sizes!" The plague returned in 1805, 1819, and 1822. "New Yorkers are like the rich man told of in the Parable," one resident noted in the local paper. "They have no clean cool water to slack their thirst when the flames of the plague are devouring their vitals."

One summer morning in 1832, two children woke up in Manhattan with severe pain in their intestines. They stopped urinating and were overcome by thirst; they began to vomit and their skin turned blue. By the next day, they were dead, and two days later so was their mother.

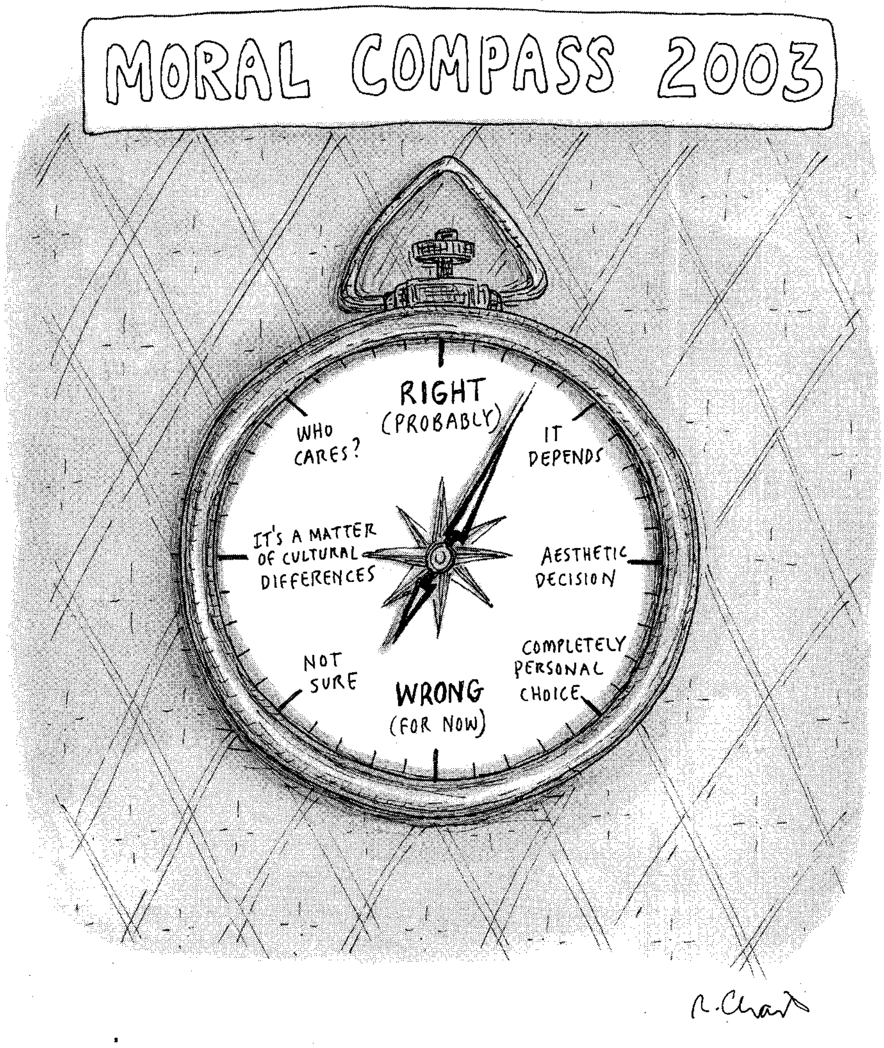
Asiatic cholera, an excruciating disease that is spread, in large part, by water contaminated with feces, had struck. In barely a month, two thousand New Yorkers were dead, their bodies marked by a bluish tinge and puckered extremities; more than a hundred thousand residents—half the city's population—fled to outlying villages. By the time the scourge ended, the death toll had reached more than three thousand. A group of doctors who visited the city at the time reported a "constant and imploring" cry: "Cold water, cold water, give us cold water!"

Finally, in the winter of 1834, the Common Council vowed to locate new sources of water. But before plans got under way a fire broke out near Wall Street. Without enough water to extinguish it—the rivers were frozen solid—the flames leaped from roof to roof, carried by a gale-force wind. Within minutes, the fire had spread from Exchange Place to Water Street, then on to Front and South Streets, and still onward. (The smoke was visible as far away as Philadelphia.) The fire burned for twenty-four hours, and after it had consumed nearly seven hundred buildings and caused such mass looting that the military was called in, roughly a third of New York City lay in ruins. One witness, who called it "the most awful calamity which has ever visited these United States," wrote, "I am fatigued in body, disturbed in mind, and my fancy filled with images of horror which my own pen is inadequate to describe."

And so at last the city began to construct its first aqueduct.

By today's standards, the Croton Aqueduct is modest in scope, but at the time it was considered an architectural marvel. Begun in 1837 and completed in 1842, it extended more than thirty miles, running from the Croton Reservoir down the east bank of the Hudson River—an elegant, eight-by-seven-foot brick pipeline. When it was finished, church bells rang out across the city and thousands poured into the streets to parade past new fountains, whose water sparkled in the sun. Philip Hone, who eventually became mayor of New York, wrote in his diary, "Nothing is talked of or thought of in New York but Croton water. . . . Water! water! is the universal note which is sounded through every part of the city, and infuses joy and exultation into the masses."

Twelve years later, however, the city's demand for water again exceeded supply, and the pressure in the pipeline fell so



low that the water could no longer reach the third story of a building. By 1882, with thousands of immigrants arriving each week, the *Times* pleaded, "More Water Wanted," adding, "The health of families . . . was jeopardized because sufficient water could not be secured." Yet, unlike the previous century, when the city had looked on impassively at civic problems, there was now an almost evangelical faith in human progress. In 1905, Mayor George McClellan, who had just inaugurated the city's first subway system, laid out a vision of "an additional supply of pure and wholesome water," a vision so bold that it struck many as evidence of hubris. At an estimated cost of a hundred and eighty-five million dollars—3.7 billion in today's dollars—it would be the largest municipal water system in the world. In 1907, at the groundbreaking, McClellan declared, "The course of human events is not permanently altered by the great deeds of history, nor by the great men but by the small daily doings of the little men."

E©UNIVERSITY

"Don't forget to click Reply."

• •

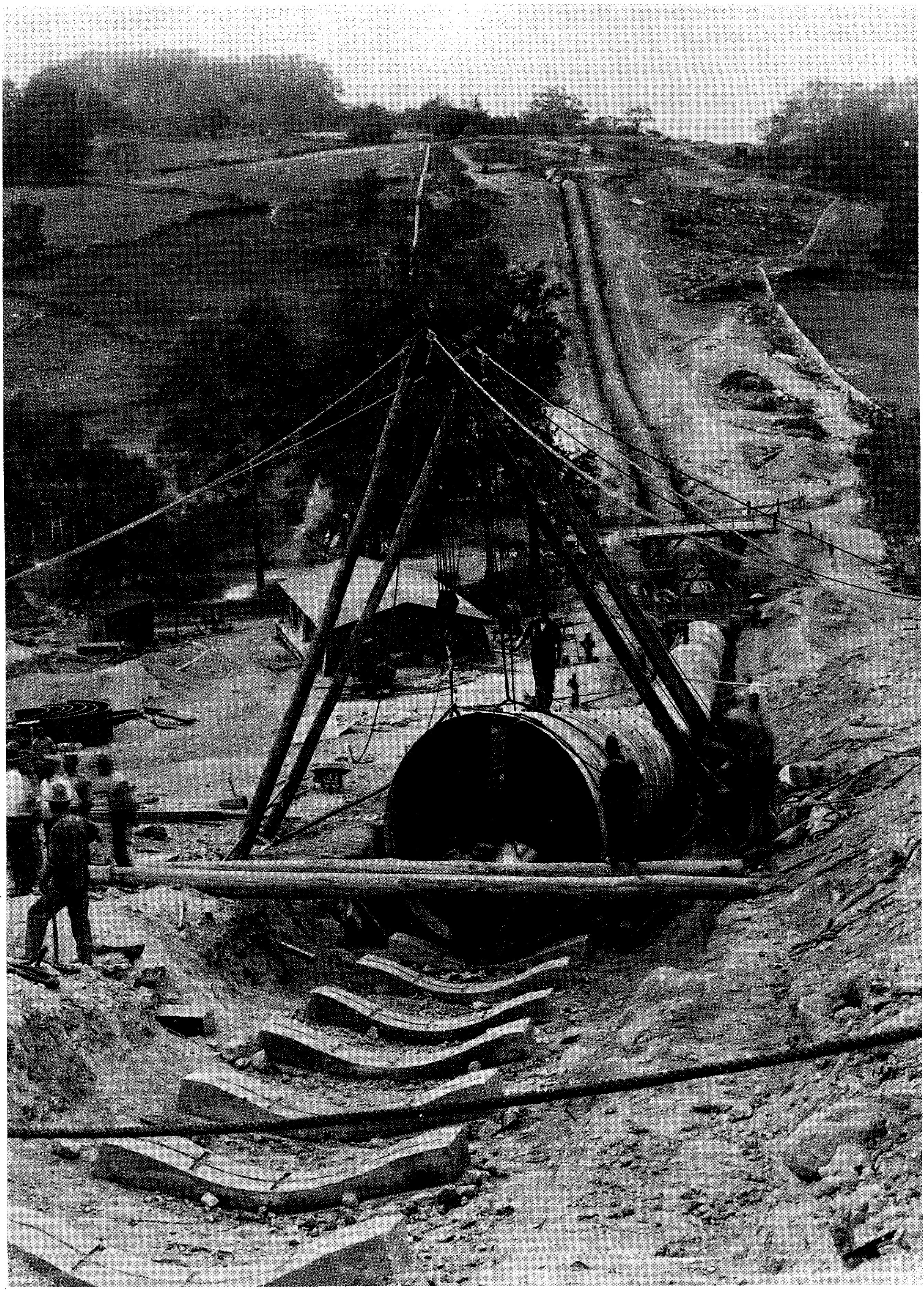
Before long, thousands of laborers arrived in the Catskill Mountains and began clearing away vegetation. Under the expansive McClellan Act, which one judge complained gave "power that the Almighty would not delegate to an archangel," the city appropriated more than twenty-five thousand acres of land, including hundreds of homes around the area of Shokan, which is just south of Woodstock. Nine villages were torn down, some burned to the ground, and nearly three thousand residents driven out; even cemeteries were dug up. "The trees are all cut down and the village is fading as a dream," the Kingston *Freeman* reported.

Then dams were built, water was diverted from streams in the Catskills, and rain was collected. The entire elevated basin was flooded, creating one of several reservoirs that, together, are nearly as large as the island of Manhattan. In photographs of the Shokan area taken before the flooding, the land is green and expansive; months later, it is covered by a glasslike inland sea.

Meanwhile, sandhogs burrowed through mountains and under hillsides to construct the Catskill Aqueduct, a ninety-two-mile conduit that slopes gently downhill from Shokan to Storm King Mountain and then down to White Plains. At one point, it crosses below the Hudson River, at a depth of eleven hundred feet—an achievement that New York City's new mayor, William Gaynor, called "one of the greatest engineering feats in history." The hardest part of the project, however, was yet to come. According to the engineers' elaborate design, water would flow from the aqueduct into a reservoir in Yonkers. From there, it would be channelled into another tunnel—one dug deep beneath the city, and able to withstand the pressure of more than half a billion gallons coursing through it each day. This water would then begin flowing upward, into smaller and smaller pipes, ultimately discharging into the millions of faucets around the city. Construction on what become known as City Tunnel No. 1 began in 1911. Many men went down once and never went back. Those who stayed received about two dollars a day. Once, under the strain, a riot erupted twelve hundred feet underground, and workers attacked each other with picks and shovels.

The situation was equally difficult on the banks of the East River. According to "Liquid Assets," a history of the city's water system by Diane Galusha, natural groundwater made the rock so soft that the shafts which allowed sandhogs to descend into the tunnel became watery death traps. Engineers were forced to build on each bank a giant inverted box called a caisson—a risky device that was pioneered during the laying of the foundations of the Brooklyn Bridge. About fifteen feet on each side and weighing as much as two thousand tons, the steel-and-concrete boxes were sealed on all sides except the bottom. As they were lowered into the soft ground, compressed air was pumped into the caissons, pushing out the mud and water. To get into the caisson the sandhogs were lowered in a bucket down a steel shaft; from there they entered an air lock, much like a diving chamber. Air was pumped in, and the sandhogs could feel their eardrums strained to bursting, the blood rushing to the center of their bodies. Many assumed that they were dying.

Once the pressure in the air lock was equal to that inside the caisson, the sandhogs crawled through a trapdoor into the caisson, where, standing ankle-deep in mud, they began to dig from the bottom, removing the muck in a bucket through a hatch in the ceiling. As they dug, under pressure that was so great they could work for only two hours at a time, the caisson would



A section of the Catskill Aqueduct, 1910. The city seized twenty-five thousand acres for the system; even cemeteries were dug up.

slowly sink, allowing the sides of the box to carve the lining of a shaft. An engineer who had been in a caisson during the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge described the sensation this way: "The pulse was at first accelerated, then sometimes fell below the normal rate. The voice sounded faint, unnatural, and it became a great effort to speak. What with the flaming lights, the deep shadows, the confusing noise of hammers, drills, and chains, the half-naked forms flitting about, with here and there a Sisyphus rolling his stone, one might, if of a poetic temperament, get a realizing sense of Dante's Inferno."

More unnerving, though, was the threat of a "blowout"—a breach in the lining of the caisson wall, caused by a sudden imbalance of pressure, which created suction much like that of an airplane door opened in mid-flight, accompanied by a terrifying kettle-like screech. Men had a few seconds to climb inside the air lock; if they didn't make it, they could be sucked into the earth, as happened in 1916, during the construction of a tunnel under the East River, when three men were swallowed through a crevice; two died, while a third, Marshall Mabey, was propelled safely into the afternoon sky on a geyser said to be four stories high. "I felt myself being pushed into the hole," Mabey later explained to a reporter. "As I struck the mud it felt as though something was squeezing me tighter than I had ever been squeezed. I was almost smothered."

It's not known how many sandhogs died building the Catskill system, but in 1913 the Pine Hill *Sentinel* reported, "Approximately ten out of every 100 [workers] are killed or injured every year. More than 3,800 accidents, serious and otherwise, to workers on the great aqueduct have been recorded. . . . The men doing the rough work are virtually all foreigners or negroes. Owing to the laborers being so inconspicuous, the death by accident of one or more of them attracts no public attention."

In 1917, more than a decade after the work began, the last explosion was sounded. It was now possible to walk underground from Manhattan all the way to the Catskills. The city marked the accomplishment, but the event was more subdued than the Croton celebration. The moment a new fountain by the reservoir in Central Park was turned on, the skies opened up and rain poured down.

COURTESY NEW YORK CITY D.E.P. ARCHIVE

"Hey, can you smell it?" Jimmy Ryan asked.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Dynamite."

We were back inside City Tunnel No. 3, watching the sandhogs scoop out the blasted rock—"mucking it out," as Ryan called it. It had been only minutes since I watched the men detonate the explosives, and the misty air was laden with smoke and dust; soon, a thin yellow film covered everything. Rocks that had endured earthquakes had been smashed against the surrounding walls. Some were cracked in two, revealing bits of mica, beautiful white glimmers amid the dust; others were black and dull.

At this early stage, the method of digging through the rock was similar to that used on the first water tunnel. As Ryan put it, "You stick the dynamite in, blow the motherfucker up, then haul the shit out." It was a repetitive, driving ritual, one in which there was no day or night and the sound of concussions replaced the passage of time. The men now loaded crushed granite into enormous buckets that carried as much as twenty-eight tons in a single load and were hoisted out by a crane through the same shaft that the men had come down. Each sandhog had his own role in the operation. There were muckers and blasters and signalmen and nippers; these last remained above the hole, connecting materials to the hoist. One veteran nipper, Brian Thorne, told me, "Everyone has a skill. My best skill is rigging. The guys downstairs want to know they can trust the guy that's upstairs to put stuff over their head and not worry. If you hit someone, you can't say, 'Oops, I'm sorry.' That person is dead. So you always have to be on top of your game."

Over the years, Ryan had risen from mucker to foreman, or "walking boss," and now, as president of the sandhogs' union, he is largely responsible for the whole gang. One colleague paid him the highest compliment you can give a sandhog: "No job is too dirty for Jimmy." But as Ryan waded through the mud, his eyes peering out from under his hard hat, he seemed slightly removed. When younger sandhogs started to recall some near-death tale, he would arch an eyebrow and say, "You got some line," or "You're a real bullshit artist, aren't you?" Unlike the other men, who tell stories about the tunnel the same way fishermen spin tales about the sea, Ryan rarely speaks of his time underground. When his shift is over, he heads home to Queens, where he often changes from his digger uniform into bright golf pants and plays the links, trying to propel the ball with his sore arms as he breathes in the smell of freshly cut grass. His wife told me, "He never says a word about the tunnel. I don't know what he does down there."

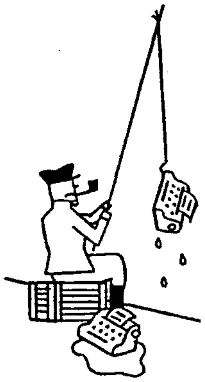
Ryan is not, by the standards of the trade, a particularly superstitious man—he doesn't carry a lucky crescent wrench or refuse to go down on Friday the thirteenth—but he maintains a constant watchfulness. And now, while the others told jokes, Ryan stood off by himself, quietly inspecting the walls to make sure there were no cracks that might cause chunks to shear off.

After a while, he trudged to the end of the tunnel, where there was a pile of smoldering rubble. At lesser depths, sandhogs had been known to uncover jewelry, murder weapons, false teeth, a chest of coins, a Colonial dungeon. "In the sewer tunnels, you sometimes find rats," Ryan said. "But this far down there are only sandhogs."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a plastic bag, which he carefully unwrapped, revealing not his lunch but a pack of Marlboros. He was the only one who, in spite of the stinging dust, seemed always to work with a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth—like the detectives in the old dime novels he likes to read.

Some of the men propped a ten-foot ladder against the rubble and Ryan started to climb it, the embers of his cigarette leading the way. "Come on," he said. When I reached the top, he pointed down the tunnel, as if to say, Go on, take a look. And I saw a dozen figures moving through the dusty haze. There was a cacophony: men slamming picks into the jagged rocks, drills probing new holes, buckets moving back and forth amid sparks that flickered like fireflies. After five months of blasting and mucking, of two shifts working sixteen hours a day, of engineers and contractors measuring the quickest route, they had advanced only two city blocks, from Twenty-ninth Street to Thirty-first Street. But as I peered from one end to the other at the ceiling of rock, dripping with water and bathed in sulfurous light, I could sense the first hint of a design.

"So, what do you think of our cathedral?" Ryan asked.



Later, as he was taking off his boots in the hog house, Ryan told me, "You know, my grandfather did the same thing." He clapped his boots together. "He came to this country in 1922, from England. He started working first on the Holland Tunnel, but then they started the second water tunnel and he moved over to that. It was even bigger than Tunnel No. 1. It was pretty brutal. That much I can tell you."

In 1929, to keep pace with water consumption, which had increased by thirty-five million gallons per day since the first tunnel was built, the city began to construct Tunnel No. 2. Once again, another aqueduct was built, this one drawing water from the Delaware River. (It is still listed in the "Guinness Book of World Records" as the world's longest water-supply tunnel.) Once again, villages were flooded and cemeteries were dug up.

Nick Ryan, Jimmy's grandfather, was tall, with a broad chest and red hair. Jimmy Ryan is said to resemble him, but Nick was more of "a wild man," as his grandson puts it, with a distinct hint of understatement. He was known for his penchant for whiskey, which in those days was often consumed in the tunnel. He had little, if any, formal education. Most of the sandhogs of his generation were recently arrived immigrants, typically from Ireland, Italy, and the West Indies, who would show up for work in their only set of clothes and wrap plastic bags around their shoes. The Board of Water Supply would sometimes put them in camps, and try to teach their children to read and write; the townspeople occasionally complained of "immigrant hordes." Black-and-white photographs taken at the time show Nick's gang standing in the tunnel, only a few beams of timber supporting the crumbling rock over their heads. Instead of a hard hat, Nick Ryan wore something more like a cowboy hat. In a 1936 log from one of the earliest meetings of Local 147, to which Nick belonged, there is a warning to the men not to pack pistols.

"Even during the Depression, most men wouldn't take these jobs," one miner who was in the union with Nick Ryan recalled in an oral history. "Nobody was going to go down and work with a shovel all day and then work in compressed air. We had some hard, hard people, and you had to be a rough commander. . . . They told you, Do it or get the hell out. So the only ones, as the insurance adjusters will tell you, that survived were the most fit."

Nick Ryan endured chest pains, broken limbs, bleeding sinuses, and caisson disease—the bends. Then, in 1937, with his family still in need of money, Nick Ryan took his eighteen-year-old son, Joe, down the shaft with him. "That's how my father learned how to survive underground," Jimmy Ryan recalled.

"Years ago, it started as a father-son business," a sandhog whose father worked side by side with Joe Ryan told me. "The fathers brought the sons in, then the brothers brought the brothers in, and the sons brought the cousins in. I don't know how you word this, but no one ever asked you your pedigree if you came here. They didn't care if you had a criminal record—as long as you worked you could stay in the hole."

Shorter and more compact than his father, Joe Ryan was known as Red. A ferociously driven and, to those who didn't know him well, intimidating man, he carried the burden—and perhaps the anger—of someone who had given up a football scholarship at Wake Forest University to work underground, helping to support a father who was sometimes out too late to make it to work on time. After Nick Ryan died, in 1958, his son briefly ran a gas station. But before long he returned underground—to the place that he knew best.

By the fifties, the city was already in frantic pursuit of more "pure and wholesome water." This time, it was not simply demand from an exploding population, or even droughts, that provoked alarm. This time, it was something that few, if any, had ever contemplated.

In 1954, unbeknownst to most residents of the city, several engineers went into a shaft to try to turn off the water supply in City Tunnel No. 1, to see if the tunnel needed repairs after being in operation for almost half a century. "Imagine your faucet after only ten years," Christopher Ward, the D.E.P. commissioner, said. "These things had been pounded away at for decades."

At the bottom of the shaft, sticking out of the tunnel, was a long bronze stem with a rotating wheel at the end. It was supposed to control the six-foot-diameter valve inside the pipeline. But when the engineers started to turn the handle, using all their might, it began to tremble and crack. "There was too much pressure on it," Ward said.

"They were afraid if they turned it any more the whole fucking thing would break," Richard Fitzsimmons, Jr., the business manager of the sandhogs' union, said.

After decades of building the world's greatest water system, the city had stumbled across its weak point, a single flaw that had rendered an otherwise invincible body mortal. "It scared the bejeezus out of people," Doug Greeley, an engineer in charge of the city's water distribution, said. There was no effective way to shut off the water, no way to get inside and weld a crack, no way to know if a tunnel was about to burst.

By the late sixties, officials had decided that something had to be done. "One of the original tunnels was seventy years old, and we were unable to repair any valves," Ed Koch, who was a congressman at the time, recalled. In some cases, he said, "we didn't even know where the valves were." Koch, who later served three terms as mayor, added, "You can exist without food, but you can't exist without water."

On a cold January day in 1970, the ground was officially broken for the third water tunnel, which would dwarf both of its predecessors. Designed to be constructed in four stages, it would extend sixty miles, from the reservoir in Yonkers through the Bronx and down to the southern tip of Manhattan, and then into Brooklyn and Queens. The project would include another underground aqueduct. More important, at the center of the entire system would be thirty-four specially designed valves that would be made not of bronze but of stainless steel, with shorter stems that could withstand greater force. (Most were manufactured in Japan, where city inspectors lived for two years to insure that they were made according to precise measurements.) All of the valves would be contained in a single centralized chamber, where they could be easily reached and turned off.

Construction on the chamber began in 1970 and was not finished until 1998. Though the tunnel sections that will feed into the chamber have not yet been completed, this past spring the D.E.P. gave me a glimpse inside the vault—which is in the Bronx, not far from the sandhogs' union hall. There is nothing above ground to indicate the vault's existence except a small guard tower and a sealed door that leads into a grassy hillside. "Ordinarily, we're not supposed to let anyone in," Greeley told me, standing outside the door.

Like many of "the pencils," as the sandhogs call the engineers, Greeley is a fastidious man: he has a neatly trimmed mustache and was wearing a blue blazer and a tie. The main door, which he unlocked as if it were a safe, was constructed out of solid steel. "They built this place during the Cold War," he said. "It's supposed to withstand a ten-megaton nuclear bomb."

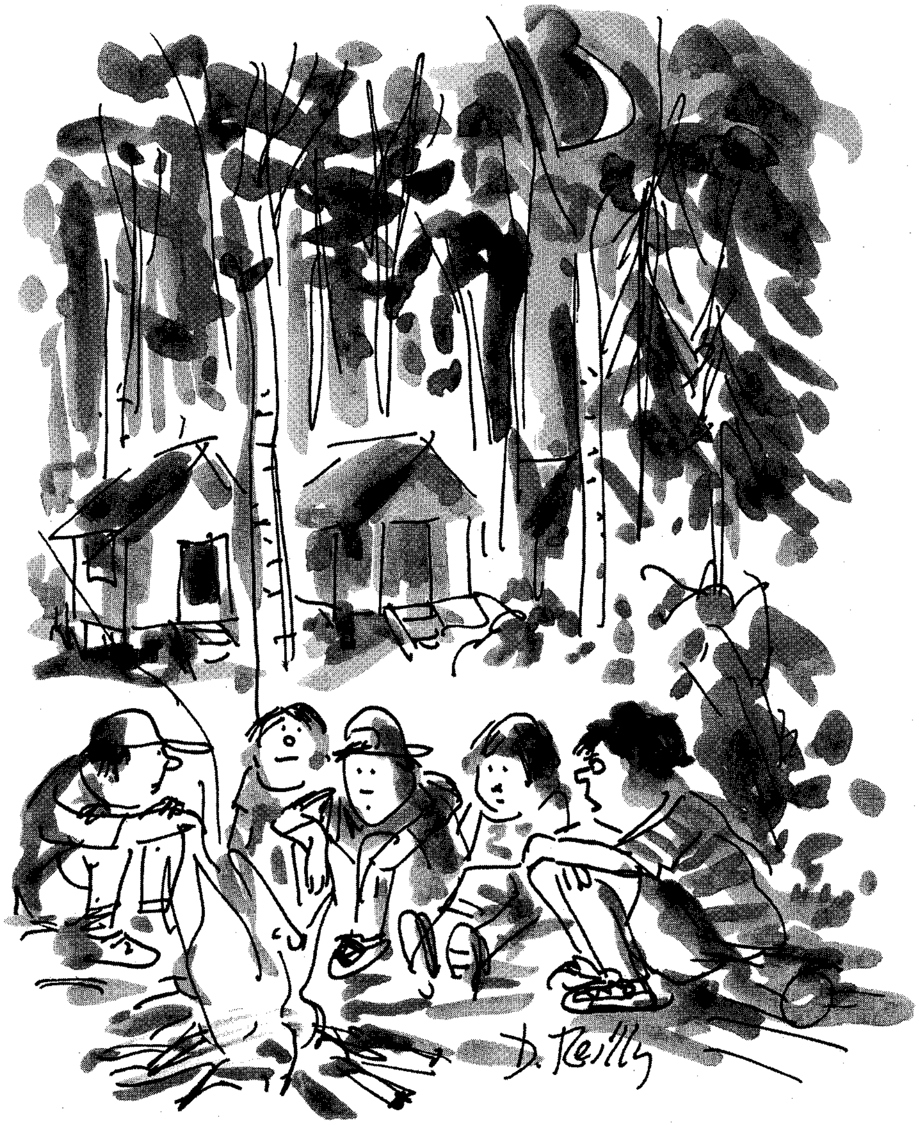
As he pressed his weight against the door, it gradually gave way, emitting a loud sigh. It was damp and cool inside; the corridor was made of concrete. After descending a flight of metal steps, we rode an elevator twenty-five stories down. As Greeley opened another thick door, he said, "Prepare to have your perception of the water supply permanently altered."

The vault resembled an airplane hangar; it extended more than two hundred yards, with a domed ceiling that was forty-one feet high and walls that were cloaked in condensation and algae. Lights hung from the top like crescent moons. Suspended twenty feet off the ground, one after the other, were the valves, or, rather, the pipes that contained them: seventeen thirty-five-ton steel cylinders with studded bolts that reached horizontally from one side of the forty-two-foot-wide vault to the other. Each cylinder contained two valves. A metal gangplank ran alongside them, and Greeley walked excitedly to the first cylinder, running his hand along the torpedo-like shell. "This way, if a tunnel develops a crack, we can shut it off from here," he said. "Everything's right at your fingertips."

If a valve broke, the cylinder could be lowered down to the bottom of the vault, and carried out on tracks. One piece, Greeley explained, could be removed without disrupting the rest of the system. The old tunnels had run in a straight line from the reservoirs into the city, but City Tunnel No. 3 was designed with various redundant loops (upper Manhattan has a loop; Brooklyn and Queens have a loop) that would pass through the chamber, so that parts of the city can be taken off-line without cutting the water supply entirely.

Putting his hand on a small wheel that jutted out of the cylinder, Greeley said, "Here we can turn the valves on and off electronically or, if there's a power outage, even manually. Of course, if you did it manually, you'd have to turn it twenty-nine thousand times, but if you had to you could get a couple of guys down here and crank it away."

It was cold in the chamber, and Greeley shuddered as he held out his hand to demonstrate another innovation. "They're



"Someday, when we're old, we're going to look back and embellish this."

called butterfly valves," he said of the sluices inside the cylinder. Unlike the old guillotine-like sluices, these gates rotated slowly into position. "That takes off the pressure and makes it easier to close," he said, turning his hand clockwise. Though he had been in the vault dozens of times, he paused for a moment and looked out at the dozens of valves. Then he said, "Once the third water tunnel is finished, all the water in the city will flow like Zen."

In 1969, just before construction on the first stage of the third water tunnel began, Jimmy Ryan's father took him below the streets. "When I was eighteen, he said, 'Come with me,'" Jimmy Ryan recalled. "He was old school. You never asked what your father did. . . . Then they put us in this big bucket. I had no idea what to expect. It got darker and darker. My father told me to stay close and watch what he did. And that's how I became a sandhog. I was born into it."

Jimmy Ryan became known as the Red-Headed Hippie. "That was the style back then," Jimmy told me, somewhat defensively. "Even the old-timers had sideburns." If he was slightly rebellious, he had his father's unrelenting drive: he told me that he wanted to prove to his "old man" that he could do the job. Jimmy also had a forthrightness that made him popular among the men. "I can't say a bad word about Jimmy," Buddy Krausa, one of his old foremen, said, adding that Ryan was the type "who would never steal a crescent wrench."

After short stints on other jobs, the Ryans moved to the third water tunnel. On a summer day in 1982, Jimmy Ryan, Krausa, and a dozen or so other sandhogs went down a hole near Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx, where they were connecting a tunnel that would feed into the new valve chamber. The section had already been bored and they were in the final stages: building a steel form—it resembled the skeletal hull of a ship—around the contours of the carved-out earth, then pouring in concrete. To reach the cavern's ceiling, Ryan had climbed atop eighteen feet of scaffolding.

Around noon, some of the men stopped for lunch, but Ryan and a few others were still working when another sandhog, George Gluszak, who was a mile up the line, saw two twenty-ton agitator cars, which were used to mix concrete, racing down the tunnel. They had broken free from the brake car and were picking up speed along the steady decline. Some of the men tried to throw things on the tracks to slow them down, but it had no effect.

Jimmy Ryan was drilling when the cars slammed into the scaffolding, catapulting him twenty-five feet through the air. "Everything turned upside down," Ryan said. "I was knocked unconscious, and when I came to, all the lights had gone out. All I could hear were moans."

Krausa, who had not been injured, felt his way through the tangle of steel, rock, and machines. He could hear the other men calling out for help. Eventually, he found a flashlight and pointed the beam in front of him. "It was like nothing I'd ever seen," he said.

Sandwiched between two flatbed cars was Johnny Wademan, who had been drilling alongside Ryan. The two cars had collided under his shoulders and he was suspended in midair, his legs dangling, his arms outstretched. "He looked like Jesus Christ," said Gluszak, who, along with his team, had run through the darkened tunnel to the scene. One of the men shouted that Wademan was dead.

Ryan was bleeding profusely from his head. "Jimmy was hurt pretty bad," Krausa said. "God bless him, he was still looking for people, trying to help them. I don't know how he could walk."

In the corner, trapped between a concrete pipe and the wall, was a sandhog named Mike Butler. Most of his leg had been cut off, the crushed bone exposed; his foot, where the skin and tissue had been butterflied open, was pinned, so that he couldn't move. "He was bleeding to death," said Ryan.

Someone pulled out a penknife and, guided only by the unsteady beam of a flashlight, tried to pry him loose. His heel wouldn't budge. "I told him we were going to have to cut part of his foot off," Gluszak said. "He said, 'Do whatever you have to do.'"

While one sandhog held a cigarette to Butler's lips, another began to slice off his heel, severing what remained of the tendons and bone. "I took off my shirt, and wrapped his foot up in my undershirt and put a tourniquet around his leg," Gluszak said.

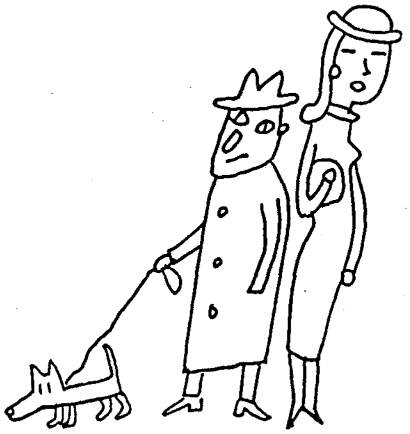
While Butler was being freed, the other men pulled Wademan down from where he had been suspended. As he hit the ground, they heard a groan. He was still alive.

It had been one of the worst accidents to date in the third water tunnel. Butler later had the rest of his leg amputated. Wademan's legs and hips were broken, six of his ribs were shattered, and he suffered severe head trauma. Ryan got a hundred and twenty stitches in his forehead and chin; he also had a broken knee, six fractured ribs, and two separated shoulders. It took him eight months to recuperate. When I asked him why he returned to work, he replied, "I'm a sandhog. That's all I know." He never went back to the scene of the accident, and he grew even quieter. "The accident took the life out of Jimmy," another sandhog said. "The exuberance."

"They ain't gonna do any psychological work on me," Ryan told me. "They ain't ever gonna penetrate this head."

Shortly after Ryan resumed working, he noticed that his father was having trouble breathing. "He'd walk thirty feet and have to stop," Ryan said. Then Joe Ryan started to cough up black phlegm. When Joe visited the doctor, X-rays showed spots on his lungs. He had contracted silicosis, a disease caused by years of breathing dust.

Jimmy Ryan said his father had always told him that sandhogs die unexpectedly. They die of cave-ins and blowouts. They die of explosions and electrocutions. They die of falling rocks and winches and icicles. They die of drowning. They die of decapitation and the bends. They die without legs, without arms. They die by plunging hundreds of feet or simply a few. They die quickly and, more often than not, painfully.



TO A FRIEND CONTEMPLATING HER BIOGRAPHY OF HAWTHORNE

“We were not, it is true, so well acquainted
at college, that I can plead
an absolute right to inflict
my ‘twice-told’ tediousness
upon you; but I have been glad of your
success in literature,
and in more important matters.”
What had been—

what *could* have been, I wonder—
“more important” to Hawthorne, sequestered for
a dozen years in Salem,
struggling to make himself a writer? And for
his initially cautious
correspondent, the fatally fluent
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
savoring the first of those dread successes:
for him, too, could there have been
matters more important than literature?

And then of course I wonder
about you and me—about all of our tribe,
whom Montaigne identified
without contempt as *la gent écrivassière*,
secreted so manageably,
as luck would have it, in this apprehensive
and inadvertent city—
whether it is something of the same kind
that, every dreaming midnight
and every waking dawn, glows (*glowers*) for us
like the radium on our clocks:
matters *more important than literature.*

—*Richard Howard*

In May, on Ascension Thursday, Ryan put on a neatly pressed tweed jacket and a tie and drove from his home, in Queens, to St. Barnabas Church in the Bronx for a service in honor of all those who had died in the third water tunnel. The stone church had stained-glass windows that could be opened, allowing in the unfiltered sunlight. Ryan sat toward the front, his jacket tight around his broad shoulders. Packed in the pews around him were Christopher Ward, the D.E.P. commissioner; Anthony DelVescovo, the contractor; and dozens of sandhogs and engineers. “Let us pray for all those who have been hurt or killed in construction of City Tunnel No. 3,” the priest intoned.

“Lift them up,” a sandhog responded. “Lift them up.”

Ryan knelt against the front of his pew as the priest read the names of the twenty-four men who had died in the tunnel. “Lord have mercy on them,” the priest said. When the service was over, Ryan and the others headed down the street to an Irish pub. “My father was one of the lucky ones,” he said. “He held on until 1999. That’s when the silicosis finally got him.”

“I’m John Ryan. I think you met my father.”

The young man was standing by a shaft for a tunnel on the corner of Thirty-sixth Street and First Avenue. Short, with compact arms, he looked more like his grandfather than his father. He was twenty-eight, and his face had yet to develop the hard etchings of a sandhog. It was broad and frank, with bright-green eyes; red hair poked out of the front of his hard hat.

The other sandhogs called him “Jimmy’s kid,” but he had little of his dad’s reticence. “You never know what’s going on up there,” he said of his father, with a smile. “I’m more of a bullshit artist.” He looked up at the crane that was lowering materials down the hole. “I used to think my father was out of his mind. I was about eight years old when he got hurt. I still remember it. He didn’t want to stay in the hospital and came home in a wheelchair. That’s when I first realized what it meant to be a sandhog, and I said, ‘Christ, I ain’t ever gonna do that.’ ” He peered down the hole. “It’s in your blood, I guess.” Holding out his arms, he added, “We’ve probably got more muck in our veins than anything else.”

“Nobody wants their kid to go into it,” Jimmy Ryan told me later. “You’ll always hope they’ll find some kind of pencil job.”

“I grew up wanting to be a baseball player,” John Ryan said. “Then I dropped out of college, and one day my father came in the bar where I was working and said, ‘All right, mister, you want to bartend? Come with me.’ I’d never been in the hole before. I was scared. I won’t lie to you.”

“I can only imagine what he was thinking,” Jimmy Ryan said. “We try to help each other.”

John Ryan’s great-grandfather brought home only a few dollars a week from his work on the water tunnel; today, sandhogs earn as much as a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year. Though many are descended from tramp miners, they now often emerge from the hog house in tailored suits, their hair perfectly combed, as if they were bankers or accountants. Chick Donohue, the head of the hog house, has a degree from the Kennedy School at Harvard and is well known in city politics. He wears his Harvard ring on one hand and his sandhogs’ union ring on the other. “That way, if I can’t outsmart ’em with the left,

TWO BARBARIANS AND A PROFESSOR OF BARBARIAN STUDIES

I hit 'em with the right," he told me.

Just as sandhogs have gradually transformed the city, the city has gradually transformed the sandhogs. Some now arrive at the hole in a Cadillac or a BMW. John Ryan, who is engaged to be married, is buying a Colonial house in Nassau County. "A lot of guys are drawn to the money," he admitted. He paused. "And there's the camaraderie. That's a big part of it, too." He paused again, as if still searching for the deepest reason, then added, "Hell, I *like* it down there."

After five years on the third water tunnel, John Ryan had risen to foreman. His current mission was to build the city's newest "mole," a two-hundred-and-thirty-ton drill that would be placed at his father's site, on Tenth Avenue. Experimented with as early as the seventies, the mole was officially introduced in the water tunnels in 1992, and had become the sandhogs' most critical instrument—comparable, in the world of tunnelling, to the invention of the printing press. In February, the latest mole was transported from New Jersey to Manhattan, in pieces weighing sixty to a hundred and thirty tons, on a flatbed truck; the payload was the largest ever to cross the George Washington Bridge. The components were then lowered into the Thirtieth Street hole by a special crane that could withstand the enormous weight.

One day in February, after the mole had been assembled in the tight confines of the tunnel, John Ryan invited me to go down with him and see it. The pipeline was twelve and a half feet in diameter. The mole had already been driven nearly half a mile, and to reach the heading we had to ride a railroad car called a "man trip," which rattled from side to side. Groundwater seeped out of the surrounding rock, splattering against the walls as we sped past. After about five minutes, we came to a sudden stop. In the distance, I could see a monstrous machine that looked more like a space shuttle than a drill. The mole's hydraulic engines churned, and its blinking lights gleamed. "Come on," Ryan said excitedly, walking toward it. "That's only the trailing gear."

This gear—including a conveyor belt that carried out the crushed rock—took up most of the tunnel. A narrow gangplank had been built on the tunnel's side. Occasionally, to pass one of the fifteen or so sandhogs, we had to turn sideways, pressing our faces against the damp rock. As we went deeper, the mole began to resemble a colossal organism: its giant cylindrical arms gripped the walls and pushed the machine's mouth forward through the rock. In some compartments of the mole, engineers were peering at computer screens; the mole had lasers that registered the precise type of rock at the heading.

A siren sounded, and the men began to run up and down the plank. "What's happening?" I asked nervously.

"Nothing," Ryan said. "We're just starting it up."

The mole coughed and sputtered and shook. The temperature had been twenty degrees at the surface, but the mole heated the tunnel air to eighty degrees, and some of the men began to strip off their layers. After walking seventy-five yards, we reached the front of the mole: a round shield with twenty-seven cutters, each weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, pressed against the rock face, obscuring it completely. The cutters, driven forward by hydraulic propulsion, spun ferociously and noisily, chipping away at the granite, which was then carried out on the conveyor belt and loaded into muck cars. Ryan, who had grown up listening to tales of his forebears, said it was hard to believe that "my great-grandfather had only a goddam muck stick"—sandhog slang for shovel.

Indeed, until the mole was invented, tunnelling had changed only incrementally since the days of the Romans, who used fire and water to crack the rock and horses to carry it out. When a prototype of the mole was introduced in New York, in the seventies, many of the sandhogs feared it as much as caving rock.

"It's like that old story about John Henry," Chick Donohue explained, recalling the fabled contest between man and machine after the invention of the steam drill. "Well, when they introduced the first mole over in Brooklyn, the cutters kept breaking, and the sandhogs would jump in with their shovels and picks. They knew they were competing for their jobs, and they were actually beating the mole! Of course, they then perfected the mole, and there was no contest."

The construction of the first water tunnel required no fewer than eighty men to drill and blast for at least a week in order to advance a hundred feet. The mole, with a fraction of the manpower, can tunnel that far in a day.

Yet, even with the mole, the third water tunnel has already taken six times as long as either City Tunnel No. 1 or No. 2; some people think it won't be completed, as scheduled, by 2020. "We should've been done with this thing twenty years ago," Jimmy Ryan said. "But the city keeps fucking around."

Conditions above ground have proved almost as difficult as those below. After the initial phase of a billion-dollar contract to build the tunnel was awarded to a consortium of companies, costs began to exceed estimates by the millions. When the city balked at the rising costs, the companies sued and the work stalled. Then, in 1974, when the city went bankrupt, construction was halted altogether. In all, nearly a decade was lost, and in 1981, with work proceeding only piecemeal and the ever-growing demand for water forcing the old tunnels to carry sixty per cent more capacity than intended, city officials were so desperate that they pleaded with the federal government to fund the project.

Meanwhile, charges began to surface that Tammany Hall-like machinations were contributing to the delays. The once vaunted Board of Water Supply, which oversaw the construction, had become a "Democratic patronage plum tree," as one critic put it. Stanley M. Friedman, the Bronx Democratic power broker who was later convicted of racketeering, was given a lifetime position on the board, with a salary of twenty thousand dollars, as well as an office, a secretary, a chauffeured car. "When I came in as mayor, it was a lifetime job given to retiring politicians," Koch told me. "They didn't do anything."

The board was dismantled. But in 1986 the man in charge of supervising purchasing for the water tunnel at the D.E.P., Edward Nicastro, warned that contracts were still not being properly monitored. "You'd be amazed at how easy it is to steal in the system," he told a reporter at the time.

WINE
CAMEMBERT
FLAUBERT
CHICKEN
BACON
WATER
MOZZARELLA

In recent years, the greatest delays seem to be caused not by efforts to defraud the public but by attempts to placate it. Where the old water board once plowed over communities, the D.E.P. is now impeded by them. In 1993, when it tried to sink a shaft on East Sixty-eighth Street, Councilman Charles Millard protested that his office had received calls from parents whose children were "finding it difficult to concentrate." NUMBY, or "not under my back yard," movements sprang up. In 1994, after engineers had spent two years planning a new shaft site, residents in Jackson Heights held a protest, carrying signs that said, "DON'T GIVE US THE SHAFT." Engineers were forced to find a new location. "When we want to choose a shaft site, everyone says, 'Oh, the water system is a miracle, but please find another place,' " Ward told me. " 'We're building a co-op'—or hotel or park—'there.' " A D.E.P. engineer and geologist, Scott Chesman, added, "Instead of taking seven years to finish, we're on thirty years, and hardly any of it's been done. It's like the eighteen-hundreds again."

Indeed, for the first time, the historic Delaware Aqueduct—the eighty-four-mile underground pipeline that carries the water from reservoirs upstate down to Yonkers, where it connects to City Tunnels No. 1 and No. 2—has begun to crack. According to some D.E.P. reports, in 1995 the aqueduct was losing about five hundred million gallons a month from leaks, which were creating massive sinkholes in Ulster and Orange Counties; in 2000, the monthly loss sometimes exceeded a billion gallons. An investigation by Riverkeeper warned of a potential "collapse" of the aqueduct, which would cut off as much as eighty per cent of the water flowing into the city.

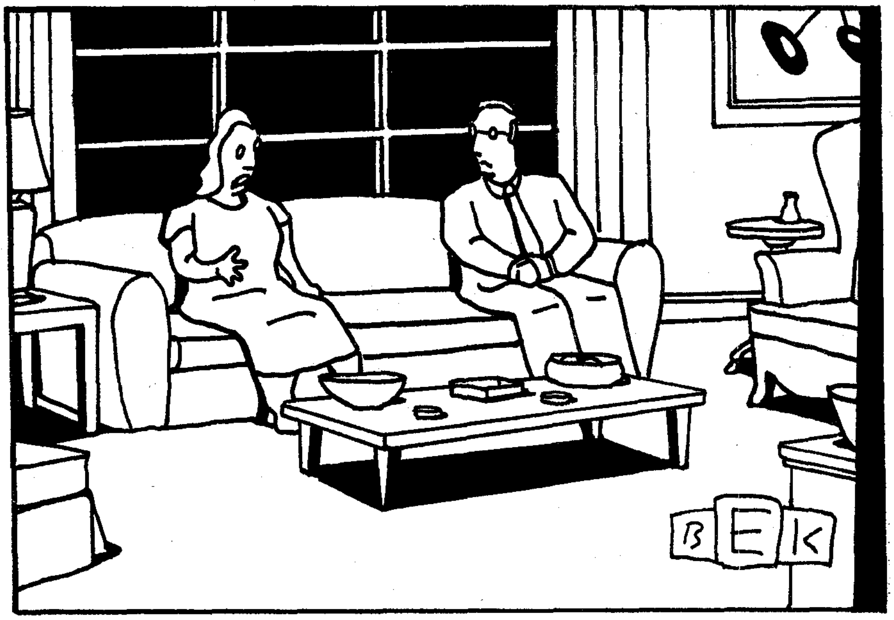
In the spring of 2000, the D.E.P. decided to send a team of deep-sea divers down to do repairs on one of the original bronze valves in the Delaware Aqueduct, in the Dutchess County town of Chelsea, which had cracked, spewing a torrent of water through a hole the size of a quarter at eighty miles per hour. "For about two or three months, we built a mockup of the valve and a mockup of the bottom of the shaft," said John McCarthy, the engineer who oversaw the project. "We took the crew and experimented in a tank of about fifty feet of water, without any light, trying to simulate the conditions."

After practicing for days, the engineers transported a diving bell and a decompression chamber to the leak site. Four divers, who were hired from the same company that had helped to salvage the Russian nuclear submarine Kursk after it sank in the Barents Sea in August, 2000, had to remain inside the decompression chamber for twenty-four hours, in order to adjust to the intense water pressure underground. The chamber was about the size of a van, only round. On the outside were valves and hoses and an air-lock door to send in food (mostly fluids and peanut butter) and to remove human waste. The pressure in the chamber was gradually brought to the same pressure as that of the water seven hundred feet underground.

After breathing a mixture of ninety-eight per cent helium and two per cent oxygen for twenty-four hours, two of the divers crawled into a thirteen-foot diving bell that was attached to the top of the chamber. Once they had sealed themselves inside, the bell was lifted by a crane and lowered down the shaft that led into the aqueduct. There were only inches between the bell and the walls of the shaft. When the divers reached the bottom, one climbed out and swam toward the leak. (The other diver remained in the bell in case of an emergency.) He wore a wetsuit, a mask, and scuba equipment, and carried a small waterproof tool set. While struggling to stay in position against the pressure of the escaping water, he placed a brass plug in one of the holes, then sealed it with a clamp and an epoxy compound.

Each shift lasted at least four hours, then the bell was lifted up and two other divers went down. "It was not for the faint of heart," McCarthy said. The men spent ten days finishing the repairs, and fifteen more in the decompression chamber.

Still, far greater leaks are suspected somewhere between the Rondout Reservoir, in the Catskills, and a reservoir in Putnam County. This June, the D.E.P. sent a custom-made two-million-dollar submarine through forty-five miles of the Delaware Aqueduct. (The job was deemed too dangerous for a human.) The eight-hundred-pound craft, which was nicknamed Persephone, took three hundred and fifty thousand photographs. "The sub looks like a torpedo with catfish antennas," Commissioner Ward told me. "While a motor pushes it through, the antennas help it bounce back off the walls to stay within the middle of the tunnel." The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, on Cape Cod, and the D.E.P. are now examining the pictures to evaluate the structural integrity of the pipeline.



"We never have any activities that make for cute anecdotes anymore."

But even if the locations of the leaks are determined, and if engineers can then concoct some way to plug them, most D.E.P. officials I spoke with do not consider this section of the aqueduct the most vulnerable. They are more worried about pipelines closer to the city—in particular, Tunnels No. 1 and No. 2, which, because of their greater depth and buried valves, are far less accessible, even to a self-piloted submarine. Some sandhogs believe that the only thing preventing these sections from collapsing is the pressure of the water pushing against their walls. A former chief engineer on the water system, Martin Hauptman, has noted, "We see headlines in the streets frequently where a 24-inch water main breaks and the street's flooded, basements are flooded, the subway is flooded, and people think *that* is a horrible situation. Failure of a tunnel is an entirely different situation. What bothers me most . . . is the element of time. You cannot buy time with a situation like that."

And there is now the additional threat of terrorism. Although the public's attention has focussed on the danger of someone's poisoning the water supply, officials believe that the system would likely dilute a toxin's effects. The greater danger, they say, is that a terrorist might blow up one of the pipelines before the third water tunnel is up and running. "That's the scary thing," Ward said. Fitzsimmons, the sandhogs' union leader, added, "If you attacked the right spots—I hate to say this, but it's true—you could take out all of the water going into New York City."

On the morning I went down the hole with John Ryan, he told me, "My hope is that we can finish the third water tunnel, so my father will be able to see it completed."

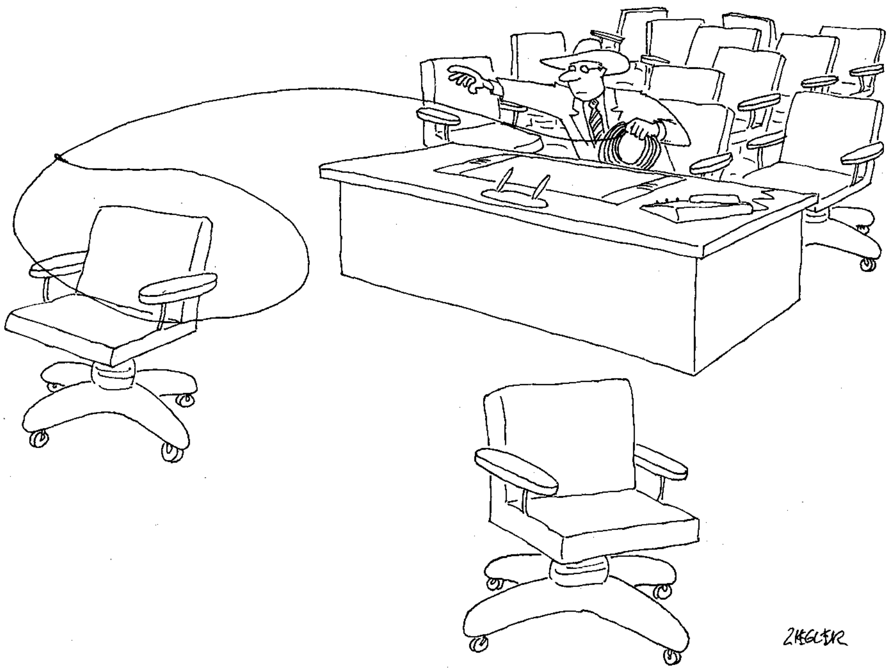
The mole was boring into the rock. Several sandhogs had laid new tracks on the floor, pounding them into the rock with sledgehammers.

"All right!" Ryan yelled. "Let's check the cutter heads."

He looked up at me from under his hard hat. "You want to go?" he asked.

"Where?"

He pointed underneath the mole, where a small passageway led into the



bowels of the machine. Two other sandhogs were already crawling in and, after a moment, I followed. First we had to crouch in a cavity no more than three feet by four feet. One of the sandhogs, who introduced himself as Peter, fumbled with the lamp on his hard hat. "Fucking thing's busted," he said.

The other worker turned his light on, and I could see that the passage led to a five-foot-long corridor that connected to the head of the mole.

"Whenever you're ready, John," Peter yelled to Ryan, who was outside the cavity, directing the operation. "You can roll the head."

We stayed in a crouch for several more minutes, watching the mole's cutters rotate several degrees one way, then the other, until at last they came to rest.

"This is the most dangerous part," Peter said. He then lay on his stomach and stuck his hands straight out in front of him and began to squirm, feet first, through the narrow passage leading to the mole's cutters. He slid through the mud and water, and I followed on my stomach. Soon, I was standing in mud and water up to my knees, staring at the giant metal blades. I tried to step away, but my back hit something hard: the head of the tunnel. We were sandwiched between the mole and the rock. "You just don't want anything to move," Peter said.

As groundwater seeped from the ceiling, hitting the machine, puffs of steam filled the cavity.

"Go ahead, touch it," Peter said, pointing to one of the blades.

I reached out and touched the edge: it was scalding hot, from friction. "You could fry an egg on it," Peter said.

The other sandhog squeezed into the crevice. Now the only wiggle room was above our heads. As the water crept up to our thighs, Peter craned his neck, inspecting the front of the tunnel to make sure the rock was sound. There was a series of grooved concentric circles where the blades had cut. "It looks like a dartboard, doesn't it?" Peter said.

"Like a tree," the other sandhog said.

They checked the blades to make sure they didn't require replacement.

I told them I thought I needed to leave.

"Just a second more," Peter said.

The other sandhog exited first, followed by me, then Peter. When I saw John Ryan again, he looked at my muck-covered clothes, then clapped me cheerfully on the back. "Welcome to our fucking world," he said.

There was no man-trip car to take me back to the shaft, so I set out by myself, walking the length of the tunnel. "If you see a muck car coming," Ryan told me, "just hang on to the pipes on the side of the tunnel."

A few minutes later, the noise from the mole faded, and the tunnel was empty and still. Though it extended as far as the eye could see, this tunnel was not even one-sixtieth the projected length of the third water tunnel; it was a mere one-thousandth of all the miles of water tunnels and pipelines and aqueducts combined. For the first time during my underground excursion, I had some sense of this city under the city—of what many engineers refer to as "the eighth wonder of the world."

After a while, a light flickered in the distance and I thought it was a muck car. As Ryan had instructed, I hung on to the pipes on the side of the tunnel. But it was only a sandhog come to escort me out.

When I reached the top, I went into the hog house to change. On the bench beside me was a slender boy with a hard hat cocked to one side, as if it were a fedora. He looked astonishingly like Jimmy Ryan. It was Jimmy's younger son, Gregory. "I started in 2000, over on the third water tunnel in Queens," he said. "They call us the millennial hogs."

Only twenty, he looked like a slightly ungainly teen-ager in his dirty white shirt and a slicker that seemed too loose for his narrow waist. He hung his Yankees cap in his locker and wrapped his supper, a veal cutlet sandwich, in a plastic bag. "It saves time to eat underground," he said.

Greg glanced at another sandhog who was dressing nearby. His left hand had been crushed under a beam in the hole, and his index finger was missing. "I still get scared sometimes," Greg said, lifting his hard hat and removing a pack of menthol cigarettes. He lit one and let it dangle between his teeth, the way he had often seen his father do. "My father told me not to think about it. It'll only make it worse."

Greg turned and headed outside, where his brother John was emerging from the cage, his face covered in mud. As John stepped onto solid ground, shielding his eyes from the blinding light, he clapped his hand on Greg's shoulder. "I'll see you, O.K.?" Greg nodded and, without a word, descended into the darkness. ♦

PROFILES

THE GARDENER

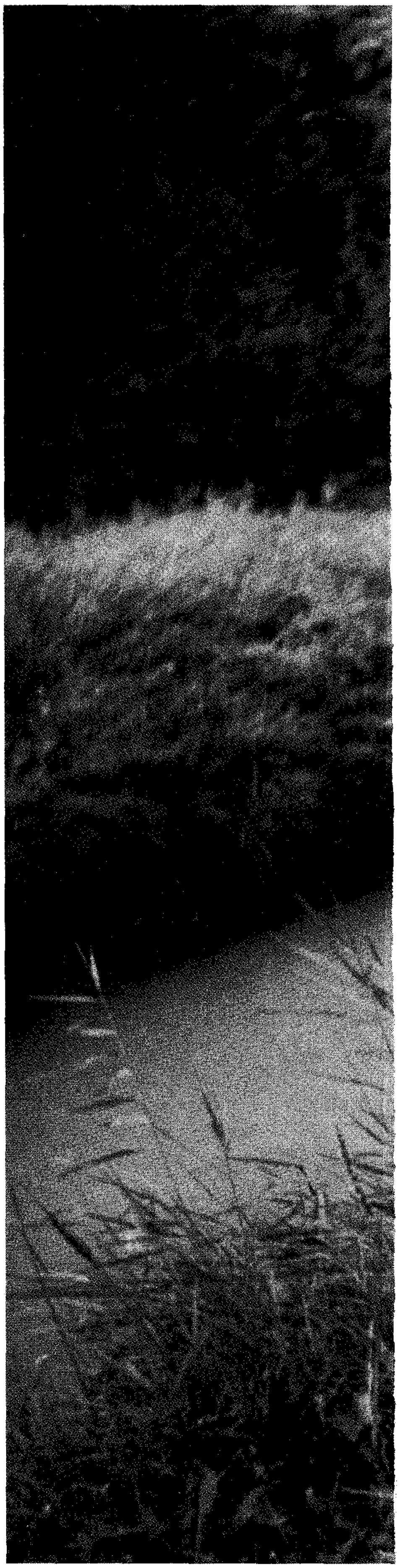
For most of a century, Stanley Kunitz has cultivated generations of poems—and poets.

BY DANA GOODYEAR

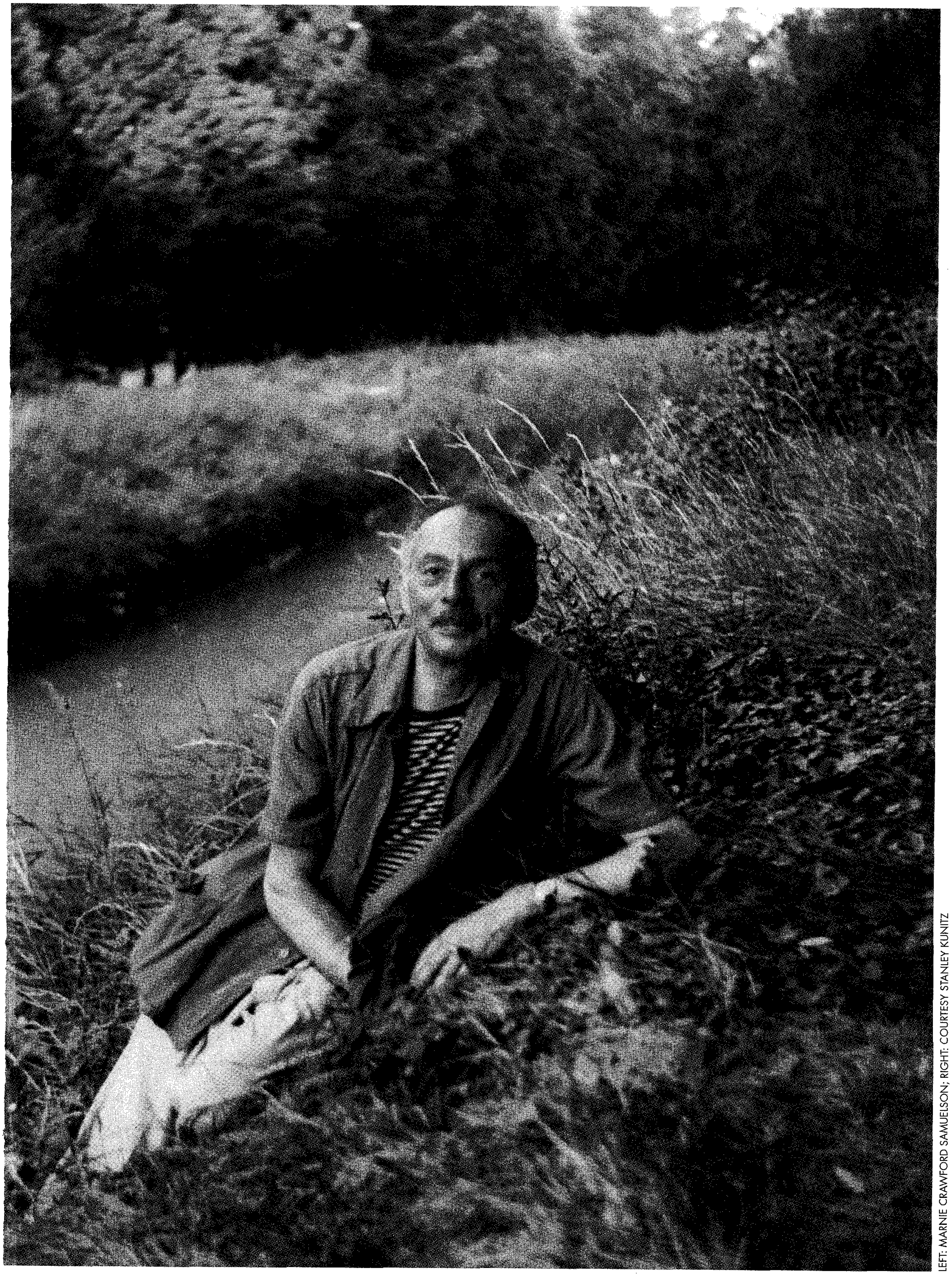
In 1946, just after being discharged from the Army, where he underwent infantry training four times and then refused a commission when it was offered, the poet Stanley Kunitz got a letter from Bennington College inviting him to come and teach. He was baffled—he had no teaching experience—until he learned the origin of the proposition: his friend and fellow-poet Theodore Roethke had had one of his periodic manic episodes, and, holed up in his faculty cottage, had said he would emerge peaceably only if Kunitz was hired to replace him.

Kunitz's affiliation with Bennington was brief. As he tells it, several weeks before the graduation ceremonies of 1949 a student, Miriam Marx (Groucho's daughter), came to him in hysterics. She told him that she was going to be expelled because of a curfew violation. Kunitz was sympathetic. She was young and vulnerable, and he felt that expulsion would be disastrous for her. He organized a meeting of the student body to protest the school's decision. That night, the president of the college barged into Kunitz's house and testily warned him to stop the protest. Kunitz was repotting a plant at the time and threw it in the president's face. Then he packed up his car.

Kunitz still has a green thumb, and spends the better part of every summer day in his garden in Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod. He is ninety-eight, with a fringe of white hair, orbed hazel eyes, and a sketched-in mustache. In Provincetown, he often wears khaki pants, a khaki overshirt, and a blue denim fisherman's cap. He is about five-five, with an appearance of physical delicacy and an attitude of indomitability. He is prone to jumping up mid-conversation to say he's just going to check on the boiler or get a hammer to fix a protruding nail. He shakes his fist in the air as a greeting, and croons "Hel-lo-o-o." (Goodbyes are punctuated with both arms tossed in the air.) A sly hilarity lies behind a precise, courtly manner; he laughs often, and is known for his Martinis and his withering remarks. Dorothy Antczak, a woman in her early forties who used to work in the garden and go shopping with him, recalls being with him at the A. & P. a few years ago. When Kunitz, who still stocks his larder as if it were 1930, came to the register with an overwhelming amount of food,



Kunitz in Provincetown, left, in July, 20



d in Arles, France, in 1954. "Real poets are not confessional," he said. "My concept was to transform the events of my life into legend."

LEFT: MARNIE CRAWFORD SAMUELSON; RIGHT: COURTESY STANLEY KUNITZ

the cashier said in a patronizing voice, "How are you ever going to eat all those groceries by yourself?" Kunitz turned to Dorothy and said, "Well, we do have the six kids, right, honey?" The cashier looked shocked. "He never is rude," Antczak said, "but he always has a comeback."

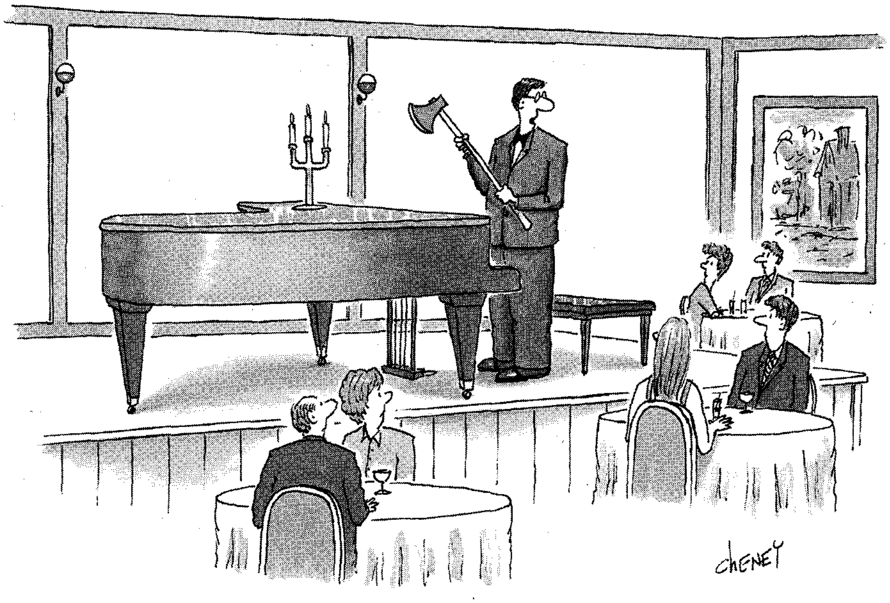
Kunitz's house is a two-story gray shingled turn-of-the-century—"twentieth century!"—bungalow that is rumored to have once served as a brothel for sailors who arrived in the nearby harbor. When he bought the house, in 1962, the front yard was a sand dune—there is still sand in the basement—but now it is a fertile perennial garden, built on a steep incline between the house and the front gate. With three brick terraces, the garden is like a jewelry box that unfolds vertically when you open it, and it is filled with a tangle of colors and shapes: spiky lavender, melon-orange daylilies, hostas, fizzy pink spirea, hydrangea, lady's-mantle, meadow rue. At last count, there were sixty-nine species, including three twenty-foot-tall conical Alberta spruces and a wind-flattened, anthropomorphic juniper tree.

One afternoon in mid-July, Kunitz walked through the garden, deadheading with long, nimble fingers, and told me about its origins. "The problem was first to build these"—he gestured toward the terraces—"and really to transform the pure sand into soil." To do this, he carted seaweed from the beach and combined it with peat moss and compost. Enriching the soil took several years, but the composition of the garden has taken forty, and is ongoing. In this way, it resembles many of Kunitz's poems—worried over, many-layered, slow to evolve. In a seventy-five-year writing career, Kunitz, who has won a Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award, and has been poet laureate twice, has published ten volumes of his own poems. (He has translated several Russian poets, most notably Anna Akhmatova.) At ninety-five, he published his "Collected Poems," outpacing Thomas Hardy, who boasted about having a new manuscript at eighty-seven.

Kunitz stood looking up at the terraces from the crushed-clamshell path that forms a kind of margin at the garden's base, as Genine Lentine, his literary assistant, took notes in a speckled journal. For the past couple of years, Kunitz has been collecting and recording his thoughts about the garden for a book; he and Genine, a woman in her early forties with an air of calm conscientiousness, have been working steadily and plan to have an outline done by fall. She is also trying to capture the mythic set pieces he has told again and again in his life: how he tamed a family of owls and walked out of the woods with them on his outspread arms; how, at twelve, he climbed a quarry wall and dangled there all night, unable to go up or down; how, in the South of France in the nineteen-thirties, he waved day after day at an old man in a steamer chair, and discovered that it was his hero, D. H. Lawrence, shortly before Lawrence's death.

"The prevailing concept of the garden is that each tier constitutes a stanza," Kunitz said. "There's a difference in the color values in each tier. But there's always a cross-reference—a color always finds an answer or response in the next tier. And then, of course, there is the seasonal evolution. The garden is in bloom until the killing frost. The tiers advance—the late garden is on the upper tiers. It keeps renewing itself. There still is some bloom in the end, as, for example, in the asters."

Kunitz and his wife, Elise Asher—a painter who has published two collections of poems, "The Meandering Absolute," in 1955, and "Night Train," in 2000, when she was eighty-seven—come to Provincetown from New York every year on or around June 21st, their wedding anniversary. (They were married in 1957, the third time for both of them.) This year, the trip was in jeopardy. In March, Kunitz, after giving a talk at New York University on the poetry of the Holocaust—one of a dozen readings or lectures he had given over the previous year—became exhausted and went into the hospital. For two weeks, he barely ate, and when it seemed that he wouldn't recover he was brought home to his apartment, on Twelfth Street. Dozens of friends from all over the country came to say goodbye. His editor at W. W. Norton, Carol Houck Smith, was among the visitors: "I went down on a Monday, a beautiful sunlit day, and the flowers downstairs were coming out and he was surrounded by orchids. There was a hospital bed, and Stanley was lying on it as if he were on a sarcophagus, very calm. Galway Kinnell"—a poet and a professor at N.Y.U.—"was sitting on the bed, reciting Yeats. So we all stood there, quiet. Galway—with the sunlight, it was beatific—leaned over and kissed him and told him he loved him. And then I went over and held his hands, and sat on the bed there for a while, and I told him I loved him, too. I went away thinking that that was probably the last time, and I wanted to memorize everything. The azaleas coming out downstairs and the camellias, and there were beautiful tulips. It was like a painting. When I found out that he was still with us, and I went down on the Wednesday, Stanley was sitting



"This next song is about love—that special kind of love between a man, his ex-wife, their delinquent children, her attorney, several stockbrokers, and the Internal Revenue Service."

up in his bathrobe and his jammies, with his newspaper and his glasses in his lap."

A few days later, Smith went back, and found Kunitz working through some poems with a former student. Soon he was getting letters from friends to congratulate him on "the most successful death since Jesus!" He doesn't remember anything about that time, but apparently was alert and lucid. At one point, he told Genine, "All I want to do is write poems, and think about the garden, and be in the garden." Now that he is there, he told me, his plan is not only to write a garden book but "to write a hundred poems!" He looked at me sharply, with a small smile. "Don't be surprised."

Two years before Auden, twelve years before Lowell, Stanley Kunitz was born, in Worcester, Massachusetts. The timing of his birth was "awkward," as he put it in his most famous poem, "The Portrait": several weeks earlier, his father had killed himself by drinking carbolic acid in a public park, leaving his mother, Yetta Jasspon Kunitz, with two daughters, six and three, and Stanley imminent. Yetta, a strong-willed immigrant from Lithuania, never mentioned what had happened. As "The Portrait" tells it:

She locked his name
in her deepest cabinet
and would not let him out,
though I could hear him thumping.
When I came down from the attic
with the pastel portrait in my hand
of a long-lipped stranger
with a brave moustache
and deep brown level eyes,
she ripped it into shreds
without a single word
and slapped me hard.
In my sixty-fourth year
I can feel my cheek
still burning.

"I was eight years old, and I had gone poking around the remnants," Kunitz told me during one of our conversations in his study on Twelfth Street this spring. "I may have had a design, as I think back on it. I think I was searching for something—I was searching for my father. And there in the trunk I found his clothes that had been left behind, and in that trunk I found the first image I had ever had of him."

What he came to know about his father was only that his name was Solomon Kunitz, that he was a Freemason, that he was a talented public speaker, and that the dressmaking company he and Yetta owned, the apparently flourishing Parisian Wrapper Company, was nearly bankrupt. Kunitz's mother, a shrewd businesswoman, was able to open a drygoods store on the ruins of the Wrapper Company, and the store eventually became another garment factory. When he was eight, as he recalls it, his mother married Mark Dine, a well-educated man who had been a wine merchant in Europe. Kunitz adored his stepfather, whom he always called Mr. Dine. "We had a great attachment," Kunitz said. "He had a real sense of what I needed desperately." Yetta and Mark Dine began to build a house on Woodford Street, on Providence Hill, the first affluent Jewish neighborhood in Worcester, and, though the construction was intermittent, because of the First World War, Stanley spent time there, planting a victory garden and exploring the woods. Toward the end of 1918, the three-story stucco house with Moorish details was finished. Stanley was visiting a stepbrother, one of Dine's sons from a previous marriage, when the news came that Mr. Dine had suffered a heart attack while hanging curtains, and had died.

And so the lost father became the overriding theme of Kunitz's work. ("The fathers merged," he said. "When I think of 'father,' it's a double image.") Kunitz, who knew he wanted to be a poet from the time he was a young child, has a motto: Poetry is the conversion of life into legend. In 1930, when he was twenty-five and had recently graduated summa cum laude from Harvard—he was told he couldn't stay on to teach, because the Anglo-Saxon students would resent his Jewish heritage—he published his first book, "Intellectual Things." He was devoted to Blake and to the Metaphysical poets, just made fashionable again by T. S. Eliot, and his poems, full of Christian images and obliquity, can seem almost hindered by erudition. The strictly metered lines have an ingrown, flummoxing quality, most conspicuous in the love poems:

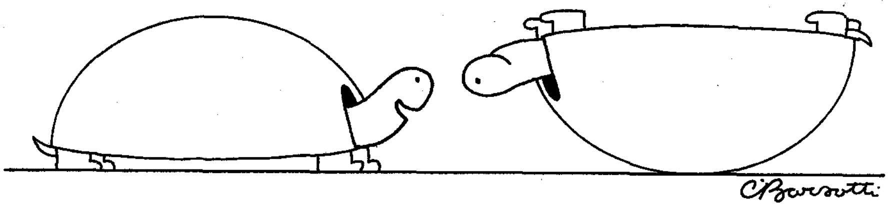
So intricately is this world resolved
Of substance arched on thrust of
    circumstance,
The earth's organic meaning so involved
That none may break the pattern of his
    dance;
Lest, deviating, he confound the line
Of reason with the destiny of race,
And, altering the perilous design,
Bring ruin like a rain on time and space.

Although some critics of the time found Kunitz's verse esoteric, the collection was saluted by the great William Rose Benét in *The Saturday Review:* "There is a 'new' poet. His first book, 'Intellectual Things,' is an event. . . . Here is a man immediately asserting his own fresh utterance, modern and yet very old, intricate and metaphysical and yet undeniably full of the sagacity of the true seer, the poet born." That same year, Kunitz, who was living in New York, married a poet named Helen Pearce. They moved out of the city, to a hundred-acre farm near Mansfield Center, Connecticut, where Kunitz plowed the fields with a pair of white oxen and sold herbs to markets in Hartford.

Nearly fifteen years passed before he published his second collection, "Passport to the War." The book was mostly well reviewed, but it disappeared fast. The outstanding poem of the collection, "Father and Son," picks up the lost-father motif. Kunitz describes pursuing his father through the twilight fields of suburban Worcester, imagining how to make up for all the lost time, how to "bridge the chasm in a casual tone," when, suddenly, "At the water's edge, where the smothering ferns lifted / Their arms, 'Father!' I cried, 'Return! You know / The way. I'll wipe the mudstains from your clothes; / No trace, I promise, will remain. Instruct / Your son, whirling between two wars, / In the Gemara of your gentleness.' " This was before Ginsberg's "Kaddish" and Plath's "Daddy," when direct address of a parent was still a surprising poetic strategy.

In "The Testing-Tree," a poem published in a collection of the same name in 1971, Kunitz tells how, as a child, he took refuge in the woods around the house on Woodford Street. After racing the three miles home from school, he would stand in front of a huge oak with a pocketful of lucky stones, preparing to take his chances with the ultimate: "*Father wherever you are / I have only three throws / bless my good right arm.* / In the haze of afternoon, / while the air flowed saffron, / I played my game for keeps— / for love, for poetry, / and for eternal life."

Greg and Carol Stockmal live in the house on Woodford Street today. "It's still *his* house," Greg said in a distinct Massachusetts accent when I spoke to him on the phone. "We're just taking



"Wow, I've never met an astronomer before."

care of it for a while." The Stockmals, both natives of Worcester in their fifties, moved in twenty-four years ago. They met Kunitz in 1985, when the city had a poetry festival to mark his eightieth birthday. "We came home one day from shopping and there was a crowd of people standing in front of the house," Greg said. "I looked into the crowd and saw Stanley. We invited him in. He said that he hadn't been in the house in sixty-five years, and that the inside looked exactly the same as when he lived there. He said that there used to be a pear tree in the back yard that had the most delicious pears you ever tasted. I said, 'You wanna know something? It's still there, and they are the most delicious pears.' He looked at me and said, 'I planted that tree.' Every fall after that, I started sending him a box." Kunitz has a late poem about this called "My Mother's Pears," in the volume "Passing Through," which was published when he was ninety, and which won a National Book Award.

Greg and Carol work night shifts at their respective jobs, and they consider the maintenance and restoration of the house their full-time occupation. They have filled it with furniture original to the period when Kunitz lived there—throne chairs, majolica, Oriental rugs. They spend their spare time scouring flea markets and antique stores for things like old-fashioned plumbing fixtures.

A few years ago, the Stockmals were at an estate sale in Newport, and came across a 1912 Wasserman baby-grand piano. Carol had been wanting to get one for the front room, because of a moment in "Three Floors," a poem of Kunitz's from the sixties:

> Mother was a crack of light
> and a gray eye peeping;
> I made believe by breathing hard
> that I was sleeping.
>
> Sister's doughboy on last leave
> had robbed me of her hand;
> downstairs at intervals she played
> *Warum* on the baby grand.

The Stockmals bought the piano and were wondering where to put it, when Kunitz happened to call. He told them exactly where his family's baby grand had been, and they placed theirs accordingly. "It's almost like—I hate to use the term—a psychic connection," Greg said. "I've got quite an interest in gardening, and a lot of the plants that I have here Stanley has in his garden in Provincetown—gingers and Korean orchids and things like that." The Stockmals sometimes give tours of their house; in 1997, a bronze plaque commemorating Kunitz was added to the front of the house, and they have often come home to find groups of students sitting on their front steps. Greg hopes to turn the house into a museum someday.

In the winter of 1935, Theodore Roethke—husky, blond, in a raccoon coat—visited Stanley Kunitz in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Kunitz had moved there after losing the farm in Connecticut to a tornado. Roethke had a habit of cultivating mentors, and had already apprenticed himself to Louise Bogan and Rolfe Humphries. Roethke read "Intellectual Things" and wanted to get to know Kunitz, too. A letter of Roethke's indicates that they had met the previous March ("I had dinner with Stanley Kunitz," he wrote to Humphries. "He has plenty of stuff, I think. I liked him"), and then came the providential encounter: "He just appeared at my door with a copy of my first book in his hand and started reciting a handful of poems by heart," Kunitz told me. "We became great friends, naturally! In fact, he was my first real poet friend. It was great good luck that Ted and I met, because we needed each other badly. He needed me, I think, to confirm his sense of himself as a poet, and I needed him because I was lonely." Kunitz's marriage to Helen Pearce, always fragile, had recently come to an end.

The friendship had a pedagogical aspect, and Kunitz, though only three years older than Roethke, was the undisputed master. (It wasn't long, however, before Roethke surpassed him in recognition and reputation.) They exchanged poems regularly, and Kunitz often gave advice: "About your poem, 'The Cure'—there *is* something wrong with it: it's not that the images don't fuse, but that the poem and the poet have gone off in different directions," he wrote. "A shift in perspective is always fatal in a lyric." He went on, "A couple of slight criticisms: one naturally reads the first three lines in the first person singular, and consequently misreads the fourth line; isn't it redundant and tautological to 'bleed' oneself of 'blood'?"

In Roethke, Kunitz found someone with a similar set of psychological and poetic concerns—the lost father (just before Roethke's fifteenth birthday, his father had died, of cancer) and the botanical world (Roethke's family operated greenhouses). They also shared a sense of isolation: Roethke called himself "the oldest younger poet in the U.S.A.," and Kunitz felt the same. Eliot, Pound, Williams, and Stevens had had a paralyzing effect on the generation that came afterward. "It was difficult to be a poet if you were born at the beginning of the twentieth century," Kunitz said. "The great breakthrough had come around the early twenties, with a whole school. The Modernists sort of stormed their way into the republic of letters."

In 1939, Kunitz married a red-haired actress named Eleanor Evans. They led a quiet life in Bucks County; Kunitz had a job with a Bronx-based library publisher editing biographical dictionaries, such as "American Authors, 1600-1800" and "Twentieth-Century Authors." Just before his thirty-eighth birthday, he was drafted. Eleanor, left behind, found work naming Liberty ships and christening them with giant bottles of champagne. After the war, they moved to Bennington, and then, on Kunitz's dismissal, to a teachers' college in upstate New York, where, in 1950, they had a daughter, Gretchen, who is Kunitz's only child. Kunitz and Evans separated in 1952, and the following year he went to Europe on a fellowship. Gretchen, now a doctor in Berkeley (she and her mother moved there in 1956), struggled for a long time with her father's abandonment—a theme in his own life that, of course, she got to read about in his poetry. In the past ten years, though, they have become especially close, and, she told me, she has come to understand what happened to her parents' marriage. "It wasn't necessarily something rational or calculated, and he has a lot of regrets about it," she said. "But he *had* to leave, he had to leave domesticity and go to fulfill himself as a writer. It was the drive to write, and to not be taking the commuter train every day to work at a job he didn't like, and feeling all those responsibilities to be supporting the family."

Kunitz eventually moved to New York, where he met Elise Asher, a Village bohemian whose friends included the Abstract Expressionist painters Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and Mark Rothko. They married and moved in together on Twelfth Street, a block from where they live now. The painters gave Kunitz the community he'd missed during his rural exile: "They all were living down in the Village, and, on their way to the Cedar Tavern—where they met quite regularly—when they passed our house they would throw pebbles or sand against our windows, like a greeting." Kunitz was a great cook—until last year, he prepared all his and Elise's meals—and loved to entertain. "Practically every other week, we threw a party for the gang, and a lot of dancing went on, and singing," he said. The Kunitzes' current Twelfth Street apartment, where they moved in the seventies, is full of artifacts of the time: a thick pink-and-red Guston oil painting inscribed with verses from Kunitz's "Vita Nuova"; a Robert Motherwell collage entitled "Provincetown: Stanley's View"; one of Kline's first paintings to use color, which Kunitz received when he admired it on the floor of Kline's studio. Elise matches the décor: she likes to wear a red Indian gown with paisleys stitched in white thread, red socks, Birkenstocks, lipstick, and little plastic barrettes.

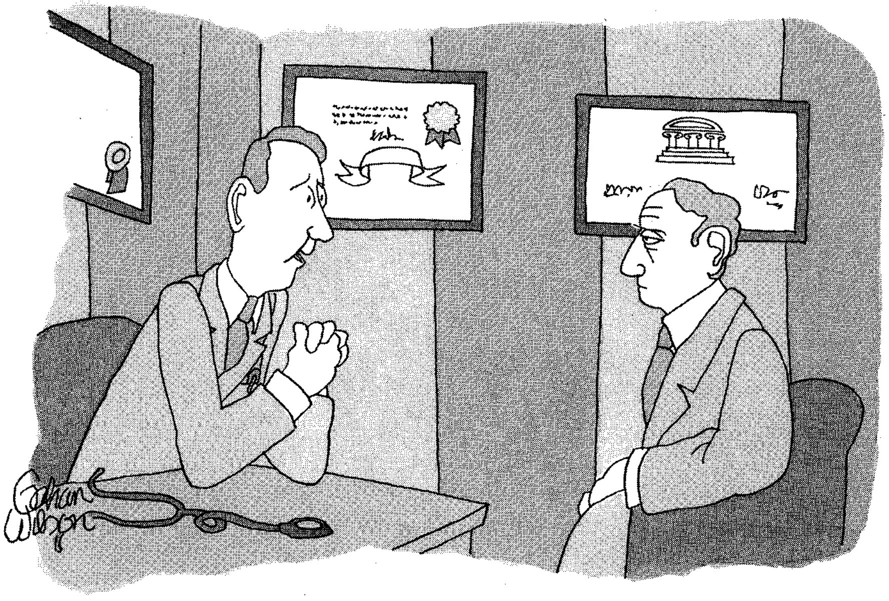
Poets in the nineteen-fifties—faithful to, and inspired by, their popular image—were a mad, drunk, disaffected, competitive, theatrical bunch. Dylan Thomas invented the glamorously incoherent reading, setting the tone for a generation. In an essay, Kunitz described Roethke's last reading, which he introduced, in 1960: "He had a high fever, and backstage he was jittery, sweating copiously as he guzzled champagne. . . . On stage, for the first portion of his program he clowned and hammed incorrigibly, weaving, gyrating, dancing, shrugging his shoulders, muttering to himself intermittently, and now and then making curiously flipper-like or foetal gestures with his hands." Roethke died in a swimming pool in 1963. Like Robert Lowell, John Berryman, Delmore Schwartz, and, later, Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath, he fortified the cliché of the unhinged genius.

Kunitz was more reliable in his habits. He taught in the afternoons, had a cocktail at five, cooked dinner for Elise, and wrote in his study till dawn. By the late fifties, he was ready to publish his third book, a selection, with new poems. He sent the manuscript to seven or eight publishers before the Atlantic Monthly Press accepted it. The new poems were more discursive and narrative, but retained their hard-to-parse, Blakean high-rhetorical style: "Let me proclaim it—human be my lot!— / How from my pit of green horse-bones / I turn, in a wilderness of sweat, / To the moon-breasted sibylline, / And lift this garland, Danger, from her throat / To blaze it in the foundries of the night." Writing in the *Times*, the translator and poet Dudley Fitts said he hoped that the collection would "dispel some of the crasser elements of neglect and win recognition for a vital and deeply pertinent tragic art." A review in *Poetry* likewise held Kunitz's obscurity and his exclusion from anthologies and prizes to be "one of the most depressing literary curiosities of the past three decades." As it happened, "Selected Poems: 1928-1958" won a Pulitzer Prize.

Still, Kunitz was an almost completely unknown poet. In 1968, he was profiled by the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and the undergraduate conducting the interview said he had recently asked Auden, a guest on campus, why Kunitz did not have the following he deserved. Auden replied, "It's strange, but give him time. A hundred years or so. He's a patient man."

When Kunitz was poet-in-residence at Brandeis, for the 1958-59 academic year, he often invited Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes over for drinks at his Cambridge apartment. Plath refers to the acquaintance ungraciously in a journal entry dated February 13, 1959—a day when, she admits, she had a "lousy green depressing cold": "Stanley Kunitz, his bright white Cambridge apartment with the blood-red burlap curtains and the violent depthless red-accented paintings of his New Greenwich Village wife, who called him: Uh-huh, uh-huh, bye honey. His queer astigmatism, dismissing all poets but himself and the old Roethke and Penn Warren, especially women, whose success must be particularly distasteful to him."

In fact, Kunitz was unusually generous to young poets, and particularly susceptible to poetry by women. (He even

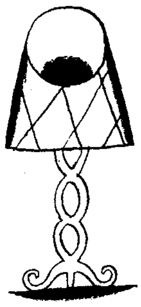


"How are the smiling exercises coming along?"

recommended Plath's first collection, "The Colossus," for publication.) In the early sixties, he began teaching at Columbia, and one of his first students was Louise Glück. "Kunitz's voice would comment on the weak line, the dull word, the specific opacity," Glück has written in an essay. More important, years after she stopped being his student, during a period when she was writing profusely and uselessly, he invited her over for a Martini. He told her that her new work was awful. He also told her that it didn't matter, because she was a poet.

"He was a true mentor to her, and for many years Louise didn't do anything without Stanley giving her direction," Daniel Halpern, who was also a student of Kunitz's at Columbia and is now Glück's publisher at Ecco Press, says. But the influence went both ways. "Louise is so exact and unyielding. I can see a lot of Stanley in her work and a lot of her in Stanley's. It's very willful and determined and focussed."

Kunitz retired from teaching twenty years ago, but he continues to meet with his "tribe" of younger poets to discuss their work and whatever else needs discussing. "When can I see you, and what have you written?" he asks when they call. His students treasure his Delphic pronouncements: "Polarize your contradictions!" "End on an image and don't explain it!" "Never apologize!" He is, famously, a sound giver of romantic advice, seemingly incapable of embarrassment, intensely curious, present, and incorruptible. Lucie Brock-Broido, another of his students and now the director of poetry at Columbia's School of the Arts, says that "much of my adult life had to do with magical direction from Stanley from afar." Then, ten years ago, when she applied for the position at Columbia, she was asked to compare herself to her mentor. "I was in front of a very formidable committee—the dean, and the chairs of all the divisions of the School of the Arts, the real heavy hitters. The very last question of the interview was 'What could you possibly offer here at Columbia that, say, Stanley Kunitz could not?' I took a moment and I said, 'More hair.' "



Marie Howe, whose tresses also put her in the category of poetic disciples Elise calls the Big Hair Girls, took Kunitz's second-to-last workshop at Columbia, in 1983, and still shows him all her poems: "He reads a poem of twelve lines in deep silence for an interminable amount of time, and then he looks up and points to a place and says, 'There.' I look at him and I say, 'Fuck.' He goes to that place in the poem where the deepest, deepest part of you knows that there's something a little blurry about it, just a tiny bit tilted or off. It's something no one else will ever see and you don't even admit to yourself." She praised him for having an ecumenical aesthetic. Kunitz told me that he has learned "never to wound" an emerging writer. "The circumstances of my early years made me receptive to any student who came to me and who was exploring not only the self but the society as a whole, the natural world as well as the human world," he said. "And I'm not implying that the human world is not natural."

In the forties, Roethke and Kunitz had a game: each would present a line of obscure, often ancient verse, and challenge the other to identify its author or its vintage. Eventually, they were able to determine a poem's date of composition within ten years. "I think that's a great demonstration of how each poem really bears the stamp of the language as it was spoken in that period," Kunitz said. "Each period has its own rhythm, too, and if you study poems, recite them aloud and so forth, you learn that they bear the stamp of their origins and are inseparable from them."

Kunitz's own poems have grown more lucid with the years. Through the decades, he has steadily shed feet—from a characteristic five-foot, ten-syllable line in the early poems, to four in the middle period, to three in the late work. The poems of "The Testing-Tree," which came out when he was sixty-five, translated his cerebral formality to plain-spoken free verse—the perfect neutral context for the insoluble dream images, portents, and imprecations that continue to surface in his work. A sneaky sense of humor, a feigned innocence entered the poems and stayed: "Reading in Li Po / how 'the peach blossom follows the water' / I keep thinking of you / because you were so much like / Chairman Mao, / naturally with the sex / transposed / and the figure slighter." In a front-page rave in the *Times Book Review*, Lowell wrote that the poetry's "primal themes have come down from the attic."

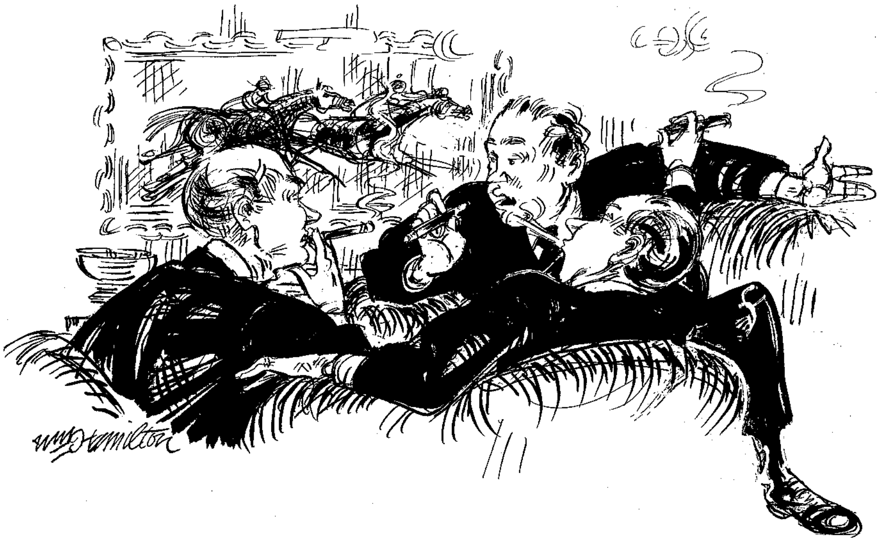
Because "The Testing-Tree" used emotional material from Kunitz's life—his father's suicide, his daughter's childhood, the game he played "for love, for poetry, and for eternal life"—he came to be associated with the so-called confessionals, a categorization he still resents. "Real poets are not confessional," he told me. "They're interested in writing poems, not confessions of their personal lives. So to be lumped with the confessionals early, as I was by some critics, made me feel ill almost, because it was so antithetical to everything I thought and felt about poetry. My concept was to transform the events of my life into legend. I think that was the concept that kept me alive as a poet these many years."

By the time Kunitz was writing the poems in "The Testing-Tree," both his sisters and his mother had long since died. "In a way, the disappearance of my family liberated me," Kunitz said. "It gave me a sense that I was the only survivor and if the experiences of my life, whatever it meant, were to be told, it was within my power to do so, and only within my power. And that gave me strength." The need for candor transformed his style. "At a certain moment, I felt that it was essential for me to free my poems from too much emphasis on the prosody, and to, in a way, liberate my imagination and the forms in which my poems struggled to emerge. I began to feel that the deepest music I could make was outside the limitations of rhyme. I wanted to make harmonies and approximations of likeness without resorting to rhyme. I became very interested in the harmonies of the language when it is spoken and the secret linkages between the vowels and the consonants that are making a music of their own."

Kunitz's late poems are open and immediate—"transparent" is the word he uses. "Touch Me," published in 1995, is set in the garden. It is nearly fall, and a storm is bearing down. Quoting a line from his 1958 poem "As Flowers Are," Kunitz describes the changes in his voice, now perhaps in its last incarnation:

Summer is late, my heart.
Words plucked out of the air
some forty years ago
when I was wild with love

and torn almost in two
scatter like leaves this night
of whistling wind and rain.
It is my heart that's late,
it is my song that's flown.
Outdoors all afternoon
under a gunmetal sky
staking my garden down,
I kneeled to the crickets trilling
underfoot as if about
to burst from their crusty shells;
and like a child again
marveled to hear so clear
and brave a music pour
from such a small machine.
What makes the engine go?
Desire, desire, desire.
The longing for the dance
stirs in the buried life.
One season only,
and it's done.
So let the battered old willow
thrash against the windowpanes
and the house timbers creak.



"The whole fun of accounting was that willingness to suspend disbelief."

In its final lines, the poem breaks through the atmosphere of brooding—on life, death, nature, art, sex—and the dramatic lyric, Kunitz's lifelong project, reaches its most unyielding and most vulnerable pitch. "Darling, do you remember / the man you married?" the poet asks. "Touch me, / remind me who I am."

The Stanley Kunitz Common Room at the Fine Arts Work Center, in Provincetown, is part of a former coal bin and holds about two hundred people. Kunitz helped found the Work Center, a long-term artists' residency program, in 1968. "Every artist I know has been at one time or another in search of a community of artists," Kunitz told me. (He also helped found Poets House, a forty-thousand-volume public poetry library on Spring Street, where poets congregate for readings and lectures.) In his view, Provincetown was the ideal setting. "I loved the contours of the land and the immanence of the sea and the great sky, so that was my original impression," he said. "Then it was the people that drew me."

Kunitz was scheduled to deliver a talk in the common room one evening in early August. At five o'clock that afternoon, most of the chairs were already reserved, with pieces of paper taped to their backs or weighted down with giant clamshells. "Holy cow! They're all taken already—I thought, Oh surely I'll be the only one who did this silly thing," a woman in a Volkswagen baseball cap said when she walked in, at five-fifteen. By seven, an employee of the center was lining up white plastic chairs and picnic benches in the back garden, where there were speakers to carry the sound from the stage. The conversation inside was gregarious but intimate, and the charcoal smell of a back-yard barbecue drifted through the room.

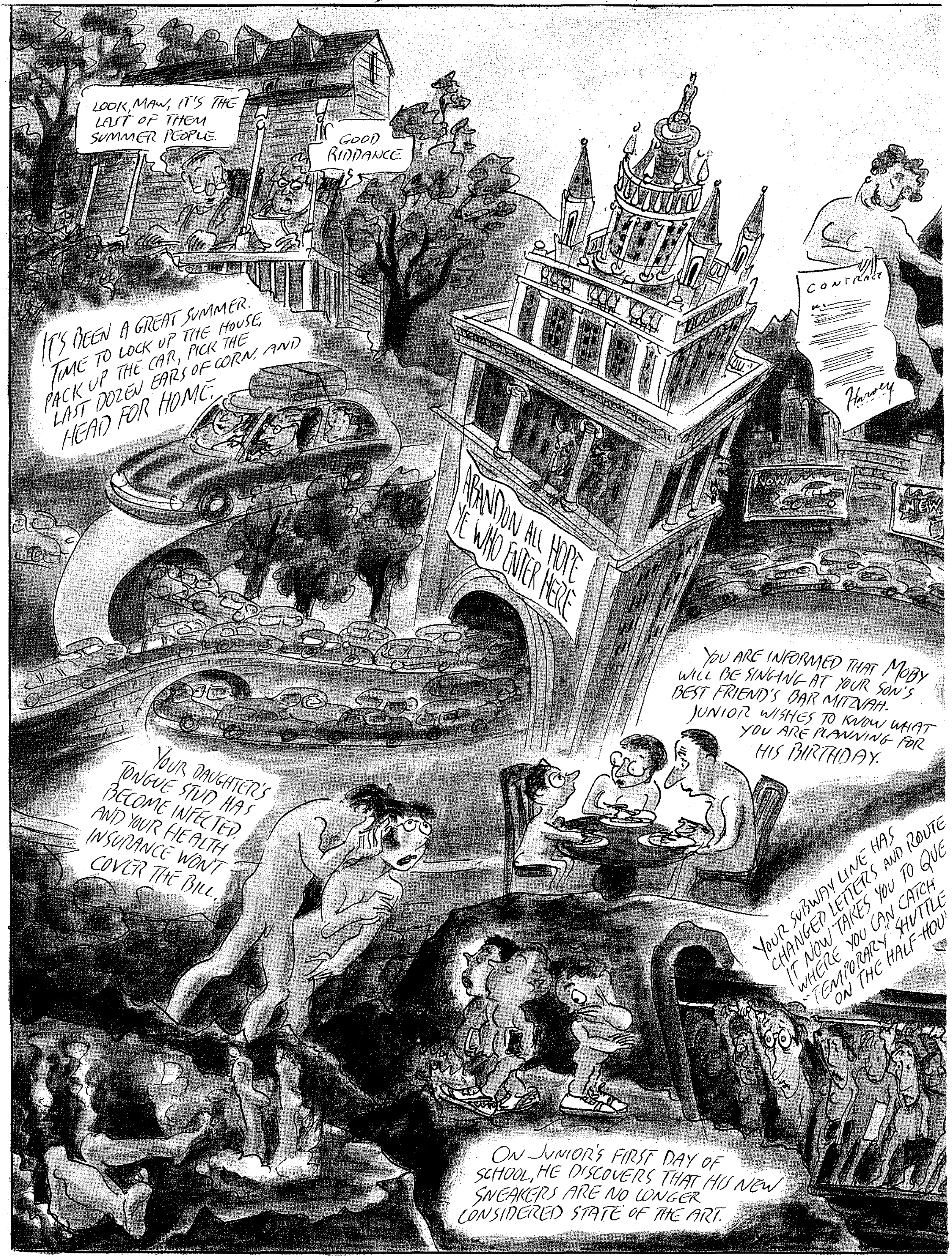
At seven-forty-five, the Stockmals came in. They had driven three hours from Worcester for the second time in two weeks. (The previous visit had been to deliver a cutting from one of their fig trees for Kunitz's garden.) Greg, who has a softly spiked mullet, was wearing Army-green cargo shorts, a black shirt, silver hoops in both ears, and heavy-looking metal chains around one wrist. Carol was in an olive-colored flight suit, and wore her long auburn hair down her back. She was carrying a camera. "I can't explain it, knowing him for nearly twenty years, I feel so privileged," Carol said. "He used to scare the hell out of me—it's so intimidating, what do you say to a man like that?" Kunitz arrived with Gretchen and Genine just before eight.

Kunitz took the podium to a standing ovation. He had on a khaki suit jacket, unmatching khaki pants, and a dark-green linen shirt that changed the color of his eyes. He batted down the applause with both his hands, smiling. "Good evening, everybody, thank you," he said. "I want to start with a few comments on the function of the poet in society." He sounded formal and forceful. "If we want to know what it felt like to be alive at any given moment in the long odyssey of the race, it is to poetry we must turn." He described his feelings on being drafted for the Second World War: "On the one hand, I am against war in principle; on the other, I have spent a good part of my life opposing fascism and bigotry and injustice and anything that degrades or insults the human spirit." He clenched his right fist on the word "degrades." His left hand went in and out of his pocket emphatically, perhaps a little nervously. As he began to read "Reflection by a Mailbox," a war poem from his 1944 collection, he shifted all his weight to his right leg and bent his left knee, like a heron. The stressed syllables seemed to jolt through him, and his eyes jerked upward to the far back corner of the room. His voice, a low growl, attained a sweet, clear sound.

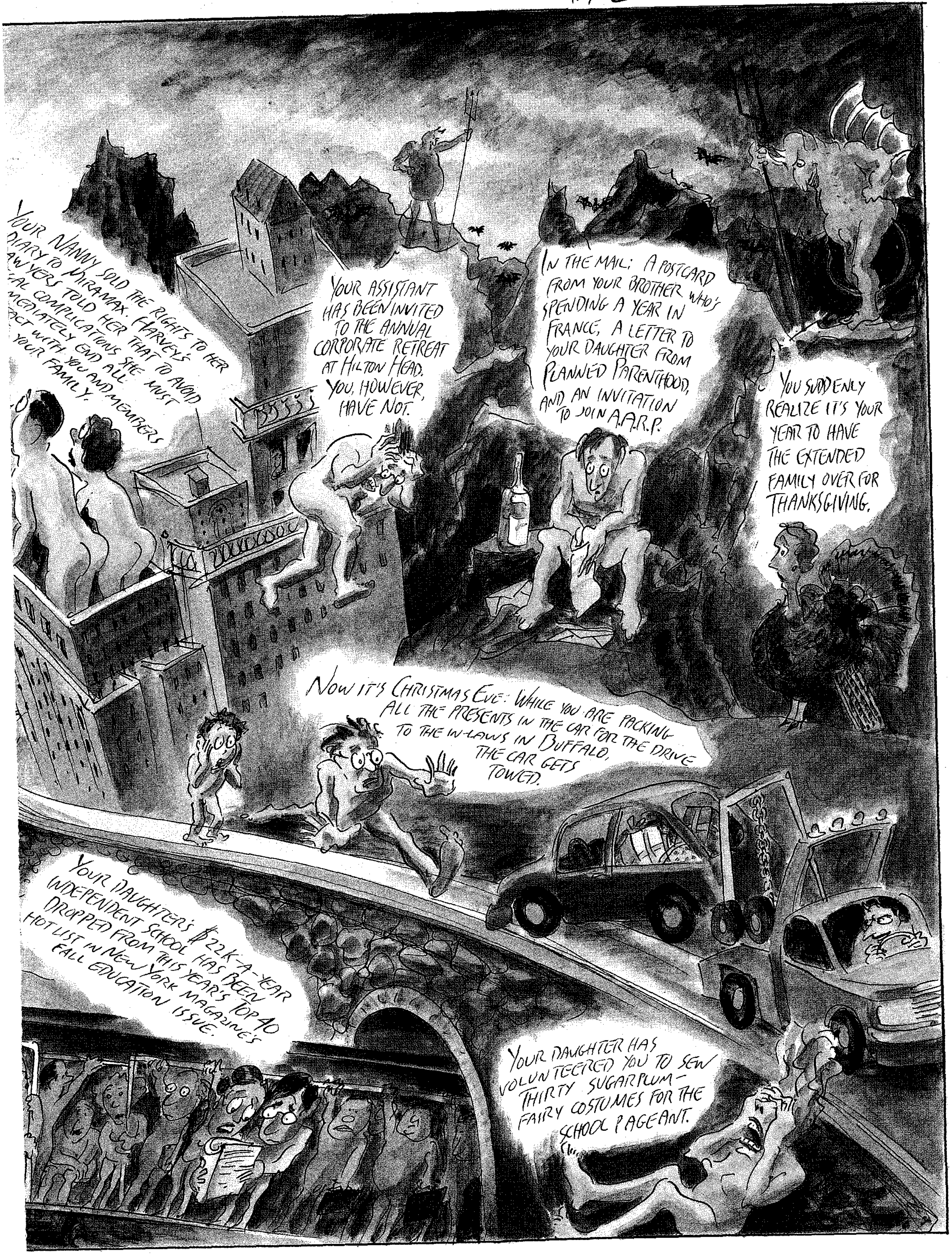
It has been a decade since Kunitz read a new poem. "Touch Me," which he published at ninety, is his last finished work. "He's a perfectionist, and also—I'll say this word—he dithers," his editor, Carol Houck Smith, said. "He sort of dithers all night. I was always saying, even when we did the 'Collected,' 'Just one new poem, couldn't we have *one new poem*?' And he looks mysterious."

When he was ill, in March, Kunitz told Genine that he was working on a poem. She asked what kind. A poem that says goodbye, he said. How would it go? she asked. "Let it happen the way it wants to go," he told her. "That's the way I always feel about my poems." ♦

THE DESCENT INTO REALITY


LOOK, MAW, IT'S THE LAST OF THEM SUMMER PEOPLE.
GOOD RIDDANCE.
IT'S BEEN A GREAT SUMMER. TIME TO LOCK UP THE HOUSE, PACK UP THE CAR, PICK THE LAST DOZEN EARS OF CORN, AND HEAD FOR HOME.
ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE
CONTRACT
NOW
NEW
YOU ARE INFORMED THAT MOBY WILL BE SINGING AT YOUR SON'S BEST FRIEND'S BAR MITZVAH. JUNIOR WISHES TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE PLANNING FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.
YOUR DAUGHTER'S TONGUE STUD HAS BECOME INFECTED AND YOUR HEALTH INSURANCE WON'T COVER THE BILL.
YOUR SUBWAY LINE HAS CHANGED LETTERS AND ROUTE. IT NOW TAKES YOU TO QUE WHERE YOU CAN CATCH "TEMPORARY" SHUTTLE ON THE HALF-HOU
ON JUNIOR'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, HE DISCOVERS THAT HIS NEW SNEAKERS ARE NO LONGER CONSIDERED STATE OF THE ART.

By Edward Sorel


Your Nanny sold the rights to her diary to Miramax. Harvey's awyers told her that to avoid al complications she must mediately end all act with you and members your family.
Your assistant has been invited to the annual corporate retreat at Hilton Head. You, however, have not.
In the mail: A postcard from your brother who's spending a year in France, a letter to your daughter from Planned Parenthood, and an invitation to join A.A.R.P.
You suddenly realize it's your year to have the extended family over for Thanksgiving.
Now it's Christmas Eve: While you are packing all the presents in the car for the drive to the in-laws in Buffalo, the car gets towed.
Your daughter's $22K-a-year independent school has been dropped from this year's Top 40 hot list in New York magazine's fall education issue.
Your daughter has volunteered you to sew thirty sugarplum-fairy costumes for the school pageant.

FICTION

MEASURING THE JUMP

BY DAVE EGGERS

Three hours on I-5 so far, straight as a tightrope, and every twenty minutes or so he sees one of those birds. Always near the roadside, on bent fenceposts or hopping in the gray flossy grass, they look like crows but with breasts a militant strain of orange. They come with an eerie regularity, ten already, and they are alone. Fish, approaching thirty and driving eighty, doesn't know what to call these birds. They are wretched birds.

It's a stultifying, merciless drive from San Jose to Bakersfield—you'd think it was Iowa or Texas if you couldn't, faintly, sense the sea air coming over the western hills. Inland like this, it's hotter and more humid than Fish, who grew up in Illinois, wants California to be. Heat echoes off the road in liquid waves, cars heave with asthma, and Fish's penis is sticking to his thigh in a way that seems irrevocable. It's actually a decent drive for a while—all those velour hills lit pink by the dropping of a barn-red sun—but then the road just goes, moaning its way south, and it's so straight you want to chop your goddam head off.

Fish tells himself, audibly, not for the first time, that he would kill his cousin Adam if he had the chance and could get away with it. As children, he and Adam were made to think of each other as brothers, because their mothers were close and neither of them had a male sibling. But they looked nothing alike, and Adam was an only child, while Fish has a younger sister, Mary, married now and with two sets of twins, all of them freckled and insane—they jump on visitors like dogs. Adam lived in Aurora and Fish lived in Galena, so they saw each other only once a month and in the summers went on uneventful canoe trips in lower Wisconsin with groups of angry kids, wearing bandannas and white rope bracelets.

Fish is driving to see Adam—there goes another one of those black birds, with plumage like a chest exploding—because Adam has tried to kill himself again. This is his seventh attempt, and now Fish knows he should have flown. San Jose, he's almost sure, has a direct flight to Bakersfield, less than an hour in the air. Every time he finishes this drive he vows never again, and then two months later he's here, punching the window, back soaked, left arm sunburned, cursing himself. Fish decides that he's the dumbest person he knows, aside from Adam, of course, and the guy on the local news who pronounces the "s" in "Illinois."

Five hours at least, this drive, plenty of time to come up with a plan, and he tries to concentrate on Adam but finds himself constantly adrift and onto other subjects, like food and war. Years ago he thought he could have an effect on Adam's life, but now he knows he's a spectator, a parent watching a child's sporting event, hands twisted into fists, unable to influence the outcome.

Fish passes a huge beef-processing plant, where a hundred thousand cows are crammed so close they can't move their tails enough to swat flies. There is no earth visible below their doomed hides. He rolls up the window, the stench vile, punishing. Those stupid cows, he thinks, born to die, born to be eaten, born to walk in their own feces. Jesus! It smells fetid, bloody and sweet, like human innards, if you could open yourself up and bring it all to your nose and inhale.

Adam doesn't talk to his mom or to Fish's parents, and he's never had a job, none that Fish can recall, which in a way is impressive—how he's been able to get by for so many years without any sort of legitimate income. There are people who do this, who divert just enough energy and funds and good will from those close to them to exist without anyone taking much notice; it's like stealing cable, but on a larger scale. Fish has given Adam about twenty-two hundred dollars over the years, which he has used frugally; he is clever that way. He's clever in every way, really, even in surviving so many attempts on his own life. Maybe he's unkillable, Fish thinks, and he suddenly snorts out loud at the thought.

Fish's other cousin, Chuck, a tax lawyer in Charlotte with the face of a priest, pink and surprised, says that Adam looks about forty now, even though he's only twenty-eight. The drugs do that, Chuck says. Chuck should know. Fish hasn't seen Adam in almost a year and now he's afraid to. If Adam looks old, it means that Fish is old and they're both old, everyone's old, and— Damn, another one of those birds. There must be a name for those things.

Adam's hope, Fish is sure, is to be the shape-shifting mystery spot in the life of his family and friends. The problem is that Fish has never had a fascination with people who try to kill themselves, and in most ways Adam is nowhere near as strange, for example, as the guy who delivers Fish's mail, a man named Kojo.

"Short for Kojak?" Fish asked when they met. It was a dusty day, orange, windy, the sun like a planet of sand. The mailman laughed. He laughed for about ten minutes over that one. Fish was flattered, then he was scared. Kojo liked to laugh, laughing in a big, clapping way, but he didn't like to wear the postal pants. He always wore the shorts, no matter how cold it got.

He came into Fish's house once for a beer, and he drank with his mouth all around the bottle, as if he were fellating it. Then he unrolled his sleeve and showed Fish a skin graft he'd got—*just for the wack of it*, he said. "Took some skin from my lower back and put it on my arm." The pores in the new skin were smaller and the surface was smoother, less weathered. There are doctors, Kojo said, who'll do anything for the right money.

A week later Kojo brought Fish a collage, the kind junior-high girls assemble, with phrases cut from women's magazines—"Only Best Friends Know!" "Quiz: Are His Pals the Real Deal?"—pasted over pictures, cut from books, of Winnie the Pooh and Piglet flying kites together, walking through the woods at night, among trees with muscular trunks and eyes that watch.

Fish attracts these people. In high school there was an older guy, a senior when he was a sophomore, tall and bent backward. He had a huge, almost perfectly square head, and he wanted Fish to drive cross-country with him, though they'd talked only once, briefly, while they were watching the girls' swim team practice.

"I like butterfly," the guy had said. His name was either Brendan or Brandon or Stuart.

"Butterfly's good," Fish had said.

That had been their conversation, all of it, and two months later a breathless Brandon appeared, grinning, forehead wet with concentration, when Fish was walking out to soccer practice. "Don't say no, Fish. We're gonna head out and

MEREDITH ALLEN, "MAPLE AVENUE (DIGIMON)" (2001)/GRACIE MANSION GALLERY

fuck this fucking school and drive to Florida. Fuck this fucking fuck!"

Fish, not wanting to say no, just said "Sorry," and followed the rest of the team over the hill, to the upper field, rectangular but sloping on every side, like a freshly filled grave.

When Kojo presented the collage to Fish, insisting that he open it there in the doorway, Fish didn't know what to say. So he thanked Kojo, made plans to see him three weeks hence—they'd have a beer at the end of the month, just tear it up—then, the next morning, Fish got himself a post-office box.

Fish is driving, slapping himself to stay alert, and he's counting, to make sure it's been seven times. One: the wrists (with an actual saw on his thin, paper-white arms). Two: poison—he drank floor wax, first pouring it into a glass. Three: the gunshot to the stomach. More like the side of the stomach—the bullet grazed him, then went through his window and into the Episcopal church next door. No one was killed or hurt, but Adam felt so bad about it that, four, he stabbed himself in the leg with a cleaver. Five: he tried bringing a hair dryer into the tub with him, but it was suicide-proof, apparently—it turned itself off, leaving Adam shivering, the water having gone cold while he'd got up the nerve. Six: what was six? A car driven into a tree? There was debate about whether that one had been intentional.

This time, two nights ago, Adam, half drunk—he was usually impaired when he tried these things—jumped off a motel roof. At least, that's what Chuck heard from the paramedic who found Adam, unconscious in the parking lot, splayed like a buck on the hood of a truck. It was about forty feet down, Chuck said.

Adam could have jumped into a dry gorge a few blocks from the motel and he would have died for sure—the dropoff there was about a hundred feet. Instead, he fell forty feet, into the courtyard, broke his collarbone, cracked his left leg, bent his spine.

The road is quiet. I-5 is split, a narrow valley between the comers and the goers, so Fish, his brain marshy and his eyes glazed, can see only the cars that are heading in his own direction. Fish likes to see the faces of people going the other way, to construct stories about them, wish them well or ill, but this is nothing. This drive makes you want to freeze the world and shatter it with a fucking hammer.

How does anyone get used to the words "marines killed"? This morning Fish was digging holes in the back yard—holes for posts for a bigger and more elevated deck he'd never build—and had pulled the TV out onto the back porch. Those words came up again and again. *And don't show the damned pictures!* Jesus, no. His nerves were already shot, the sun his enemy, when Chuck called from Charlotte and described what Adam had done.

"I'm not going this time," Fish said.

"I can get there four days from now," Chuck said. "Do one day before I come. Make sure he's not paralyzed. Check that they have him in a real room and everything." Two years ago, after No. 3, Chuck arranged insurance for Adam, a good plan, and was frequently checking to make sure he was getting his money's worth.

Chuck doesn't know Adam all that well, and thus his benevolence can be less complicated than Fish's. He never shared a bedroom with Adam. He never found Adam's crusty tissues stuffed, like brains displayed in a jar, in a curvy blue bottle he'd won at a carnival. He never caught Adam rubbing down Mary's legs after track, his hands all over her calves.

Fish is driving a rental car. He called that place where they pick you up in a sedan wrapped in brown paper. He called the agency at about noon and they said they'd send the car over at two. He waited in his house. Between twelve and two, he sat, straddling boredom and a new, trembling kind of feeling. He pictured a game he and Adam used to play—it was Adam's only good toy—where tiny metal football players move around on a field vibrating below them. It was a strange game, because you couldn't really control the little bastards—you just watched as the field sent them jerking around, crowding together or falling alone.

Fish watched some of the national aerobics championship. He closed all the cabinets and, using his new drill, tightened all the hinges. He walked to the stationery shop to see if he could buy Adam anything. They didn't have much. He got a card congratulating him on his bat Mitzvah, thinking that it was funny, knowing Adam wouldn't get the joke.

Outside, it was summer. He bought a red Sno-Kone, wrapped in the same weak waxy paper they've been using for a hundred years, from a tiny man with a cart. He held it gingerly between his fingers. He didn't want to eat that ice—it was so right, that red dome, like a tiny lost moon he could hold in his hand.

It began to melt, so he ate it in gulps.

He returned home, thinking maybe he should wait another day, or even two. The sooner he got there, really, the sooner Adam would feel well enough to leave the hospital, and the sooner he'd try it again. The longer Adam was in the hospital, probably restrained in some effective way, the better. He was content, Fish was sure; Adam was always content in a hospital, at least for a week or so.

At two-thirty, Fish called the rental place and they said they were on their way and could he give them his address again. He did, and waited.

At three o'clock, he called again and it was a new guy on the phone. New guy said he had no record of Fish's reservation. "You know," Fish said, "that's messed up. I've been waiting forever and I have to get down to goddam Bakersfield." New guy sighed and said he'd look again. Then he got back on the phone and said that he was sorry, that he'd found the reservation posted on the bulletin board.

"*Someone*," he said, "put it up on the board without telling anyone else." He was directing this to some nameless offscreen co-worker.

"Sure," Fish said, "but isn't that what the goddam board is for, so you don't have to tell everyone about it?" Fish wanted a look at that office. "Jesus," he added. "That's really fucked."

"Well, I am sorry," new guy said.

"I have a friend in the hospital, motherfucker." Fish was surprised; he hadn't contemplated that sentence. He realized that this was one of those moments when one's impatience—or perhaps the word is rage—was being misdirected. All the same, he thought he'd very much like to punch the new guy till he whispered.

New guy told Fish someone would come get him soon, and then hung up. Fish went into the tiny yellow yard in front of his house and took the croquet wickets out of the grass. They'd been sitting there for three months, since Mary's kids had been over. They couldn't play to save their lives, those kids. They didn't care about the rules, either. They just hit the balls like monkeys, squawking and swinging and running into the street.

Now it's seven o'clock, two hours to go. This drive would kill anyone.

Adam's mouth curves too much. He's never been able to smile without smirking, or listen without sneering. It isn't his fault, really. He just has too many muscles there, in that area around his mouth.

He moved away, to Baltimore, just before high school, so Fish didn't see him much, but one summer, right after Adam's parents separated and he and Fish were too old for camp, Adam stayed with Fish's family in Galena. At first he slept in the basement, next to the dartboard. When he complained about the ticking and groaning of the water heater, he was moved to Fish's bedroom. It was a small room with a single window, over Fish's bed, painted shut, the lower corners covered in stickers with google eyes and holograms.

That summer, when Adam played football with Fish's friends every Sunday at the park, he tackled too hard and argued too much. Fish apologized for him, but everyone figured he was just intense, had something to prove, like the kids who'd tried out for the team but missed the last cut. Adam, though, was different, less in control, less focussed on the outcome of the game.

He broke a guy's leg once. One warm weekend they had about twenty playing. They'd set up cones one guy had borrowed from his construction job, and figured they could have a proper kickoff, like the pros. So they booted the ball and started running like madmen at each other, and this kid McGrady, older but spindly, everywhere elbows and knees, caught the kickoff, the ball delivering a thump to his concave chest. He was running for the sideline, when Adam burst through the pack unblocked and just flew, for a frozen second almost perfectly horizontal, then speared him, his shoulders plowing into McGrady's legs. There was a crack like a broken bat, and everyone cheered because McGrady was barely out of the end zone and his team would be screwed for field position. But then tiny McGrady went red, blood swimming in his face, and he was holding his leg, one hand on either side, gently, like it was too hot to touch.

The leg, the tibia, was snapped in two. It was a battlefield kind of gore, the bone poking through like a stick through a garbage bag.

"You see that, what I did?" Adam said. Fish had found him up the hill, by the new playground, hiding in a chute. He thought Adam was going to brag about hitting the guy so hard, but instead he said, "Why the hell would I break some kid's leg? What the hell is wrong with me?"

Fish told him that it was an accident, it wasn't his fault, it was football, a violent game, so what. Now Adam was pulling on the skin under his chin, grabbing it and pinching it. "I shouldn't play tackle," Adam said, pulling harder. "I'm not surprised this happened. I've thought about something like this, you know? When I get hold of someone I just get too . . . I feel like I want to tear them in half, you know what I'm saying?"

Fish nodded. Adam seemed to be horrified and proud and enthralled all at the same time. He had a glow that just wasn't right, the wild glow of a scientist who'd discovered a formula that could kill millions.

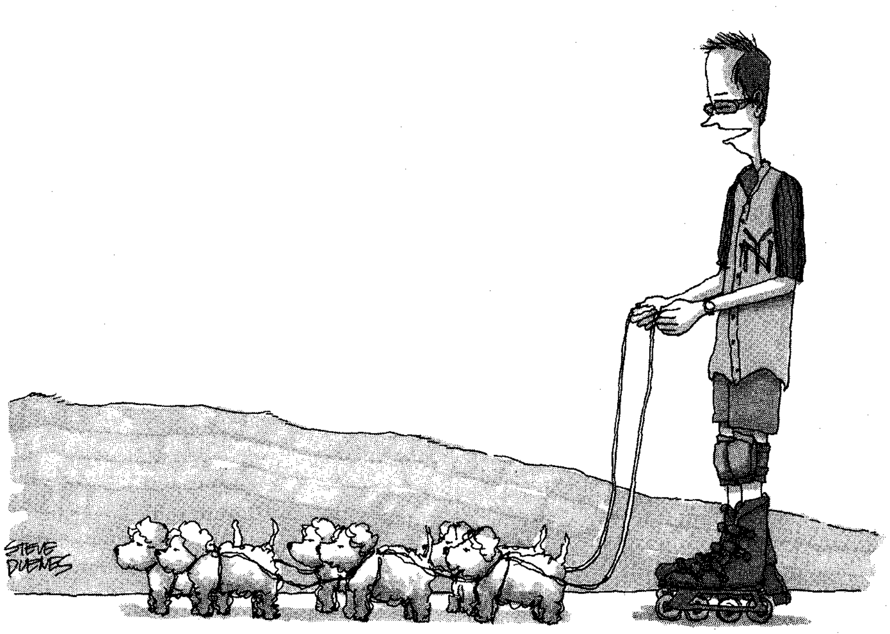
The ambulance was loading McGrady now, and had pulled right up onto the field, which everyone thought was great; that had never happened before. Fish walked with Adam across the grass, now black and wet, without saying much. The light was almost gone, so they headed home, afraid of the night that would soon bring Monday. Into the house, through the mudroom, past Fish's parents playing Pong and up the stairs, Fish quiet, now running his fingers over each baluster, while Adam talked, sighed, touching nothing.

Fish finds a parking space under a wide wall of the hospital, pink-bricked and bisected by the kind of steel ladder you see on water towers—a fire escape, maybe. The grounds are lavish, or seem so in the dark—cobblestone paths winding around willows and palmettos, sprinklers hissing. As Fish is walking in, a man in institutional blue holds the door for him.

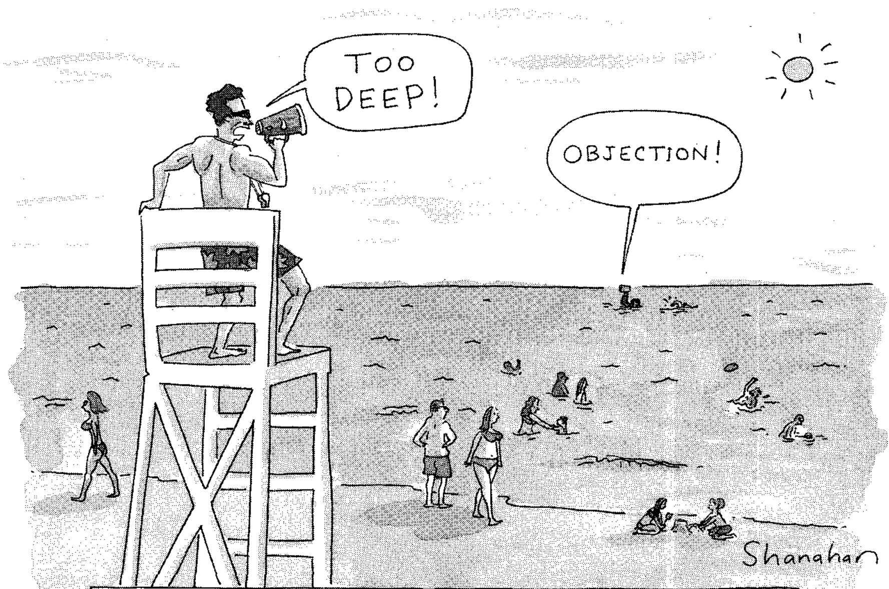
Fish says thank you, tells the man, an aide of some kind, where he's headed, and the aide, in his scrubs and with plastic bags around his shoes, walks Fish all the way to the Nursing/Trauma Unit. "I'd just confuse you otherwise," he says. Fish isn't sure if that's an insult or what.

Adam is in Room 318, on the far side of the building. Fish hopes that he doesn't have a roommate, because the roommates in hospitals are always deformed and either too sick or not sick enough to be there in the first place, and they listen to conversations and make judgments. But when he gets to the room there's no roommate, just a twig of a woman, owlish and sallow, sitting on a chair near Adam, eating a brownie.

Fish waves hello to the brownie woman and walks around to Adam. He



"Mush."


TOO DEEP!
OBJECTION!
Shanahan

R. ERIC CHASON, ATTORNEY-AT-SEA

• •

lies flat, with a neck brace on, staring at the ceiling. Fish puts his face in Adam's line of vision.

"Hey," Adam says, surprised.

Fish grunts.

Adam doesn't look forty. He looks twelve. He's wearing a baseball cap, and his face isn't wrinkly or strung out or gaunt. With his freckles and the cap, he has the aura of a kid who's just had his tonsils out.

"What's the hat?" Fish asks. It bears a minor-league team's logo, showing a beaver holding a bat he's apparently been chewing on.

"What are you doing here?" Adam asks. His eyes open a little more, catching the glare of a car's headlights in the parking lot.

"Who gave it to you?" Fish says.

"One of the nurses. Ronnie."

"Do you get to keep it, or is it just for here?"

"I don't know. I think I can keep it. Did you drive down?"

"Yeah."

"Wow. Thanks, man."

"That's a bitch of a drive," Fish says.

"I know. Sorry. Thanks."

On his mobile table are remnants of dinner or lunch or both—uneaten tapioca and two tangelos, and beside them a little tilting pagoda of Tupperware. The lady with the brownie has finished with the brownie and is now cleaning her nails with a pin she had on her lapel. Fish nods to Adam and jerks his head toward her. She has a hospital I.D. tag clipped to her blouse.

"She sits here with me," he says. "They've got someone in here all the time so I don't do anything." It's clear that Adam is happy they think he's such a serious customer, such a dangerous man. Fish looks over at the brownie woman to see if she's listening, but she isn't; she's watching a movie on Adam's TV—Fred Thompson is playing the President, and is wearing that dissatisfied look he favors. Fish stares out the window. In the parking lot, the cars are colored copper by the light from above, the lamps bent over them like tall thin saints over babies. He sees his rental and misses being inside it.

Adam is holding a little tube with a button on it.

"Is that for morphine?" Fish asks.

"Yeah," Adam says.

"So you try to jump off a building, and they give you an unlimited supply of drugs."

"No. I can only get a certain amount each hour. They've got it figured out."

Fish knows it's just a matter of time before Adam starts telling him why he jumped off the motel roof, but he doesn't want to hear it. *Oh, if only it were interesting!* he thinks. But it never is. It's always "I wanted to hurt myself. I don't know why." Nothing of any interest will get said by either of them. Adam will say "I feel so dark sometimes" or "It's like I see things sometimes . . . through a dark water." Adam wants Fish to understand, but Fish isn't interested, and, besides, he'll call Adam on where he stole that dark-water part—"The Executioner's Song," his favorite book—and remind him of a hundred ways the two of them, Fish and Adam, are equal in this darkness bullshit. They've seen the same things, they have the same urges. Adam will concede this, and will begin apologizing for everything, and for too long. He's too contrite, too docile.

But at some point they'll start making plans for when Adam is discharged. This is the only part that ever interests Fish: the steps from here on out. Fish will get inspired, laying out what will happen in the first few days, the weeks after, every move for years: first, a different apartment in a new city, away from the therapist fuckups in Bakersfield who keep prescribing things for Adam, then a menial job while doing some kind of night school, and finally a woman, older, hardened but warm, eyes that could love and kill.

"So how's Mary?" Adam asks.

"She's good," Fish says.

"Where's she living now?"

"I can't tell you."

"You can't tell me where Mary lives?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because she's got little kids, Adam, and you're a guy who shoots himself and jumps off roofs. Fuck you."

For a second Adam looks hurt, or pretends to look hurt, then he closes his eyes. His chin is brown and tied together with black string, spiked along the suture, as if spiders had been sewn into his face.

"Ow. Don't," Adam says.

Fish is touching it.

"Why not?"

"I got stitches there. Stop it, prick."

"How many?" It's like a cactus or something. The stitches are amazing.

"Twelve. Get the fuck away."

Fish gives him a look.

"Sorry," Adam says. But he has no rights here. After five hours of driving, Fish is allowed to touch what he wants. Fish remembers the card and drops it on Adam's chest. Adam tries to look down at it.

"You have to hold it up. I can't see."

Fish opens it and shows him the

front. It's an elephant surrounded by Hebrew letters, with "Happy Bat Mitzvah" written below.

"A Jewish elephant," Adam says.

"I guess so," Fish says.

Fish used to like hospitals. Waiting rooms in particular. When his last girlfriend, Annie, had her appendix out, he was at the hospital for thirty hours and had a pretty good time. He met about ten people—there was some strange collegial vibe that night. They played cards and Fish won a hundred and twenty-two dollars on a straight flush from a guy whose brother was getting a finger reattached. He'd been drilling a hole through his son's wall, thought the kid was selling crystal meth and wanted to catch him. That had been a good night.

But with Adam he doesn't want to stay. Fish looks at the clock. It says eight-forty. He'll leave at nine, he decides. Then he'll call Annie to see if he can stay with her for the night. Annie follows local politics and has ridiculous lips, full like balloon animals, a voice lower than his. The last time Fish saw her she scratched his head so masterfully, in circles so convincing, that he thought he was rising, ascending. They talk often enough, and she lives in L.A., and he figures he'll drive over after, not for sex or even romance, just for a place to rest where there's breathing other than his own, where he won't have to leave the TV on all night to know he's not dead. If she's not around he'll drive back to San Jose tonight. He could do it. Through the night is easier.

"Does your mom know?" Fish asks. He knows that Adam's mom doesn't know, because Adam told Chuck that if she found out he'd do it for real next time.

"No. I don't think so," Adam says.

Adam's father died a few years ago, a botched bypass, and now his mother lives in Australia. She went there to live with a man she'd met in a community-theatre production of "Fiorello!" He played the lead, though apparently he was six feet four and blond.

A nurse comes in. She's Filipino, young. Her nametag says "Hope." Fish feels an urge to say something about her name, in light of her working in a hospital and all, but then figures she hears that often enough.

"That's a good name for a nurse," he says. What the hell.

She takes Adam's blood pressure. Fish watches, loving how quickly the armband fills with air, how tight it gets. That device always looks like something illegal.

"How's your pain?" she asks Adam.

"Good," Adam says. "I mean, it's fine."

The nurse takes the bat-Mitzvah card off Adam's stomach and puts it on the side table, next to a jar of pink tools, like lollipops but with foam starfish tops. Cleaning devices, maybe, for swabbing mouths or other wet orifices. Fish thinks briefly about taking one of the lollipops and stuffing it up Adam's fat fucking nose. He almost laughs at the thought of it.

Fish leaves while Adam is drifting in and out, his face blank, almost beatific. During a brief moment when his eyes pull open, Fish tells him he'll check in again tomorrow.

The night is sharp, all the lights crisp, and Fish drives to the Motel 6 where Chuck said Adam had been staying. He's supposed to pick up Adam's things—four bags' worth. Adam had been living there for a month, after he was asked to leave his halfway house for skinning a chicken in his room. That's what Chuck said, at least. If Adam did indeed skin a chicken, he did it just to say he'd done it. "Ask for Mr. Ali," Chuck said. Chuck was about logistics. He served as Adam's attorney, benefactor, and medical historian. Fish was someone who could drive down and pick up bags.

When he gets to the motel, a women's volleyball team is checking in. He waits for twenty minutes while they decide who will sleep in whose rooms, and which duffels will stay in the minibus. Fish reads every brochure the lobby offers, and makes a tentative plan to see the irrigation museum.

When it's his turn Fish asks for Mr. Ali, but the woman at the counter, heavy-lidded, wearing a maize-colored sari, says he's gone. "I am Mrs. Ali. How should I help you?" Fish shows her the letter that Chuck faxed, asking for Adam's stuff. Chuck insisted on ending the letter with "I trust that this matter will not present a problem." Every legal letter Chuck writes ends this way.

Fish can see the bags just behind her, in a narrow hallway with a cement floor. Two clear plastic bags sit there, alert, and two tennis bags, one covered in mud. Mrs. Ali reads the note, then looks up at Fish. It's then that he almost cries. Water seems to fill his forehead; his eyes are just portals that show he's drowning. What is she looking at? How much does she know? She must know. The ambulance picked Adam up here, and she or her husband surely packed and stored his belongings. She knew Adam as a flailer, as a leaper, and now knows Fish as someone who picks up the bags of people like Adam. Mrs. Ali is not seeing a dutiful cousin; she's seeing another product of a tainted gene pool, who very well might be worse than the first. People who live in motels and jump off motel roofs. There's a highway just above the motel, and on it people are passing this place at eighty miles an hour, wondering what happens in the filthy little world below.

"I have to call Mr. Ali," she says, and does so, using a receiver that's larger than her face. She gets off the phone with Mr. Ali and lets Fish into the hallway behind the desk.

"Thanks," he says on the way out.

"All right," she says, opening the door for him. "Good!" she adds, and after he's gone throws the bolt, right to left.

Fish loads the bags into his trunk, and then remembers what he wanted to investigate. He walks over to the courtyard area to see where Adam jumped. He has forgotten to look until now, and is suddenly thrilled. But he can't find a part of the motel complex that has three or four stories. There is just the one two-story building, in an L shape around the pool, and its roof is only about eighteen feet high. *Dumbshit!* Fish has figured it out. Forty feet isn't Adam's way, after all, but eighteen feet is. He jumped from this. Who jumps eighteen feet? Who does this? This is so wrong. There are too many things wrong everywhere for this kind of thing, this jumping from eighteen-foot roofs. Adam must have known that eighteen feet wasn't far enough to kill himself, just far enough to hurt like hell. And the only thing worse than an eighteen-foot motel roof is the imbecile staring at it.

He goes back to the car and opens the trunk. He reaches inside one of the plastic bags, looking for something solid. Most of it is soft, and here and there moist, but he soon finds a trophy, a small one with a tennis player on top and someone else's name engraved on it.

Elsewhere between the folds of clothes and socks there is some deodorant, a handful of tapes, which Fish pulls out for the drive home, and a bottle of cologne called Together, which makes him laugh. Adam is the only guy he knows who wears cologne. The only other contents of note are five belts, wound as one like a rattlesnake, and a huge container of baby powder.

A woman is walking across the lot toward Fish. Every part of her is moving—her ankles, unsteady in heels; her arms swinging; her head, which jitters with each step, as if it, too, played a part in her propulsion. Her features are mismatched—small chin, wide nose, the icy, almost clear eyes of a wolf. She's wearing jeans and a denim jacket, with pointy blue velveteen boots, the streamlined, utilitarian body of a tomboy teen-ager.

"Hi," she says.

"Hi," he says.

"What're you doing?" she asks. "Coming or going?"

She reminds him of the South somehow; he thinks of Kentucky and doesn't know why. Is she nineteen or thirty? Fish can't tell.

"I'm packing this stuff up," he says.

"Then?"

"Then I'm driving down to see a friend." It's after ten and he hasn't called Annie yet. If he calls too late there's no way she'll let him come over.

"Can you give me a ride?" the woman says. "I'm trying to get to San Diego."

"Oh. Yeah. See, I'm not going that far."

Behind them, a truck parks and sighs.

"I know, but I can get out wherever you stop."

He looks at her to see if she has a gun or a crowbar. He wants to help, but he also wants to leave. Not long ago, at a gas station in Daly City, a guy told Fish that he didn't have any cash, and could Fish spot him twenty dollars—he'd give Fish a personal check in exchange. Fish figured he'd be less than human if he said no, so he said yes. The man had a car, after all, and was wearing a sports coat, so this was just a small transaction between solvent citizens—the guy put his home phone number on the check and everything. But the check bounced.

The thing is, Fish had just wanted to help the guy. He spent that first day thinking he had helped the man, believing in the community of souls, in Daly City or anywhere, and then that man took it away. He reached inside Fish and took that from him.

He gets in the car and unlocks the passenger side. He moves a Jack in the Box bag and a milk carton and now the woman is sitting in the passenger seat, a few inches from him. She picks up the map from the floor, folds it quickly, expertly, and puts it in the side compartment.

"Thanks for this. You're sweet," she says, giving him her hand in a royal way. "What's your name?"

"Eddie," he says, lying. Her hand is cold. He doesn't know if he should kiss it or shake it. He doesn't do either, just holds it for a few seconds and lets it drop.

"That's weird," she says. "My brother's name is Eddie. Was."

"He changed his name?"

Fish pulls out of the parking lot and onto the frontage road.

"No, he died."

"Oh, hell. I'm sorry."

"No worries," she says.

No worries. He wants to tell her how much he hates that expression, but doesn't. "Don't worry" makes sense, is a pat on the arm, a reassurance from one person to another, but "No worries" implies there aren't any worries anywhere in the world, and that's just a huge, unvarnished lie.

They get on the highway. Fish asks her name. Her name is Wendy.

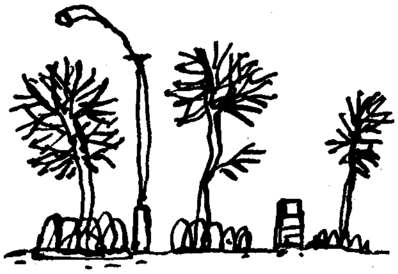
"Where're you going?" she asks.

"Redondo Beach, I think." That's where Annie lives. Near the beach, with a futon, in a cave of an apartment next to the garage of a family of five. Her place is full of small glass figurines of mythical animals, ears pinched while the glass was molten—hippogriffs, hydras, satyrs, a tiny sphinx the color of cantaloupe.

"My ex lives in Redondo," Wendy says. "He's married now."

"Huh," Fish says. She is staring at him. He wonders how he looks in profile.

"So what were you doing at the motel?"



"Nothing. Getting stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Just some stuff. Friend's stuff." Somehow that sounds shady. But he figures he'll let it go. She seems impressed, and he likes that.

She pushes the radio scan button a few times, and finds that "Oooh-oooh, Jackie Blue" song.

"I love this song," Wendy says, and slaps her lap loudly. She leaves her hands there, sort of grabbing her thighs. He loves the way a woman's thighs look when she's sitting down, the fabric tight around them. Like breasts, they are, in their roundness, their over-all optimism.

"So do you party?" she asks.

"What?"

"Do. You. Party."

"In general? I don't—"

"You know. Party."

"Man, I am lost," he says.

"You and me, party, handsome. We should go party somewhere. We could stop and get a drink and stuff. Or a room. Get some weed. Whatever."

Fish knows then what's up. Normal women don't call men "handsome"—only waitresses and prostitutes do that. It's a shame, really. "Handsome" is such a beautiful word.

Fish gives her offer some thought. Her thighs have his head lunging. But it would cost too much, right, spending time with a woman like this? He doesn't know. *How did I get to my age without knowing how much things like this cost?* Forget it. He never takes off his shirt with people he doesn't know, anyway. She'd see the hair on his shoulders and his hernia scar, much bigger and less straight than it needed to be—bastard doctor—and she'd think he was a bad package, that the hair and the scar were proof he needed to pay for the kind of company she could offer.

"Nah, I gotta get down to Redondo," he says. "My friend's waiting for me. And his wife and my mom and everyone. Cousins." His mouth is adding family members quicker than his head can count. "They're probably all waiting up."

"We can be quick, if you want," Wendy says.

Another orange-and-black bird appears, shooting across the road low and fast. Fish wants to ask Wendy if she knows what they're called—thrushes? finches? Not that it would make any difference, knowing their name. He glances over at her; her shoulders are squared to him now, her chin lowered. "I'm not expensive," she says.

Fish pulls off the highway and under a gas-station canopy; it's bright like daylight and he thinks of Reno. She's asked to use the bathroom, and her skin looks blue, as if lit from within, and the humidity has lifted. Instead of using the bathroom, though, she heads straight to the pay phone, and while she's on the phone she waves Fish away like he's her father dropping her off at a concert. So he leaves.

By the time he gets to a phone to call Annie, it's too late. He wakes her up, or she pretends to have been asleep. Her first syllable is full of scorn, and he wonders if Wendy is still at the gas station where he left her, just a few miles back. "You have to start thinking of other people, honey," Annie says, without anger, without anything, and hangs up.

He is back at the hospital twenty minutes later. It's well after midnight, and he has no hope of getting up to Adam's room the standard way. He parks his car in the same spot, and calculates which is the right window. He knows that Adam is on the third floor, and the two possible windows are on either side of the steel ladder. So he runs under the willows and through the palmettos and starts up.

It's the left window. He can see Adam in the light of the TV. His twelve-year-old mug is facing Fish now, eyes closed. The brownie woman has gone.

As Fish is about to tap on the glass, Adam opens his eyes. When he sees Fish, he closes one eye, as if looking through a telescope. Fish waves, and Adam, with his fingers only, waves back.

Fish hasn't thought any further than this. If he had a specific message for Adam, he could mime it through the glass, but he doesn't have a specific message.

Adam mouths the word "How?" and points to Fish. Fish is about to mime climbing a ladder but realizes he can't do this without taking both hands off the rungs. He tries it with one hand, but it looks more like he's shopping, like he's doing the shopping-cart dance move. Adam doesn't get it.

Fish shakes his head, wiping the board clean. He'll just pry the window open and tumble in and talk. But the window frame is flush to the building. There's no way to open it.

Fish decides to knock his head on the glass, and does so, twice. Adam smiles. Fish does it a few more times, just to entertain him. Adam pretends to be laughing a lot. It isn't as great as either of them makes it out to be, but there isn't anything else to do. Soon Adam yawns. Fish yawns. Adam's eyes are flickering, so Fish gestures that he'll see him tomorrow, rolling his hand like he's creating a wave, the wave meaning tomorrow, rolling and rolling.

Fish drives to Redondo and stays in a Red Roof by the highway. He figures he'll call Annie in the morning and then see Adam again on his way back north, and do something with all the bags after he's gone through them and dumped the pills and anything else he doesn't want Adam to have. He figures he should get him a real suitcase or two, something with a hard shell, sturdy. He can do that tomorrow.

Tomorrow he can put Adam's stuff in the sturdy suitcases and take them to him, put them in the hospital room, lined up by the door so they're there when he's ready to leave. He can show him how he repacked everything, put it all in two rows, pants on one side and shirts on the other, with the second suitcase holding the other things—socks and underwear and toiletries and belts. Tomorrow he can do these things better than he did today. Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

His room is dark, and he knows he's being stupid. The room smells like people, and he doesn't deserve this, to be tricked like this again. He is done being fooled. Why would that sports-jacket man jack him on a bad check? It was such violence. He doesn't want to be a part of the world under the highway. No. No, he'll skip Annie and Adam and just get a shotgun now and go to that farm on I-5 and shoot a bunch of stupid cows. Ha-ha! They wouldn't make it, anyway—some animals are built to die. Maybe cut off their heads and hollow them out and wear one as a mask. Yes! The humidity inside one of those big heavy heads—he'd love to see what it's like in there for a second. His clean hair would be covered in blood, his face wet, filthy from the stuff he didn't scoop out before he put the fucking thing on. ♦

Speak Spanish
or French NOW
Only $229*

Join us at our next Open House, and learn how quickly you can start speaking a new language with our proven conversational method.

Enjoy a free trial Group lesson
on us and enter our drawing for a
FREE GROUP COURSE
Tuesday, Sept. 9th at 6:30 p.m.
Berlitz®
No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited by law.

© 2003 Berlitz Languages, Inc.

Call Berlitz today!
1-800-606-9723
Or register on-line at www.berlitz.com/enroll

* Price based on minimum group size of 5 people. Tax, materials and $20 registration fee not included. Free Group Course (retail value $229) and lesson available in French or Spanish only.

at the intersection of law and life

THE BOLD NEW MAGAZINE

In the September|October Issue:

The desire-free workplace
Fetal rights • Tales of an ex-sex offender
Defending prostitution • Gay divorce

legalaffairs
On Newsstands Now
www.legalaffairs.org • 800-406-5615

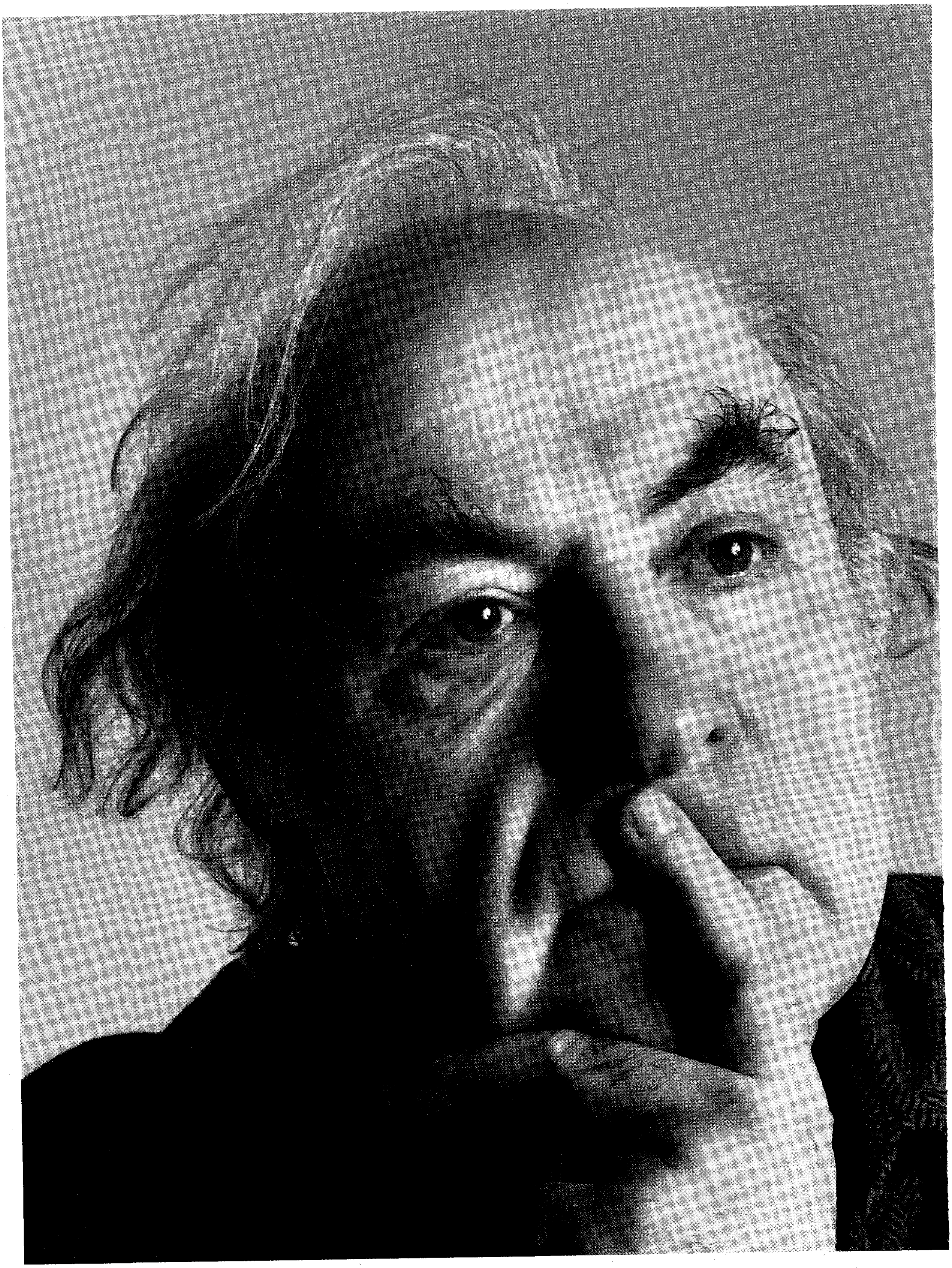
• SPECIAL OFFER •
Save 44% at www.legalaffairs.org/nyer

The Best Records
You've Never Heard Of
www.parisrecords.com

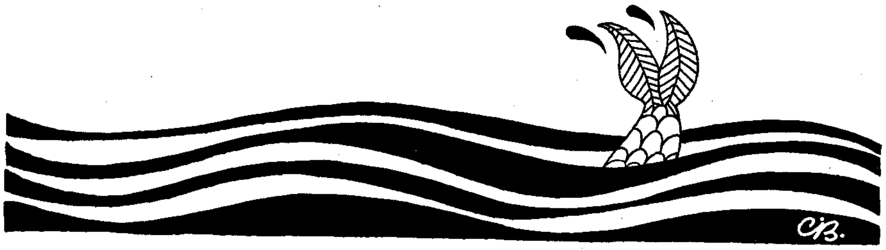
Caribbean Sailing
Our crew will spoil and pamper you rotten for a week on our 81' luxury sailboat. We'll sail your group (4 to 10 people) to every beach and island, with gourmet food and drink included.
Kids rates flexible. Call toll free.
1-888-830-2990

BOWBACK
Handcrafted furniture with
hand-rubbed antique finishes.
Beautiful, comfortable, affordable.
Toll-free: 1-866-226-9222
www.bowback.com

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com®



THE CRITICS



BOOKS

SHADOWS AND FOG

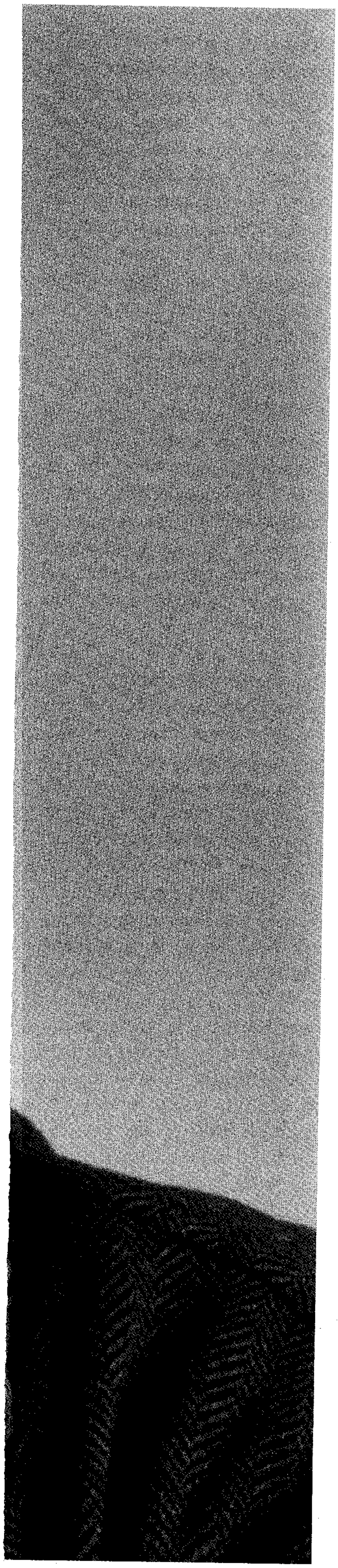
The unquiet times of Norman Manea.

BY LARISSA MACFARQUHAR

The Jewish Romanian writer Norman Manea made his first, abortive attempt at emigration at the age of four, when he ran away from home. He was disgusted, he writes, by "the alluvial, alluring, endless boredom, the comedy played out by the grown-ups, their daily grind of worries, their hypocritical chattering, their marionettes' gestures," and so he set out to look for somewhere to live that was more to his liking. He believed then that the problems of boredom and hypocrisy could be solved by movement: somewhere else there was a place where life was different—he had only to find it.

At the time, the early years of the Second World War, Romania was ruled by the Fascist Ion Antonescu and was not a particularly hospitable place for Jews, but Manea's family lived comfortably enough. His laconic father, fastidious about his clothing and his rectitude, worked as an accountant in a sugar factory; his mother's parents, secular and uninterested in politics, owned a bookstore. In 1941, however, their luck changed: the family was sent to a labor camp. Though he was only five at the time, Manea remembers the deportation—the instructions to take only food and clothing and to deposit housekeys, jewelry, and precious metals with the authorities. His family was taken to Moghilev, in the Ukraine, where they and thousands of others lived outdoors in the rain and cold and were stripped of their possessions. Many people went mad or committed suicide, and many others died of exposure. In the camp, Manea's father was concerned above all with moral dignity, refusing to be servile, to participate in the "black market in sentiment" that prevailed there, but Manea's mother was bent on surviving, and Manea was still young enough to agree with her. "What I understood then was that crying and hunger, cold and fear belonged to life, not to death," Manea writes of the period after his grandparents both died in the space of three weeks. "Nothing was more important than survival." The Russians liberated the camp in 1944 but sent Manea's father to fight at the front; he deserted and, miraculously, found his wife and son again in the middle of Bessarabia.

When the family returned to Romania after the war, the country had been taken over by Communism. Manea's father was fired from his job when falsely accused of giving away a bicycle, and was later thrown into prison for buying meat on credit; his mother was forced to work long hours in a canning factory. The adult Manea was also miserable—spied upon, his books censored, anti-Semitism adding menace to the emaciation of Communist life. "More than once I was reminded of Bergman's film 'The



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

"Exile begins as soon as we leave the womb," Manea writes in his new memoir.

IT STARTS.
LEIGHTON

"That's what you're wearing?"

* * *

Serpent's Egg,' of the stultifying atmosphere of the last years of the Weimar Republic," he wrote in a 1988 essay, "Romania":

> Of the mixture of paranoia and disorientation, of the ways in which discouragement turns into resignation, then submission. . . . Life as a series of postponements, a tumorlike growth of mistrust and fear, an all-encompassing schizophrenia. A step-by-step reduction of private life, and finally its abolition, as time itself becomes subject to ever-increasing taxation and eventually total expropriation by the state: the hours sacrificed to standing in lines, to ritual political meetings and to rallies, on top of the hours of work and the hours of helpless exposure to the inferno of public transportation . . . and when you were finally home in your birdcage, you found yourself lost, mute, staring into an emptiness that could be defined as infinite despair.

Over the years, there were many opportunities for the family to emigrate to Israel: Romania, pursuing the trifecta of money, international approval, and ethnic purging, allowed the Israeli government to pay for Jews to move there. Manea's parents wanted to emigrate, but Manea himself resisted until he was fifty years old and, for his mother at least, it was too late to go. For much of his life, and especially now that he has written a memoir, "The Hooligan's Return" (translated from the Romanian by Angela Jianu; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30), he has asked himself the question, pressed upon him by his conscience and his parents: why didn't he leave?

The most obvious answer was language. He could imagine living outside Romania but not outside Romanian. Because he was a writer, Romanian was his country, and without it he would have no place to work. "Exile from this ultimate place of refuge," he writes, "would have been the most brutal form of extirpation, would have touched the very fiber of my being." But Romanian was only part of the story—he didn't feel an uncomplicated love for the language until he was in his forties. After a short-lived conversion to Communist enthusiasm in his teens, toward the end of which time he presided, mortified, over the expulsion of three classmates from the Party, he became aware of the political tricks that words could play—the way in which the language of the regime was at once numbingly bland and full of deceptions. "Comradely," "mutual esteem," "full agreement and cooperation"—who could decipher what such insipid phrases were meant to reveal and hide about Romania's relation to the world? When it came time to go to university, Manea, acting grotesquely against character, signed up to study hydroelectric engineering. He thought that a life without words could protect him from insidious ambiguities, in himself as much as in politics, but it failed. After twenty years of lines and numbers, he broke down and was confined briefly to a mental institution. "Had engineering, at least, cured my uncertainties and anxieties, my inclination to sloth and the scattering of my energies?" he writes. "Did it help me conquer my vice of hair-splitting and excessive nuance? . . . Such hope remained unfulfilled. Engineering had not cured me, thank God, of myself."

Once released from the mental hospital, Manea began writing fiction. He became part of the Romanian literary world, and developed a peculiarly literary need for the Communist privations that he had loathed before. There was, until the overthrow of Ceaușescu, almost no direct political resistance in Romania, and so the artist who managed to preserve his moral and aesthetic integrity, as Manea did, was a necessary political hero. The insularity of the regime, sealing off the country from the West's postwar currents, preserved there a prewar literary modernism in nearly pristine condition, and under those circumstances misery had its uses. "Most of the East European writers, myself included, were experiencing provincial frustration and were also subject to a kind of megalomania," he writes. "Our Western colleagues, sheltered from socialist suffering and dilemmas, were incapable—so we chose to believe—of producing work that was in any way comparable to our grand, complicated, tragic, obscure writings, which had remained faithful to what we supposed was *genuine* literature." Even the Czech novelist Milan Kundera, safely ensconced in Paris since the mid-seventies, was producing novels in which political critique was no more important, or less important, than a private, placeless eroticism.

But this chauvinism of suffering did not make Manea a patriot. It accounted in part, perhaps, for his reluctance to leave the country himself, but not for his disgust at others who chose to do so. Another Jewish Romanian writer of the postwar years, Nicu Steinhardt, was appalled by Jewish migration for patriotic reasons: he felt it a base abandonment—a deplorable instance, presumably, of Semitic rootlessness. "The simple gesture of taking one's passport out of one's pocket seems like a sleight of hand, it has something of a cheap trickster's magic about it," Steinhardt wrote. "Or it seems like something that an odious mama's boy might do: I'm not playing anymore, I'm going back to Mama. . . . Any man in his right mind cannot help but be disgusted." Steinhardt was later arrested, his property was confiscated, and he was sent to prison for twelve years, where he responded by converting ecstatically to Christianity (he became a Greek Orthodox monk) and embracing the doctrines of the anti-Semitic, Fascist Legionnaires who had governed the country before the Communists. Manea, however, was never susceptible to patriotism of that self-eviscerating variety. He was not interested in the romance of Romania, or of Jewishness, or, for that matter, in political thinking of any sort. He was moved by books, by love affairs, by the sea. "When all was said and done, I simply didn't give a damn about anything," he writes. "World history bored me, my own history was running according to its own beat. . . . I did not wish to be drawn into the world's unhappiness." He shared Steinhardt's contempt for the migrants, but for more complicated, private reasons.

In 1958, a close friend of Manea's decided to emigrate to Israel. He had good grounds for leaving, as good as Manea's own—his father had been murdered for being a Jew, possibly by the government—but Manea felt only irritated scorn for this sort of rationale. "My cynicism had reached such depths that I regarded those horrors"—the wartime camps, and the killings that came afterward—"as a mere step toward the great, ubiquitous, universal crime, Death, the premise of all our lives," he writes. "Premature death, violent death, was just the same old, plain, unfair death, and it did not matter how and where it hunted us down—such was my insensitive logic on the matter." Manea no longer believed, as he had when he was four, that history mattered; that people behaved differently—better—under different circumstances. To believe that, he felt, amounted to a stupid misunderstanding of the human condition. "Escape to the capitalist paradise beyond the Iron Curtain, with its trappings of well-being and illusions of freedom, now seemed a vulgar notion," he writes. "I was skeptical of any childish attempts to alter destiny. . . . I did not believe that changing the place from which I observed the game-play of the world . . . would improve my chances for happiness. In any case, I was suspicious of such changes, and even viewed them with contempt. The 'common people,' I thought, can continue sucking on their dumb lollipop of hope, they can keep on believing in instant rewards." Communist life was arbitrary and cruel, but life everywhere is arbitrary and cruel. There is nothing else to aspire to.

For someone who believes that history doesn't matter, that the circumstances of a life are unimportant in the search for happiness, the writing of a memoir is a strange business. Manea seems nauseated by it. He knows that his story could be taken to be that of a victim, and so he continually heaps contempt upon himself and his opinions, neurotically forestalling at every juncture the possibility of pity. "I am an embarrassed inhabitant of my own biography," he says. He loathes the thought of producing another Eastern European tale of woe, and postpones describing his experience of the camp until so late in the book that one begins to wonder whether he has decided, because of the risk of cliché, to avoid it altogether. "Suffering does not make us better people or heroes," he writes. "Suffering, like all things human, corrupts, and suffering peddled publicly corrupts absolutely." But in spite of, or because of, his nausea, the memoir—evasive, conflicted, harrowed, tortuously elegiac—is an extraordinary book.

Manea has retreated some distance from the cynical fatalism of his middle years: an emigrant himself, a professor at Bard, he no longer despises, or no longer easily despises, the aspiration to life outside Communism. But while he knows that there are real differences between places, it seems that for him, even now, place itself is unreal. When he was an engineer, he was waiting, he says, "for the revelation that reality was real, and that I was real," and it seems that he is still waiting. He calls America, sarcastically, "Paradise." He simply cannot bring himself to take seriously the whims and currents of the external world. It is in the context of this extreme hermeticism, however, that his stories—all mood and no circumstance—begin to make sense.

There is throughout Manea's fiction (four strange, alluring novellas, a murky novel, and a book of dazzling, spectral stories have been translated into English) a pervasive sense of unreality. It's often difficult to figure out what's going on. Characters are only vaguely identified and emerge from indistinct situations (the test, the fear, the failure, the disaster). Speeches lack speakers, and strong emotions—suspicion, despair, disgust—seem to circulate by themselves. His characters are frail, thin-sapped creatures who move about their indefinite world like somnambulists—so tired as to be nearly unconscious, or dreaming bewildering dreams (there is perhaps no other writer whose protagonists spend so much time asleep), or else subsisting in a confused, hypnagogic state between sleeping and waking. They seem not to walk through air so much as to be pushed by the movements of some viscous, miasmic substance that's difficult to travel through and more difficult to see through. The atmosphere is denser than bodies.

The protagonist of one of Manea's most beautifully mooded stories, "The Turning Point," is a man whose only vivid experience is an infatuation with the sea. His love turns morbid after he nearly drowns one August afternoon in a polluted, oily ocean cluttered with rubbish. After a period of sickness, the man returns outwardly to normal, but he feels stultified. Sour and detached, he watches the trite world revolve:

> Rejuvenated retirees come back from their trips with senile smiles. . . . The powers of the apartment complex manager increase, and the tenants flatter him. The price of videocassettes goes up, and people are growing Teutonic mustaches and long Viking hair. Female students reject the bra. . . . Women's and men's Wellington boots are standardized, toilets on trains are abolished because of environmental concerns. Restaurants only take group bookings.

Unable to settle on a purpose—unable, even, to realize that he lacks one—he becomes a polite, obedient employee. He submits to the slow poison of routine, the "brutish stammerings" of the crowded morning bus:

> His seemingly indifferent and apathetic eyes take in more than before. The days and nights bleached out by boredom and diminution are more visible on the faces of others—in their measured gestures, in their silly and furtive little jokes. . . . Just as before, he neglects to notice the minute changes in products, prices, jargon—the mute subtexts of everyday life, the gray fog into which more and more of them are vanishing. . . . In short, he accommodates himself to his generation, rejects the tragic, trivializes everything. The hours are accounted for conscientiously, the rare moments of idleness open up into a chaotic void in which he feels stupid and finds it difficult to make any move at all.

The sensation of uncertainty and groundlessness in Manea's stories is not unlike that in W. G. Sebald's novels, except that in Sebald's fiction the general uncertainty is offset by a sharp foreground: places, persons, dress, time of day, movement from one place to another, all are precisely specified; every inch of fictional space and every minute of fictional time are accounted for. But in Manea's stories the vagueness and bewilderment permeate throughout—there is no distinction between foreground and background. Usually in fiction a partial description implies a complete world: if we're told that a room contains a sofa and a fireplace, we assume a floor and walls, a few pictures, a table, whatever's needed to make the room complete; and we assume, too, that the room is connected by the usual hallways, doors, and roads to other places in the story. But Manea's fiction discourages this—there is no sense in it of a complete world. Places are glanced at and quickly abandoned; characters appear and disappear without explanation; events swim into the field of attention and then vanish; and the connections between these things are rarely made explicit. When objects snap into focus, they only add an antic surrealism—a cup of tea! a gray raincoat! a lump of sugar!—to the general blur. Many postwar writers in Eastern Europe, partly in an effort to evade censorship, departed from their present reality to write historical allegories (such as the Polish writer Jerzy Andrzejewski's "The Inquisitors," ostensibly an indictment of the Spanish Inquisition) or fantasies of the future and the occult (Mircea Eliade, the late Romanian scholar of myth and religion, also wrote several short stories about the supernatural). Manea does neither, and yet it is as though he were doing both at once: his present, his reality, is so uncanny, so *imagined*, that it seems like an allegory of itself.

"Tolea is awake, has drifted off, asleep again, who knows," Manea writes in his novel "The Black Envelope":

> The city was in darkness. . . . Just some dim yellow blots in the distance. Sick orbs of a sick city sunk in nightmares. . . .
>
> Riotous, chaotic groans, a short green flame, cursing and alcohol. And again the unlit silence and the hobnail boots rhythmically striking the asphalt. The darkness grinds its teeth as rays of light suddenly spring up. Metal plate, wheels, and screws are banged; there is a massive sickly noise of something starting up. The monster moves off: its headlights sway in the thick black ocean. The crippled truck lurches about and noisily fills the desert—a gigantic deformed savage moving unsteadily forward, breaking up the darkness bit by bit. The edge of a rusty roof. Thickets of rubbish. The handlebar of a bicycle.

The sense one gets is less of a real world than of a theatre set, in which a single bed on a bare stage might signify a bedroom, or a tray of apples indicates a market.

Manea is, in fact, obsessed with theatre—it is his metaphor of choice, in both his stories and his essays, for the pretense and hypocrisy of life under Communism. He is perpetually describing situations as performances or parodies or masquerades, and people as masked, or as clowns. He refers continually to the absurd, but the word sounds odd because there is only a desiccated, sarcastic sort of humor in his writing—certainly none of the looniness of Ionesco's absurdist plays, or even the earthier comedy of Havel's. Manea is not by nature a satirist: he's too moral, too despairing. It's as though he had inherited the trope—Communism is absurd—from other writers, but can't summon up the confident recklessness, or the joy, to make it work. Manea often calls himself a clown, but he's not convincing in the role. After he published a book titled "Auguste the Fool's Apprenticeship Years," a friend said to him, "You are much too serious. You are too ethical, and you are not playful enough. The image of . . . the Fool doesn't fit you at all."

Shortly before Manea visited Romania, in 1997, for the first time since his emigration—the "Hooligan's Return" referred to in his memoir's title—he had a nightmare, one of many, about his mother. He dreamed that he and she were walking together in Bucharest when suddenly she fell, grasping his arm, into an open sewage pit in the road. "I could feel myself slipping," he writes. "I couldn't hold on to the burden of her body swinging desperately above the void, her thin, pale legs thrashing helplessly in the air. . . . I was being pulled down by the bony clasp of the old hand into the black void."

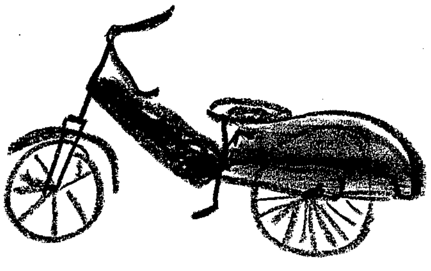
Benignly interpreted, the dream could be said to refer to his mother's death, nine years earlier. A little while before Manea emigrated, he went to see his parents to say goodbye. He didn't admit that he was leaving the country for good, but his mother guessed, and she tried to extract from him a promise that he would return to attend her funeral. Manea, always honest, said that he couldn't promise. She died two years later and, indeed, he did not return to see her buried (his father didn't tell him of her death until a month later, knowing that if he came back he wouldn't be allowed to leave). But such a simple sort of guilt would not be in character. Manea refers to his mother in his memoir as Mater Dolorosa and the velvet claw. Turbulent, adoring, manipulative, and miserable, she exercised over him "the tyranny of affection, the unbearable malady of the ghetto." His mother, unlike the world, was always horribly real, and she forced upon him all the repellent, clichéd, vulgar ghetto identities that, in his work and his life, he took such pains to obscure.

Near the end of the book, Manea describes a recent visit to his father, now senile and living in a nursing home in Jerusalem: entering his room, Manea sees him standing, naked, at the window, staring vacantly while a young German hospital volunteer washes feces off his body. But the scene is a short one compared with the pages he spends describing his belated visit to his mother's grave in Romania. His father was, it seems, too reserved, too decent, too genuinely detached from the world, to grip him. Precious unreality had to be wrested from his mother. "Exile begins as soon as we leave the womb," Manea concludes, after he discovers, anticlimactically, that his return to Romania, which he dreaded and avoided for years, has neither crippled nor freed him. "Only death finally frees us from this final belonging," he writes. "The return to the homeland is but a return to the mother's grave." ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Known World, *by Edward P. Jones (Amistad; $24.95).* On a small plantation in Manchester County, Virginia, in the eighteen-fifties, a freed black man named Henry Townsend lives with his wife and the thirty-three slaves he has bought, some with the help of his former owner. This kaleidoscopic first novel depicts daily life for Henry and his friends ("members of a free Negro class that, while not having the power of some whites, had been brought up to believe that they were rulers waiting in the wings"); for the plantation's slaves, one of whom believes that he, too, will be transformed into an owner after Henry's death; and for the county's white inhabitants, who coexist uneasily with their slaves and their emancipated black neighbors. Jones has written a book of tremendous moral intricacy: no relationship here is left unaltered by the bonds of ownership, and liberty eludes most of Manchester County's residents, not just its slaves.

Love in Idleness, *by Amanda Craig (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday; $23.95).* Ellen, a glamorous handbag designer, loves Daniel, a humble, though moneyed, academic; despises his film-critic friend, Ivo; despairs of Meenu and Polly, her old London flatmates who have let themselves go to seed, the latter married to Daniel's half brother Theo, who has eyes only for his work. Or does he? In the best tradition of summertime romps, when the friends gather for a vacation in Tuscany backbiting and bed swapping almost immediately ensue. The author's template for her beguiling, very funny fantasia is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the main players complemented by a tribe of fairies—here a trio of children who provide their own little frissons. Craig writes with charm and wit, and what in other hands might feel tipsy and overblown remains in the region of delight.



Terror in the Name of God, *by Jessica Stern (Ecco; $27.95).* This sophisticated examination of religiously motivated terrorism is a welcome antidote to the armchair analyses of Islamic extremism that surfaced in the wake of September 11th. Stern spent five years interviewing religious terrorists of all stripes, including anti-abortion crusaders, Hamas leaders, and militants in Pakistan and Indonesia. She found men and women who were driven not by nihilistic rage or lunacy but by a deep faith in the justice of their causes and in the possibility of transforming the world through violence. That faith, Stern suggests, is fuelled by poverty, repression, and a sense of humiliation, and then exploited by "inspirational leaders" who turn confused people into killers. The West cannot fight terror by intelligence and military means alone, she argues; a "smarter realpolitik approach" toward the developing world would use policy to deprive terrorists of not only funding and weapons but potential recruits.

Ball of Fire, *by Stefan Kanfer (Knopf; $25.95).* Lucille Ball began her career as a wisecracking extra in Hollywood movies, so it's no surprise that the best lines in this biography are hers, from the famous quip that Katharine Hepburn "ignored everyone equally" to the dismissal of a suitor with a tart "I'm not the crooked-finger-and-teacup type." In 1951, when "I Love Lucy" arrived in living rooms across America via the novel technology of television, the red-headed comedienne became a friend to a fifth of the nation, heralding a new, more intimate kind of celebrity. But Kanfer skirts the chance to document the birth of the TV star as American icon, instead touring the familiar terrain of Ball's troubled marriage. Unlike his subject's sharp punch lines, Kanfer's writing is tepid and staid: he gives us the facts of her life but none of the verve.

CORNELL in NEW YORK CITY
an academic degree for practitioners in
Industrial and Labor Relations

- Part-time Master's program
- Renowned Cornell faculty
- Small, Saturday classes
- Affordable Ivy-League education

Collective Bargaining - Law & Public Policy - Research
Human Resource Management - Labor Economics
Organizational Behavior
212.340.2886 - mpsnyc@cornell.edu
www.ilr.cornell.edu/mpsnyc
ilr

Better Way To Sleep
Soft 100% Cotton Knit TeePJ's™
Tee-PJ's are not ordinary nightshirts. The special knit moves as you move for the ultimate in sleeping and lounging comfort. No bind, no bunch, no buttons, no side seams.
Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or your money back!
Great for Ladies, too.
White or Soft Blue. SIZES to fit **90-300 lbs.**
Specify man/lady and **height/weight.**
No extra charge for XXL & XXXL on 1st order!
$21.95ea. 2 for $39.90 (Save $4)
Long sleeve style (not shown)
$25.95ea. 2 for $46.90 (Save $5)
Add $4 to order for Shipping/Handling
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 430
P.O. Box 1066, Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1066
(Ship to FL add tax) **1-772-546-4656**
visit us at www.sleepshirt.com

SANTA FE
www.SantaFeNewMexican.com
Get what you want.

BACK PAIN?
WWW.DREINGORN.COM
DRX9000

A wine newsletter for those
who appreciate exquisite complexity.
Todd M. Wernstrom's
CARAFE
Special Introductory Offer
www.carafewine.com • 305.606.0208

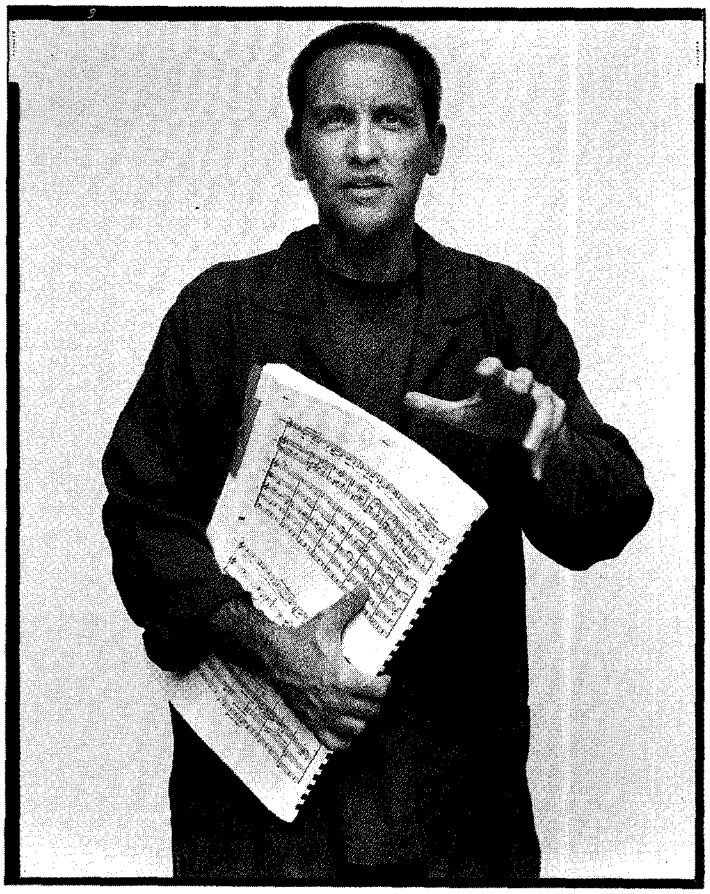
HART & HIND
A FITNESS RANCH *featuring* STAR CUISINE
Located in the spectacular Texas Hill Country
1.866.868.1264 • hartandhind.com

MUSICAL EVENTS

DEEP SONG

Lorca inspires an opera by Osvaldo Golijov.

BY ALEX ROSS



Golijov's score is boldly melodic. Photograph by Richard Avedon.

Osvaldo Golijov's chamber opera "Ainadamar," which had its première at Tanglewood earlier this month, lasts about an hour, but it feels like a surreally extended moment, a long blink of an eye. The libretto, by the playwright David Henry Hwang, places us in a theatre in Uruguay, in the nineteen-sixties, where a venerable actress is about to step onstage for what will turn out to be her last performance. As she waits in the wings, she is overcome by a surge of memories, both happy and harrowing. The character is based on a real figure: Margarita Xirgu, the great Catalan tragedian, who, in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, collaborated with Federico García Lorca on several of his most famous plays. Joining her, in a series of dreamlike flashbacks, is Lorca himself, whose high ideals and dark passions dictate the opera's tone.

Golijov is a forty-two-year-old Argentine-American composer who has an uncanny ability to don the masks of age-old musical traditions. Born in La Plata, he is descended from Eastern European Jews, and he first made his name with works derived from klezmer and other Yiddish styles. Three years ago, he unveiled the "St. Mark Passion," a singing, dancing Crucifixion drama, which revels in Latin-American and Afro-Caribbean sounds. His works arouse extraordinary enthusiasm in audiences, because they revive music's elemental powers: they have rhythms that rock the body into motion and melodies that linger in the mind. Golijov lacks the intellectual caution that leads composers to confine a quasi-tonal melody within knotty, twelve-tone-ish figures. Instead, he lets his melodies wing their way into the open air.

Lorca makes a natural subject for an opera. His famous death—he was executed by Fascist soldiers early in the Spanish Civil War—was a scene out of "Tosca." He also supplies countless cues for music in his writing. No other poet could have compared the crescent moon to a fermata, a held note interrupting the harmony of the night. He was an accomplished pianist, a part-time composer, and something of a musicologist. He worked with Manuel de Falla to stage a festival of the authentic form of *cante jondo*, or "deep song," as the most substantial branch of flamenco is known. Of the *siguiriya* form of *cante jondo*, Lorca wrote, "The melody begins, an undulant, endless melody. [It] loses itself horizontally, escapes from our hands as we see it withdraw from us toward a point of common longing and perfect passion." This description also captures the essence of Golijov's music.

The first lines of "Ainadamar" come from Lorca's historical drama "Mariana Pineda," whose heroine died for liberal ideals in nineteenth-century Granada. The aging Xirgu, preparing to play the role for the umpteenth time, recalls her pioneering performance back in 1927; it was this production, with sets by Dali, that launched Lorca's dramatic career. The relationship of author and actress was not a physical one—neither opted for the heterosexual life style—but they worked together in a kind of creative ecstasy. As the opera tells it, she is deeply haunted by Lorca's death, which she believes she could have prevented. It happened in August, 1936, in the place that the Moors called Ainadamar, or Fountain of Tears. According to Lorca's biographer Leslie Stainton, Xirgu heard of the killing just before performing "Yerma"; in a rage, she changed her final line from "I myself have murdered my own child" to "They have murdered my child."

The opera begins with prerecorded sounds that contain traces of the Lorca world. You first hear gurgling water, presumably from Ainadamar's springs, then furious galloping patterns, which evoke the violent hoofbeats that the poet heard in his nightmares. In a brilliant stroke, three percussionists pick up the beat with drumming and clapping, in a dynamic pattern of four against six against twelve. Over this a chorus of six girls cry out the opening ballad of "Mariana Pineda"—"How sad it was in Granada / The stones began to cry." When Xirgu reflects on her younger self, the flamenco furor gives way to a rumba, and we fall into a languid, late-summer suspension of time. The part of Lorca is played by a handsome young mezzo-soprano; this, perhaps, is a nod in the direction of Xirgu's (or Lorca's) sexuality. The poet once imagined a version of "Romeo and Juliet" in which Juliet became a fifteen-year-old boy.

For all his provocations, Lorca had no fear of exploiting traditional images of Spanish culture. As a dramatist, he knew that clichés could thunder if spoken in the right tone. Golijov, likewise, invests himself ardently in the most familiar flourishes of Spanish music. He understands better than his exoticizing European predecessors—think of Bizet, with his castanets—that the so-called "Spanish sound" is a fiendishly complex blend of European, Arabic, and Hebraic influences, and he teases out all of them in turn. The Fascist functionary Ramón Ruiz Alonso condemns Lorca in a wailing cantillation that sounds more like a muezzin's call to prayer than like a salute to Franco. The writer, whom Ruiz Alonso branded a *maricón*, or "faggot," is led to his death in a fantasy reënactment of the Crucifixion, which is solemnized by intimations of a Gregorian chant. Golijov even makes music of the guns that end Lorca's life, transforming the sound of the shots into a percussive electronic ballet.

In the closing section of the opera, composer and librettist took a considerable risk that didn't quite pay off on opening night. The action becomes almost entirely inward: Xirgu, musing further on her life, comes to accept the role of survivor that she has played. "I have done my best to keep you alive, to pay for my crime: the crime of living," she sings. She walks onstage to sing Mariana's final monologue, and falls dead. The Tanglewood production, which was directed by Chay Yew, strained to find visual cues in this last part. The young Xirgu and Lorca wandered on and off the stage, a blown-up photograph of the poet descended, and Lorca came back for a final pantomime appearance. Despite many poetic touches, Yew's production failed to differentiate reality from fantasy, the elderly Xirgu from her complex of memories.

Something different should be done with the ending when the opera comes to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at the end of October, and to Los Angeles's new Disney Hall, in February. It is difficult to think of anything that could be cut; the music is sensationally beautiful throughout. Xirgu's epiphany takes the form of two spellbinding orchestral crescendos, one called "Delirious Sunset" and the other "I Am Liberty." While Golijov was working on the opera, he found himself listening to the not very Spanish strains of Richard Strauss's "Daphne," and in particular to the sublime Transformation Scene, during which the nymph of the title turns into a laurel tree. Although there are no outright echoes of "Daphne" in "Ainadamar," you can sense the kinship: in each, a heaving polyphonic climax gives way to a quiet release. At the very end, Golijov asks his brass players to improvise freely on the single note C, creating a strange, shimmering drone, while the chorus repeats in muted tones the lament of the opening.

Tanglewood has a limited but excellent track record with modern operas. In 1942, Serge Koussevitzky, the music center's founder, gave Benjamin Britten a thousand dollars to write "Peter Grimes." The singers and players at the "Ainadamar" première, most of whom came from Tanglewood's student ranks, were at a fairly exalted level. Robert Spano, who led the "St. Mark Passion" in Boston two years ago, once again showed staggering control of Golijov's genre-busting variety of styles. Dawn Upshaw, in the role of Xirgu, dropped some of the cutesiness that she has lately favored and sang with unaffected intensity and thrust. Kelley O'Connor and Amanda Forsythe, both Tanglewood Vocal Fellows, showed crystalline, finely expressive voices in the roles of Lorca and Young Margarita.

On the same evening, Tanglewood presented another new chamber opera with a hot-and-heavy Spanish theme. This was Robert Zuidam's "Rage d'Amours," which told of the strange, obsessive love of Queen Juana, the nominal ruler of Castile, for her unfaithful and later lifeless husband, Philip the Handsome. In a climactic set piece that one-ups Salome's sickening love for John the Baptist, Juana holds Philip's decomposing corpse in a desperate embrace. If it sounds ghoulishly entertaining, it wasn't; the music was weirdly solemn and static—a little corpselike itself. Zuidam showed impeccable craftsmanship, but he leaned heavily on hoary devices of twentieth-century technique, making much, for example, of the gruff bass-clarinet arpeggios from "The Rite of Spring." Unlike the flamenco touches in "Ainadamar," these intellectually gratifying references carried with them no dramatic specificity or strong emotional charge. The frustrating sense of distance was not helped by the fact that the part of Juana was divided up among a trio of sopranos. Lucy Shelton, Rochelle Bard, and Amy Synatzske all sang beautifully, but as a kind of diva committee they were never entirely in sync. The student players, under the direction of Stefan Asbury, played with extreme virtuosity.

The trouble with having two premières side by side is that the evening inevitably became something of a popularity contest. Zuidam received respectful applause; Golijov won a shouting, stomping ovation. No doubt a few old-school Tanglewood cerebralists went away complaining that Golijov had pandered to the audience. If so, they were pandering to their teaching assistants. The composer is triumphing not because he uses an accessible language—anyone can string together superficially pleasing chords—but because he speaks it with dire conviction. His sincerity is avant-garde. ♦

Advertisement
Condé Nast Traveler
TRUTH IN TRAVEL
ALL-STAR INTERNATIONAL FILM FORUM
September 8-10, 2003
New York City

Lost in Translation
Location: Tokyo & Kyoto
Writer/Director: Sofia Coppola
Cast: Bill Murray, Scarlett Johansson, Giovanni Ribisi, Anna Faris
New Feature Film

The Night of the Iguana
Location: Mexico
Director: John Huston
Cast: Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Sue Lyon
Classic Film
Courtesy of Warner Bros. Studios

Red White & Blues
Location: London
Director: Mike Figgis
Featuring: Lonnie Donegan, B.B. King, Steve Winwood and others
New Documentary Film
Courtesy of Vulcan Productions and Road Movies

Also
Surprise Screening of a New Feature Film

WWW.CNTFILMFORUM.COM
FOR TICKETS AND INFORMATION

Benefiting
THE FILM FOUNDATION
FILMMAKERS FOR FILM PRESERVATION
www.film-foundation.org

Sponsors
GEVALIA
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS & RESORTS
MasterCard
Near East
NCL NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE FREESTYLE CRUISING

THE CURRENT CINEMA

AMERICAN DREAMERS

“Open Range” and “Thirteen.”

BY DAVID DENBY

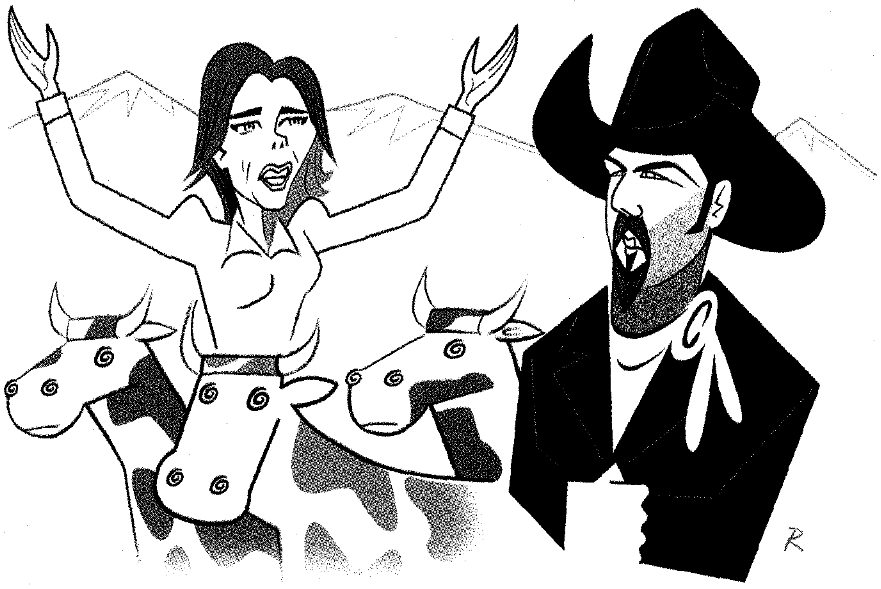
“Open Range,” the new Western directed by Kevin Costner, was shot in the Canadian Rockies in high, green valleys, a darkly beautiful landscape that lies across the wide screen like velvet. The movie, as if becalmed by the soundless open spaces, takes its time, tarrying over what one person thinks of another, relishing a turn of phrase or the importance of weather—I can’t recall another Western in which rain plays so large a role. In the current movie climate of hyperkinetic spectacle, the leisureliness of “Open Range” is a form of grace. Soothed, one even welcomes the borrowings from such classics as “My Darling Clementine” and “High Noon.” The Western, a genre whose repeated patterns assume an almost heraldic solemnity, has never demanded as much originality as other kinds of filmmaking. “Open Range” is about the conflict between a pair of virtuous “freegrazers” (Costner and Robert Duvall)—cattle owners who roam across the land with their herds—and a vicious big-time rancher (Michael Gambon) who regards the freegrazers as poachers. Nostalgic for the unhampered liberty of the freegrazers, Costner and his screenwriter, Craig Storper, appear to have stumbled into an argument against private property. Before the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page gets on their case, however, one should point out that the movie is rather vague when it comes to issues of political economy. Nothing so crassly material as slaughtering or marketing the herds is ever discussed; the freegrazers’ liberty becomes an almost metaphysical quality—at the beginning of the movie, the two men want simply to wander with their animals from one place to another forever. As in almost all Westerns, civilization (i.e., Annette Bening, as an unmarried doctor’s assistant) beckons, but not before evil has been violently purged from the land.

When “Open Range” descends from the oracular to the vernacular, it is very pleasing. The spoken language of the movie, colloquial in diction but formal in feeling, has been wrought with unusual care. Costner approaches Bening with an awkward puzzled delicacy, as if a woman were a fine piece of china, easily broken, and he and Duvall regard one another’s secrets with respect, even awe. Again and again, Costner defers to Duvall, and Duvall, given the best lines, creates in detail the character of a tough old buzzard who combines a streak of decency with a passion for definition. He thinks he’s a man of few words, but actually he needs to explain things to himself and to anyone who will listen. The movie ends with an enormous gunfight, but the real dramatic action is Duvall’s voluble debate with Costner, and sometimes with himself, over the nature of reality, loyalty, and friendship, and the issue of moving on or settling down. In this handsomely traditional movie, Kevin Costner has tried to fix the Western myth for all time in the stern contours of Duvall’s face and the guttural beauty of his voice.

“Thirteen,” the sensational (in both senses) independent movie about junior-high-school girls going crazy, starts with a bang. Tracy, or, as she’s known, Trace (Evan Rachel Wood), sits in her room with a girlfriend, playing a game: Trace makes herself numb by inhaling something from a can, and then demands to be hit. The friend obliges by whamming her hard across the face, and then harder, and Trace, nearly unconscious, is happy. The audience may suffer from these blows, and from scenes in

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 17 & 24, Apr. 21 & 28, June 16 & 23, July 14 & 21, Aug. 18 & 25, Dec. 22 & 29) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592), which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc. Vol. LXXIX, No. 24, September 1, 2003. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

which Trace cuts herself, more than Trace does, and demand explanations. The only sensible theory I've heard about young girls who cut themselves or like to get hit is that anxiety dominates their moods so brutally that pain, by making them focus on something specific, calms them down. But I don't mean to suggest that "Thirteen" is some sort of clinical or sociological document. This is a living, breathing movie, made by a former Hollywood production designer, Catherine Hardwicke, who may be one of the rare natural filmmakers: Hardwicke and her cinematographer, Elliot Davis, barge into scenes with a handheld sixteen-millimetre camera, and move rapidly with Trace and her pinwheeling friends from one room to another, sticking close to them as they throw themselves about, rant, laugh, and fight. Through all this, the camera always seems to be in the right place to catch the emotion that makes the scene work. In the past, dozens of people shooting fiction in cinéma-vérité style have come up with blurry fragments that add up to nothing. But this movie is an emotionally coherent work—a burning experience of desperation and fleeting exhilaration. Trace lives at her nerve ends, and "Thirteen" keeps us out there, moment by moment, in that dangerously exposed place.



Annette Bening and Kevin Costner in Costner's "Open Range," a classic Western.

ROBERT RISKO

The milieu is lower-middle-class Los Angeles. Trace's mother, Mel (Holly Hunter), lives on alimony and cuts women's hair at home for extra cash. Her ex-husband shows up now and then and is completely baffled by his chaotic daughter. Mel's boyfriend (Jeremy Sisto), an unemployed recovering cokehead, provides some bed warmth, which Mel badly needs, but he's out of it, a nearly superfluous male. There's a peculiar slatternly inconsequence to life in tract-house L.A. (the family adviser appears to be a psychic), but "Thirteen" is not meant to be an indictment of a specific place. It could be set in a lot of other places in a country that knocks young girls off their feet with waves of consumer fetishism, the need to be cool, to be fast, to grab the attention of boys—in general, to compete every day in a marketplace of desire so relentless that they can imagine no real happiness outside of it. Trace is skinny, blond, and beautiful, with a face that can be as rigid as a runway model's in one scene and as soft and confused as a child's in the next. She develops a kind of crush on Evie (Nikki Reed), who has shadowed cat eyes and a terrific figure and is known as the hottest girl in junior high. Reality is eroticized for these two. They hit the shops on Melrose Avenue, buying or stealing what they need, and they dress themselves for school like baby whores, in tight pants and tops, with big hair and perhaps a tendril falling down on either side of their faces. When a good-looking Latino boy asks Trace out, she's ecstatic; she wants nothing more, though she may be in a complete funk a few hours later. There's no brake on the girls' emotions, no modulation, no context in which one emotion can be related to another.

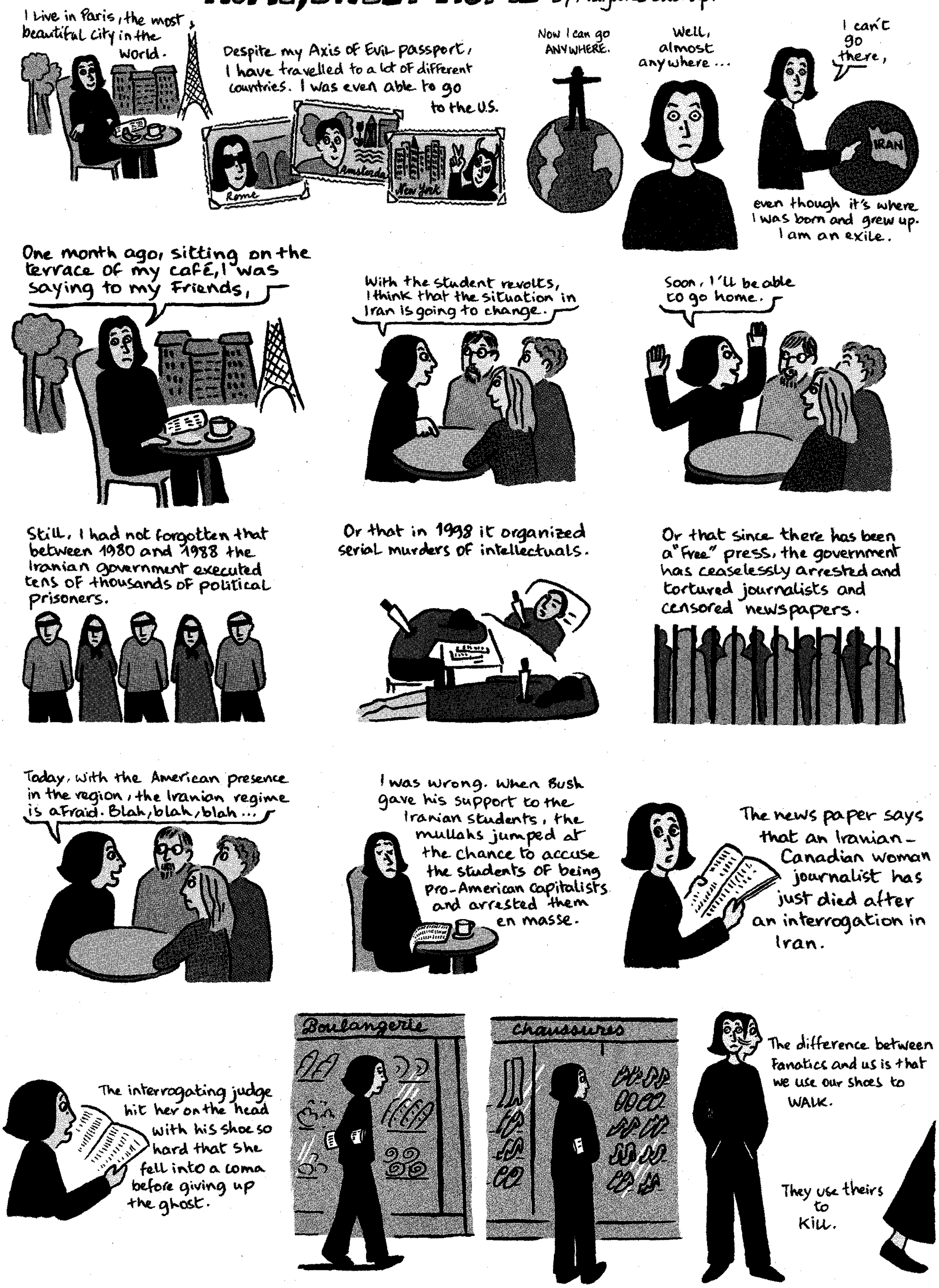
Hardwicke wrote the screenplay with help from Nikki Reed (thirteen at the time), who fed a lot of her own disasters into the material. Reed's Evie is more calculating than Trace, and also more frightened. Motherless, and perhaps the victim of abuse, she justifies whatever she does by her need to survive. In 1913, Sigmund Freud was appalled when one of his followers, the brilliant, erratic Wilhelm Stekel, said that hate, not love, formed the bonds that held people together. The competition among girls like Trace and Evie and their friends suggests that Stekel may have been on to something. The girls terrorize each other with stares and put-downs and rebuffs. Evie, a leech, tries to displace Trace as Mel's daughter, and Mel, confused by the girl's need, almost lets her get away with it. The two young actresses, moving in tandem, express themselves effortlessly. As Trace, Evan Rachel Wood (from ABC's "Once and Again") is particularly good—she has the anger of a feral cat and the steady focus of an acting professional. Trace is the ultimate American live wire; she hasn't an ounce of repose in her body.

Hardwicke may have caught a defining moment in "Thirteen." This is the first generation of women in which mothers and daughters have worn the same clothes. Mel is trying hard, but, in her forties, she's still a teen-ager herself, looking for an identity, and Holly Hunter, pinched and anxious, then flashing a happy grin when her mangy lover shows up, does her bravest work in years. As a mom, Mel has lost her authority. She doesn't know how to be Trace's mother; the best she can do is try to be her friend, which isn't enough, and Hunter lets us know that Mel understands that.

This jiggling, frenzied movie never lets up, but Hardwicke was probably right to pace it as she did; if the teen hysteria were allowed to sit on the screen, it would be truly intolerable. As it is, "Thirteen" makes one uncomfortable, and viewers may try to deal with their unease by assigning blame—it's the mother's fault, it's Los Angeles, it's MTV, the consumer culture. All these "causes" certainly play a role, but there's no explanation for emotions so vivid that they tear up the screen. Evan Rachel Wood has a brazen reality that becomes an unappeasable human demand. You can moralize about that demand, but you can't shrug it off or assign it to a safe corner. As Walt Kelly, Pogo's creator, said, "We have met the enemy, and he is us." ♦

HOME, SWEET HOME

by Marjane Satrapi


I live in Paris, the most beautiful city in the world.
Despite my Axis of Evil passport, I have travelled to a lot of different countries. I was even able to go to the U.S.
Rome
Amsterdam
New York
Now I can go ANYWHERE.
Well, almost anywhere...
I can't go there,
IRAN
even though it's where I was born and grew up. I am an exile.
One month ago, sitting on the terrace of my café, I was saying to my friends,
With the student revolts, I think that the situation in Iran is going to change.
Soon, I'll be able to go home.
Still, I had not forgotten that between 1980 and 1988 the Iranian government executed tens of thousands of political prisoners.
Or that in 1998 it organized serial murders of intellectuals.
Or that since there has been a "free" press, the government has ceaselessly arrested and tortured journalists and censored newspapers.
Today, with the American presence in the region, the Iranian regime is afraid. Blah, blah, blah...
I was wrong. When Bush gave his support to the Iranian students, the mullahs jumped at the chance to accuse the students of being pro-American capitalists and arrested them en masse.
The newspaper says that an Iranian-Canadian woman journalist has just died after an interrogation in Iran.
The interrogating judge hit her on the head with his shoe so hard that she fell into a coma before giving up the ghost.
Boulangerie
Chaussures
The difference between fanatics and us is that we use our shoes to walk.
They use theirs to kill.

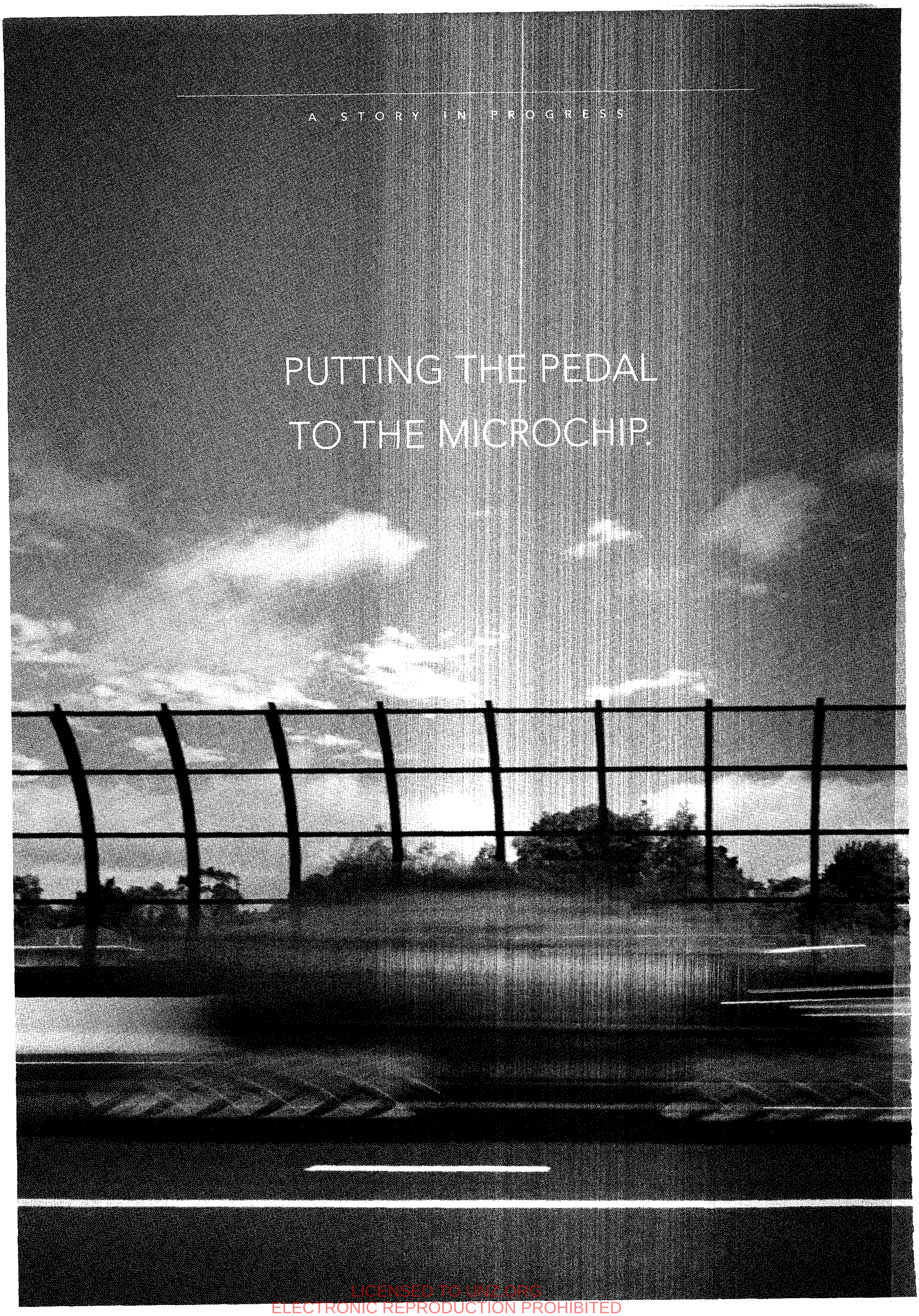
All the other award shows will be GREEN with EMMY®...

Introducing the Architectural Digest Greenroom backstage at the Primetime Emmy Awards. Television's top talents come together for one shining night, and Architectural Digest has created the ultimate space to make the stars feel at home. Stay tuned...

The 55th Annual Primetime Emmy Awards
Sunday, September 21, 2003
LIVE on FOX! 8pm ET/PT

Architectural Digest Greenroom design by Hermes Mallea and Carey Maloney of M(Group)

THE
ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
GREENROOM AT THE PRIMETIME
EMMY AWARDS


A STORY IN PROGRESS
PUTTING THE PEDAL TO THE MICROCHIP.

TODAY'S GM CARS AND TRUCKS ARE AS MUCH ABOUT BRAINPOWER AS THEY ARE ABOUT HORSEPOWER.

From DVD players that entertain the kids, to XM® Satellite Radios that entertain you, we use technology to make driving better.

And safer. When your front air bag deploys, our OnStar®[1] service pinpoints your vehicle's coordinates and calls for help. You can't see in the dark, so we created a technology that can. You don't have eyes in the back of your head, but our sonar-based rear-parking assist does. And since you're not always sure which way you're going, we put GPS on board.

These are just a few of the cutting-edge innovations available on a surprising selection of GM vehicles. And a few of the reasons why so many people are coming back. Last year, GM led the industry with more repeat customers than any other automaker. Drivers liked what they saw. And felt. And heard. And touched.

We're taking a more intelligent approach to car building these days. And it's one of the reasons we're back at the head of the class.

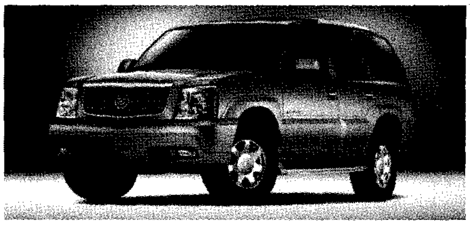
GM RADIOS GET A TUNE UP.

Music and driving go hand-in-hand. So when radio started shifting to satellite, we dialed right in. Today we install XM Satellite Radio on more vehicles than any other automaker. 101 all-digital channels cranking out whatever you want to hear, wherever you want to hear it. From rock 'n roll to reggae. From sea to shining sea. And it's available today in a GM dashboard near you.[2]

Going above and beyond with OnStar. It gets directions and makes reservations.[3] It even saves lives. Is there anything OnStar doesn't do? Not really. This GM-pioneered innovation has been the standard ever since we launched it seven years ago. And today, some 22 million customer contacts later, we're still going beyond the call. Here's a look at how OnStar helped last month:

- Responded to over 360 stolen vehicle reports.
- Called 575 people when their air bags deployed.
- Helped over 6,000 people involved in car accidents and emergency situations.
- Came to the rescue of over 13,000 stranded drivers who ran out of gas, got flat tires and otherwise needed our help.
- Ran diagnostic checks on over 13,900 vehicles.
- Popped the locks on 25,000 car doors.
- Gave directions to 223,000 lost drivers.

The all-new Saab 9-3 offers the ultimate personal touch, the Saab Profiler. This central computer lets drivers customize 40 different on-board systems.



Every Cadillac, including the head-turning Escalade, is equipped with a one-year OnStar service plan.[3] Now, getting assistance is only a button away.

The heads-up display available in the Corvette borrows technology from F-15 fighter jets, projecting practically every gauge onto the windshield.

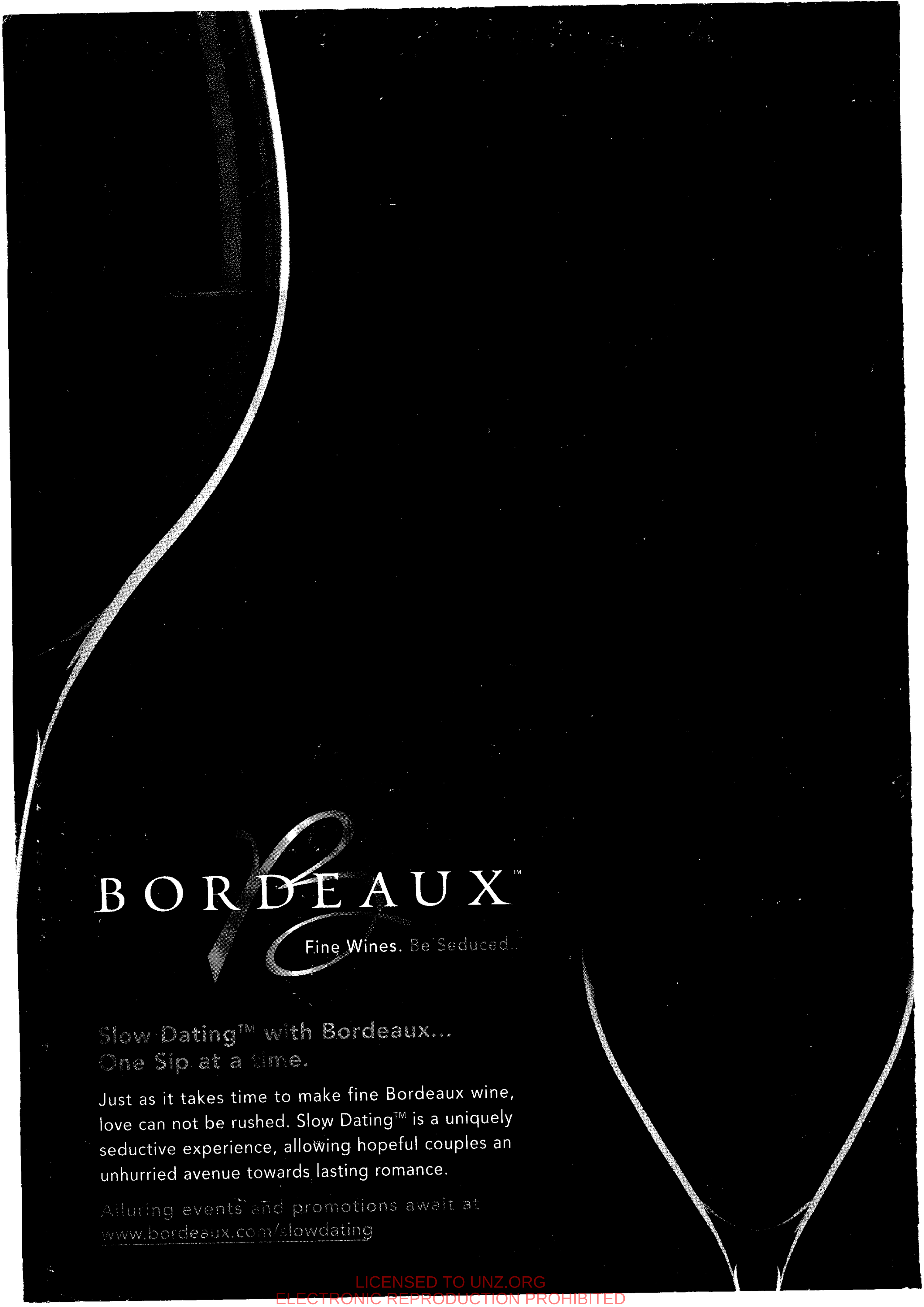
The latest news, reviews and a glimpse of the road ahead. See it all at www.gm.com/story.

GM

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC GMC SATURN HUMMER SAAB

---

[1] OnStar uses existing emergency service providers and cellular telephone and satellite technologies. Vehicle electrical system must be operating for OnStar to work. Call 1-800-4-ONSTAR or visit www.onstar.com for system limitations and details. [2] Available in the 48 contiguous states. Activation fee and service subscription are extra. Go to www.xmradio.com for details. [3] Services vary depending on service plan purchased.



BORDEAUX™

Fine Wines. Be Seduced.

**Slow Dating™ with Bordeaux...
One Sip at a time.**

Just as it takes time to make fine Bordeaux wine, love can not be rushed. Slow Dating™ is a uniquely seductive experience, allowing hopeful couples an unhurried avenue towards lasting romance.

Alluring events and promotions await at
www.bordeaux.com/slowdating